N.22 A.E. Lushington

Volume 2d.

Consisting of English

SONGS & DUETTS

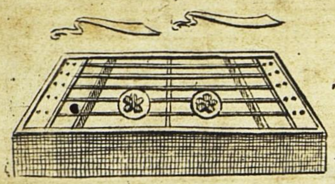
Tomo Secondo

ARIE E DUETTI

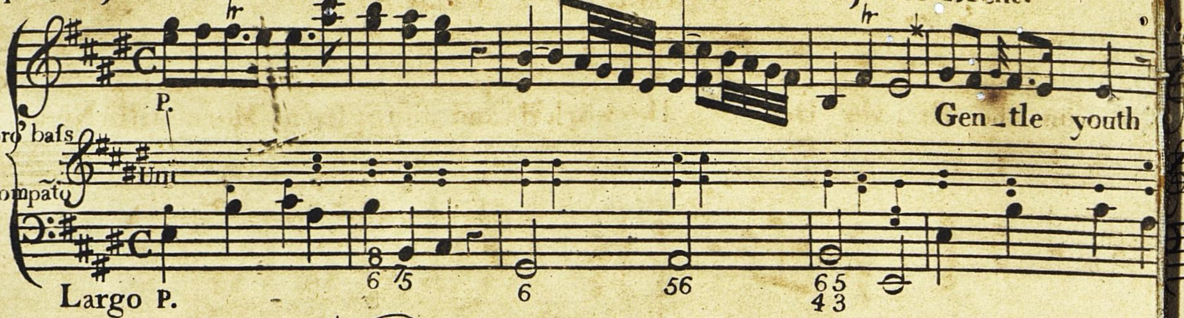
Inglesi

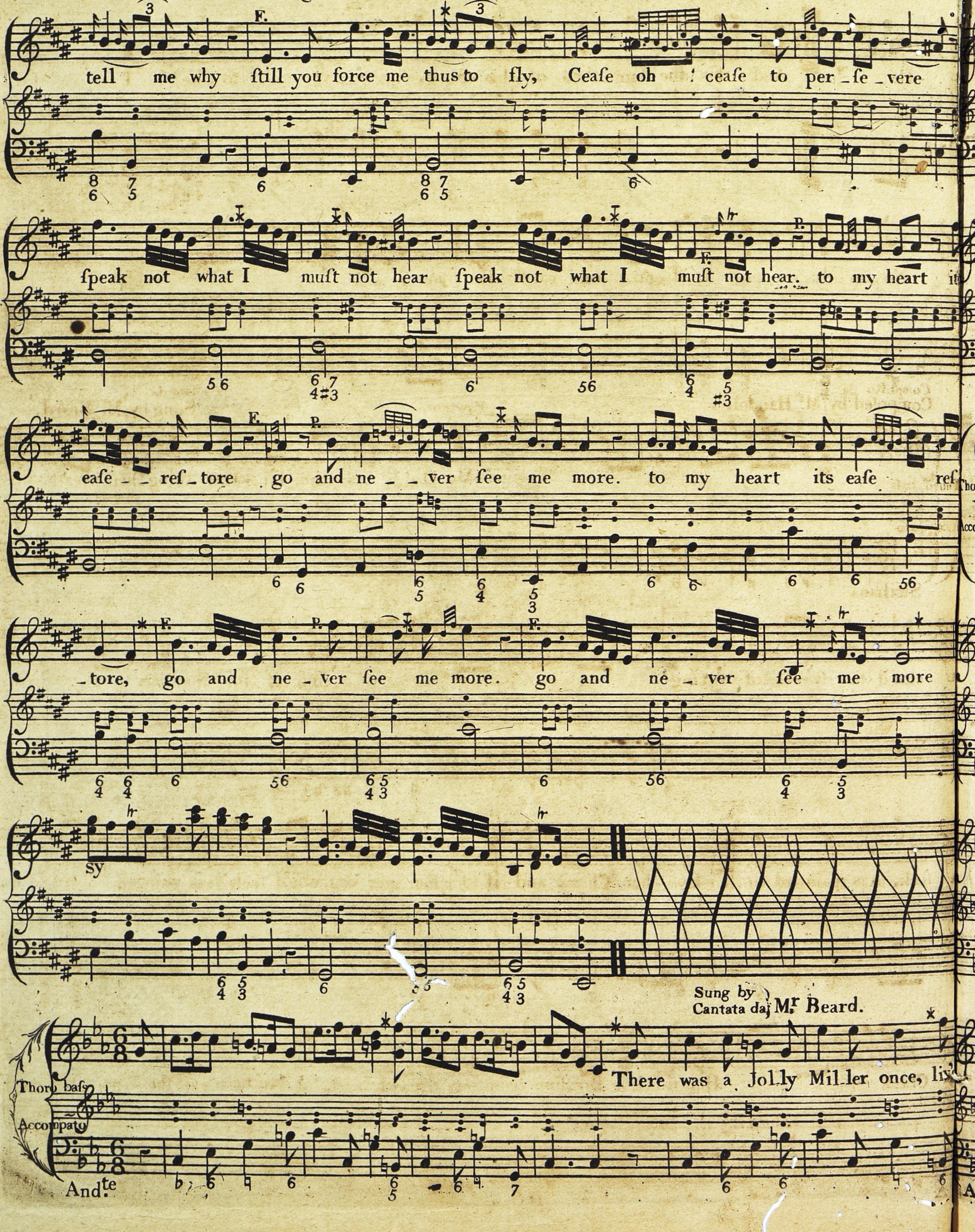
Butterworth Scrip.t J. Johnson Sculp.t Edin.r

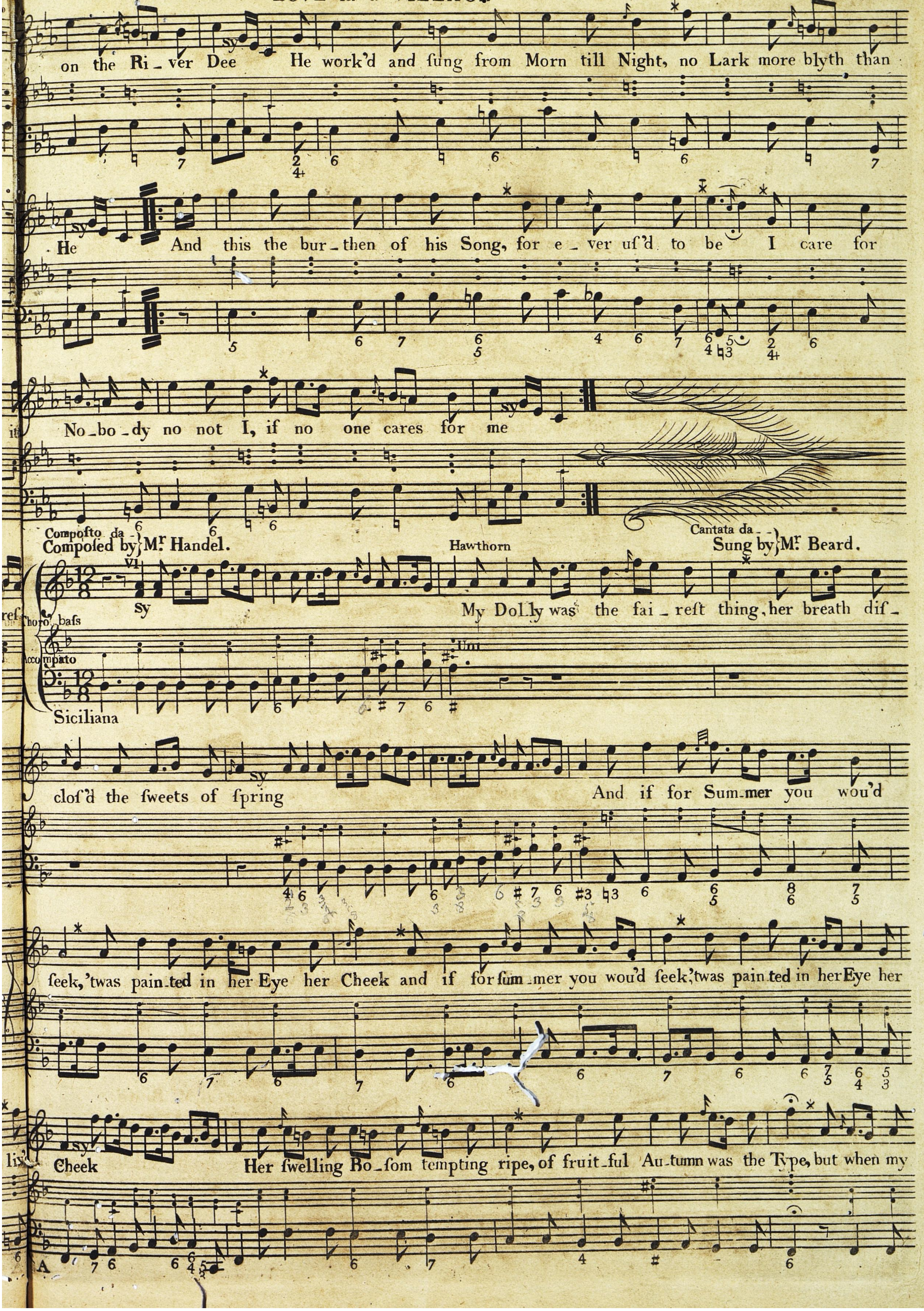
1 The Hackbret or Dulcimer.

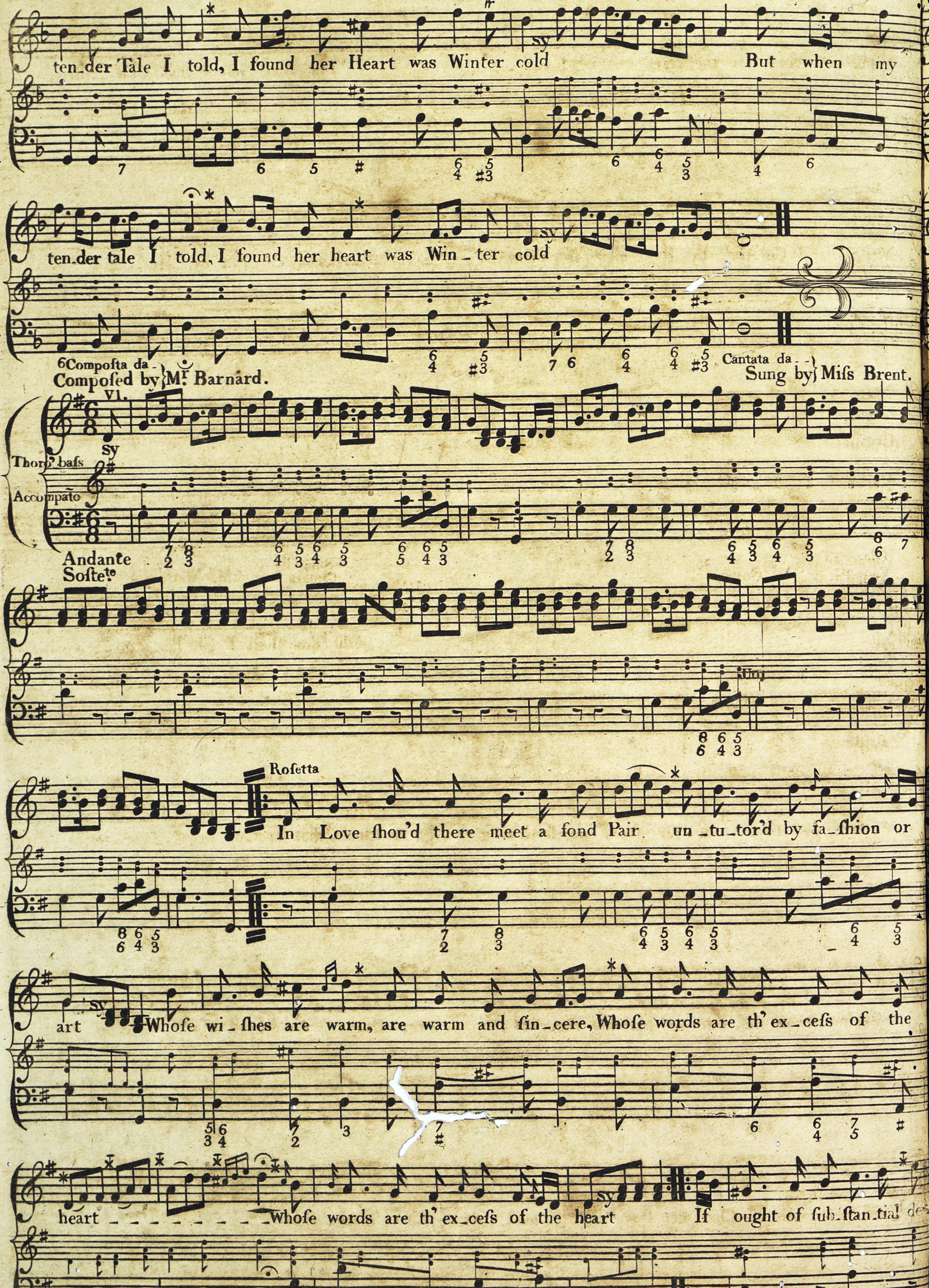


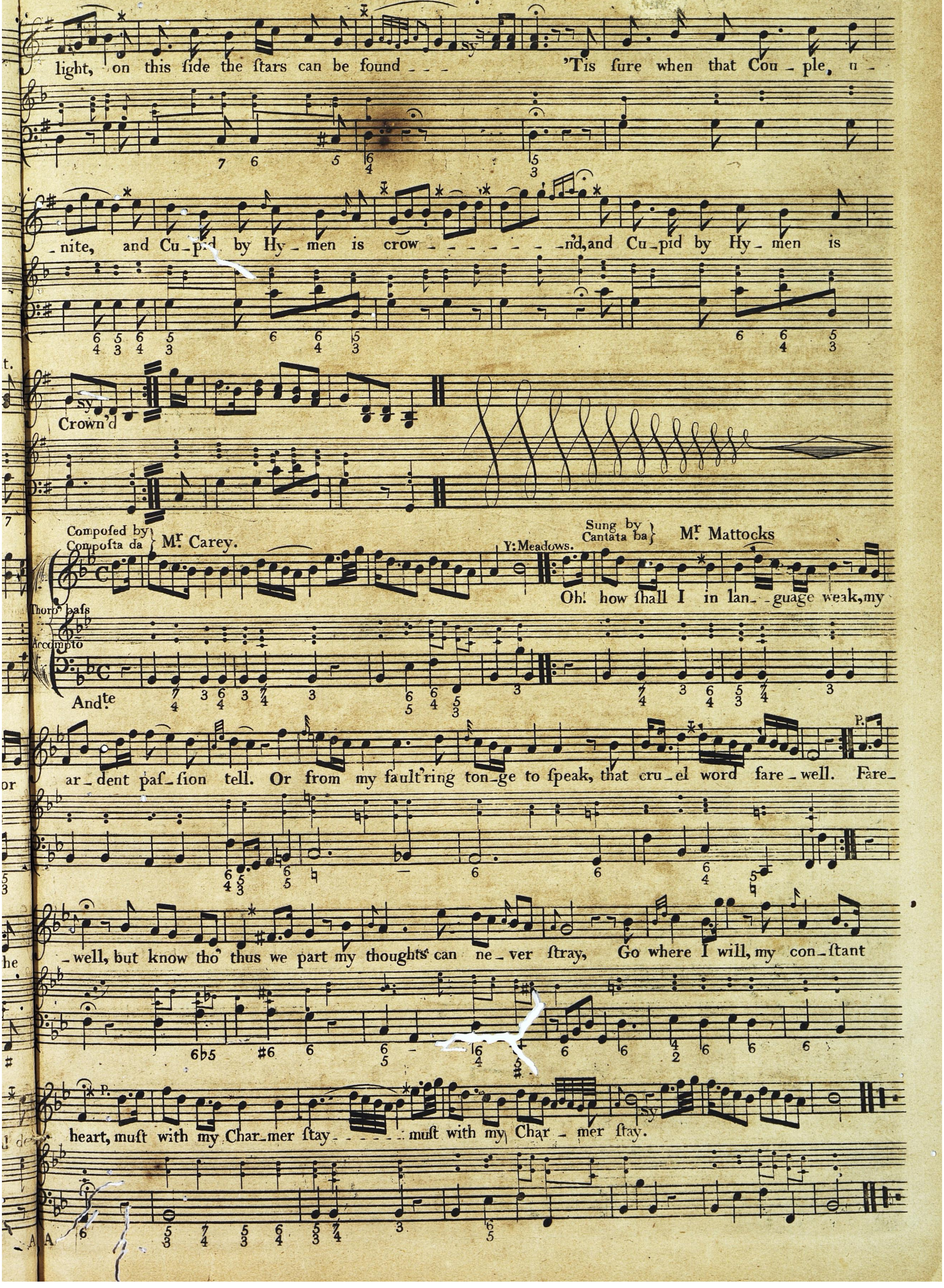
Compoſed by / Compoſta dal Dr Arne **LOVE in a VILLAGE.** Sung by / Cantata da Miſs Brent.



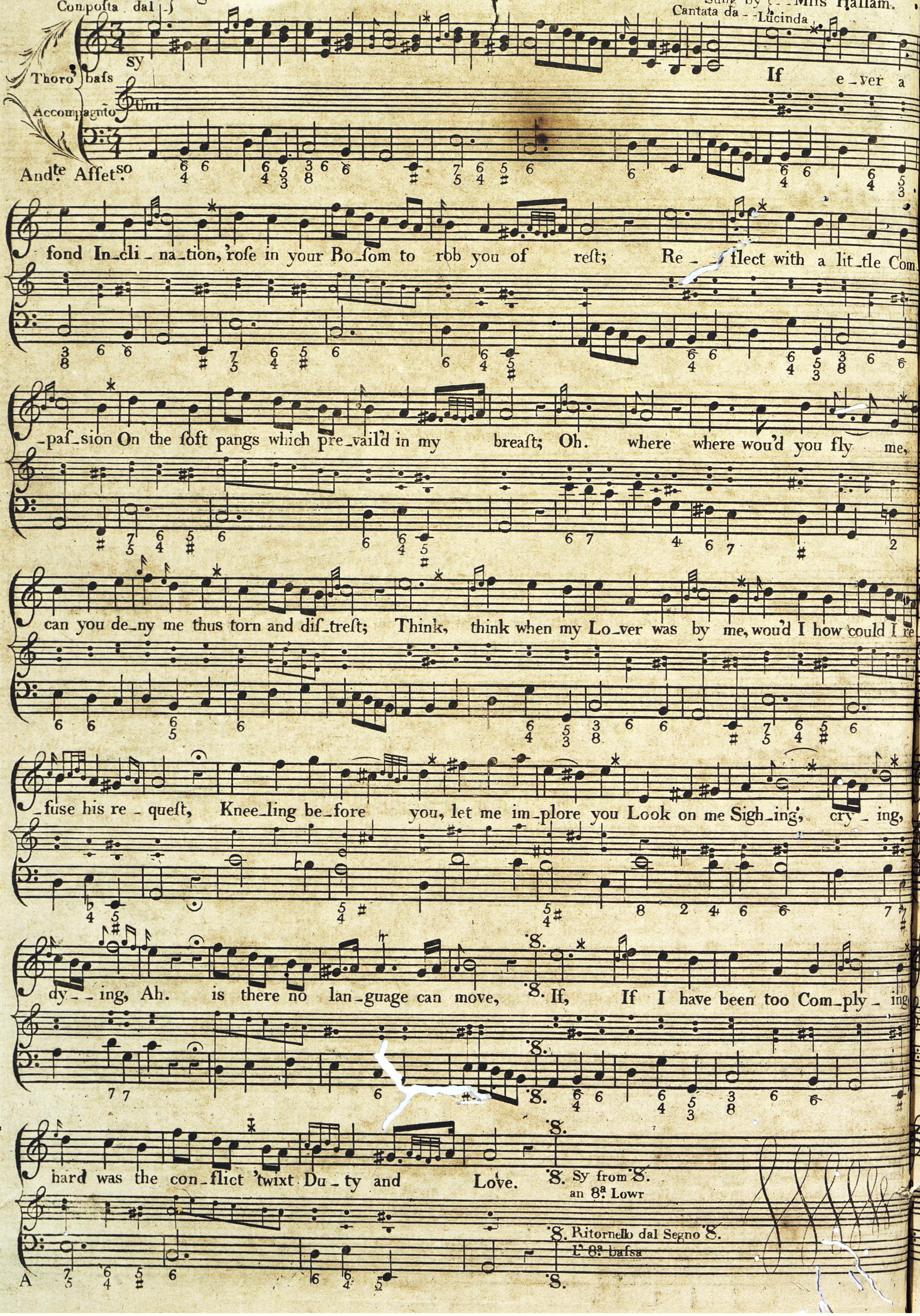



on the Ri_ver Dee He work'd and sung from Morn till Night, no Lark more blyth than
He And this the bur_then of his Song, for e_ver us'd to be I care for
No_bo_dy no not I, if no one cares for me
Composto da
Compos'd by Mr. Handel.
Hawthorn
Cantata da
Sung by Mr. Beard.
My Dol_ly was the fai_rest thing, her breath dis_
Choro bass
Accompato
Siciliana
clos'd the sweets of spring And if for Sum_mer you wou'd
seek, 'twas pain_ted in her Eye her Cheek and if for sum_mer you wou'd seek, 'twas pain_ted in her Eye her
Cheek Her swelling Bo_som tempting ripe, of fruit_ful Au_tumn was the Type, but when my
A

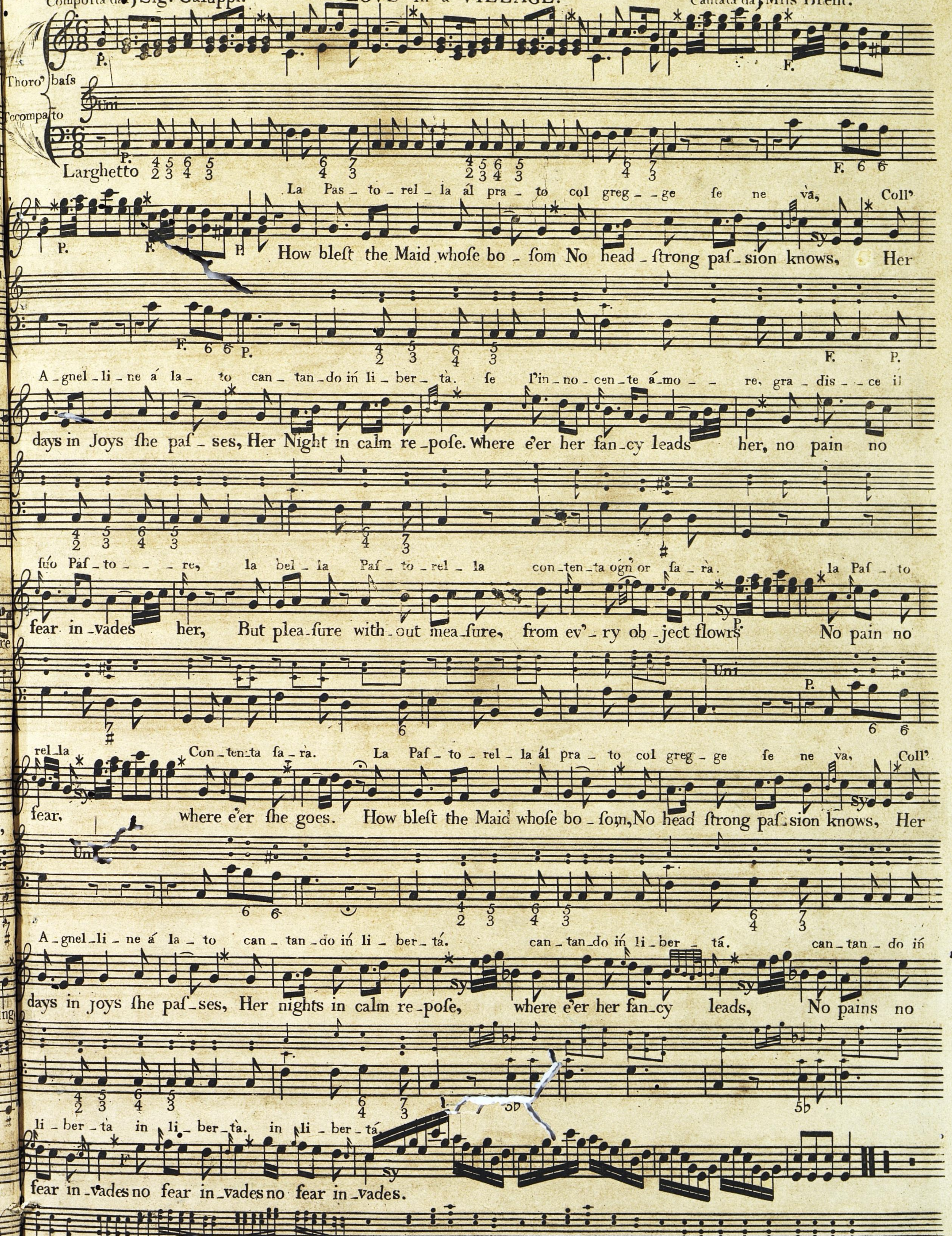

ten_der Tale I told, I found her Heart was Winter cold But when my
ten_der tale I told, I found her heart was Win_ter cold
Compoſta da
Compoſed by Mr. Barnard.
Cantata da
Sung by Miſs Brent.
Thoro' baſs
Accompato
Andante
Sostenuto
Rosetta
In Love ſhou'd there meet a fond Pair un_tu_tor'd by fa_ſhion or
art Whoſe wi_ſhes are warm, are warm and ſin_cere, Whoſe words are th' ex_ceſs of the
heart Whoſe words are th' ex_ceſs of the heart If ought of ſub_ſtan_tial de

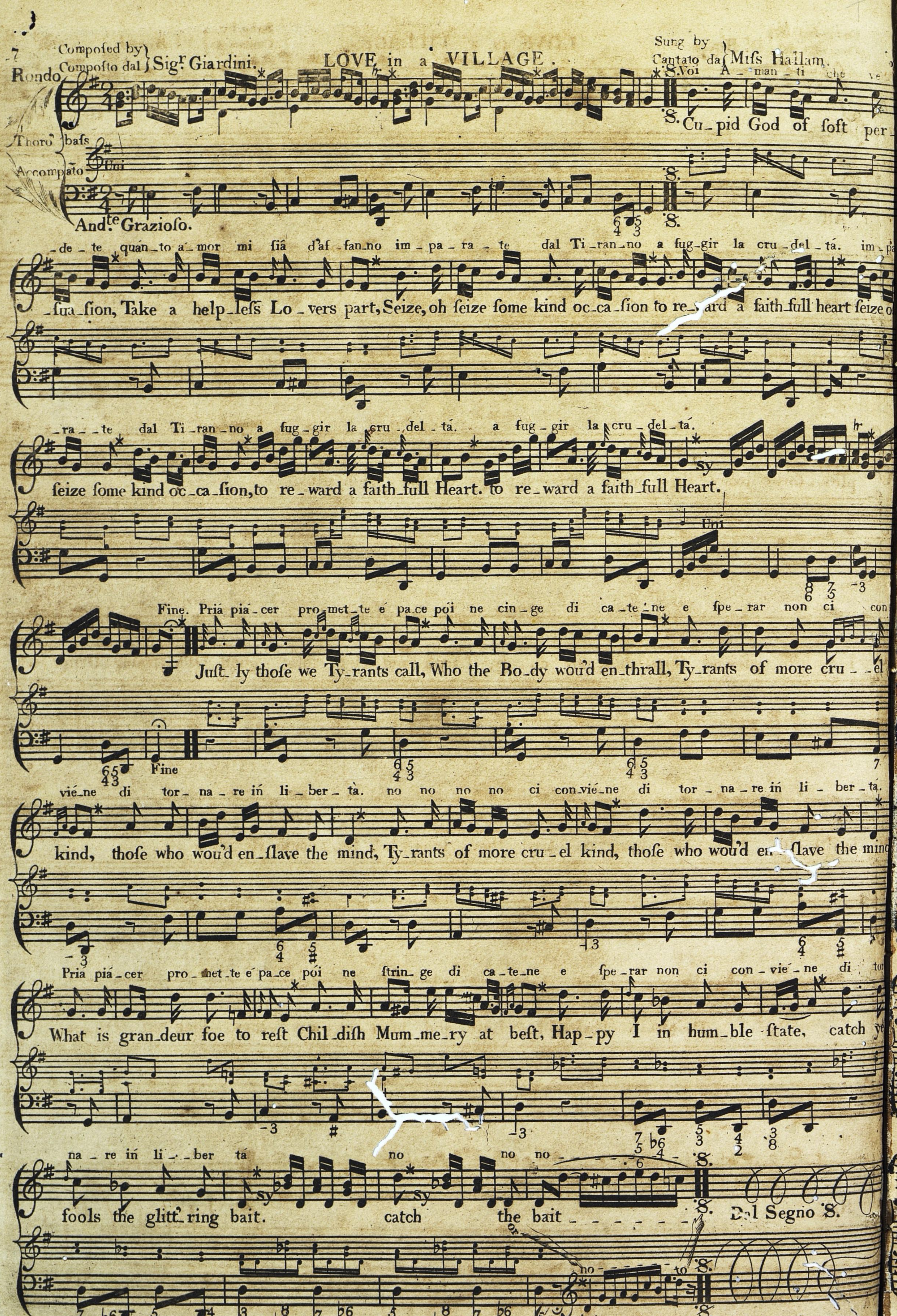

light, on this ſide the ſtars can be found - - - 'Tis ſure when that Cou_ple, u_
_nite, and Cu_pid by Hy_men is crow_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _n'd, and Cu_pid by Hy_men is
Crown'd
Compoſed by
Compoſta da } Mr. Carey.
Y: Meadows.
Sung by
Cantata da } Mr. Mattocks
Oh! how ſhall I in lan_guage weak, my
Thoro bass
Accompto
Andte
ar_dent paſ_ſion tell. Or from my fault'ring ton_ge to ſpeak, that cru_el word fare_well. Fare_
_well, but know tho' thus we part my thoughts can ne_ver ſtray, Go where I will, my con_ſtant
heart, muſt with my Char_mer ſtay - - - - - muſt with my Char_mer ſtay.

Composed by } Sig.r Geminiani. LOVE in a VILLAGE. Sung by } Miss Hallam.
Composta dal } Cantata da } Lucinda

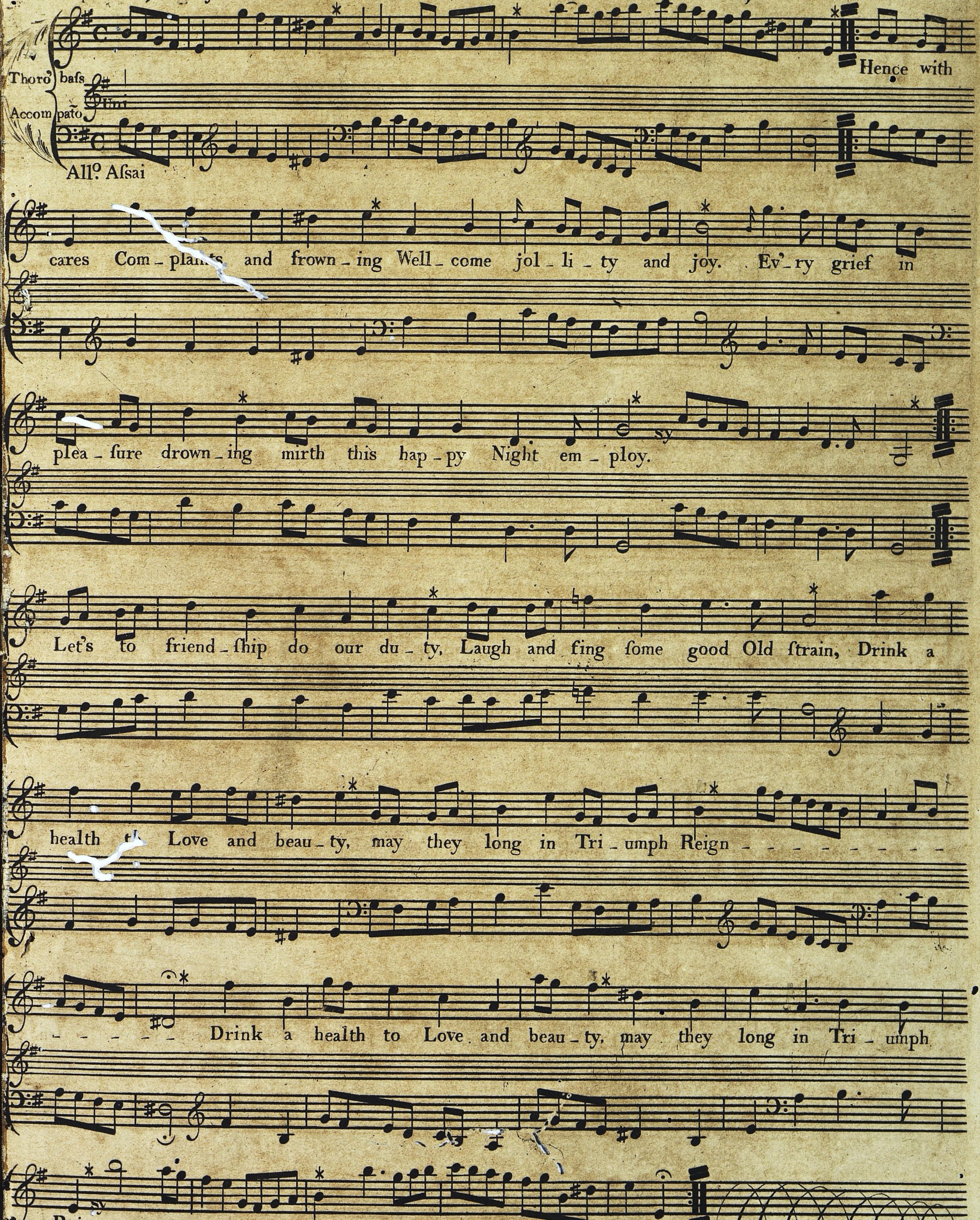


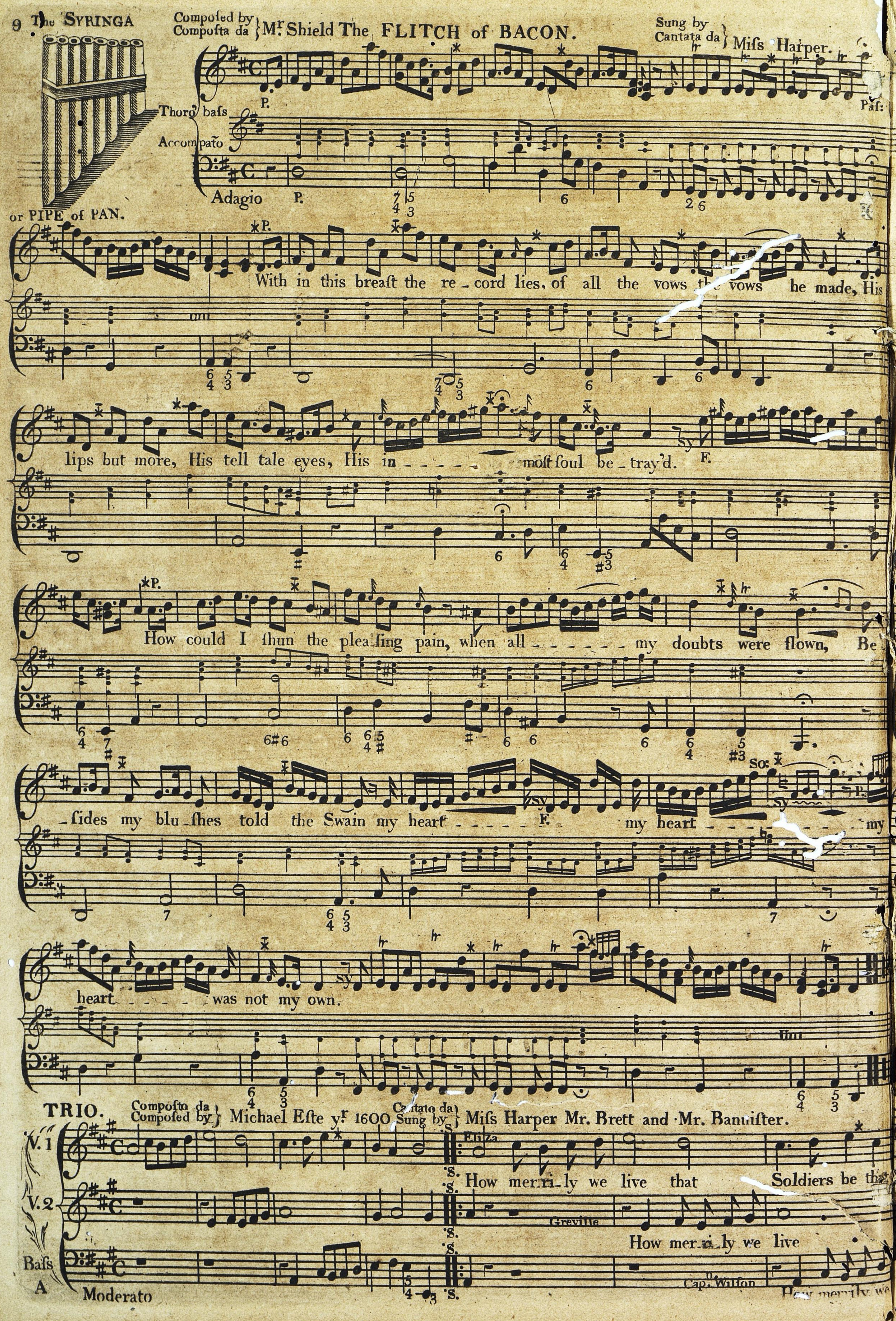
Compofed by Compofta da } Sig.r Galuppi. LOVE in a VILLAGE. Sung by Cantata da } Mifs Brent.

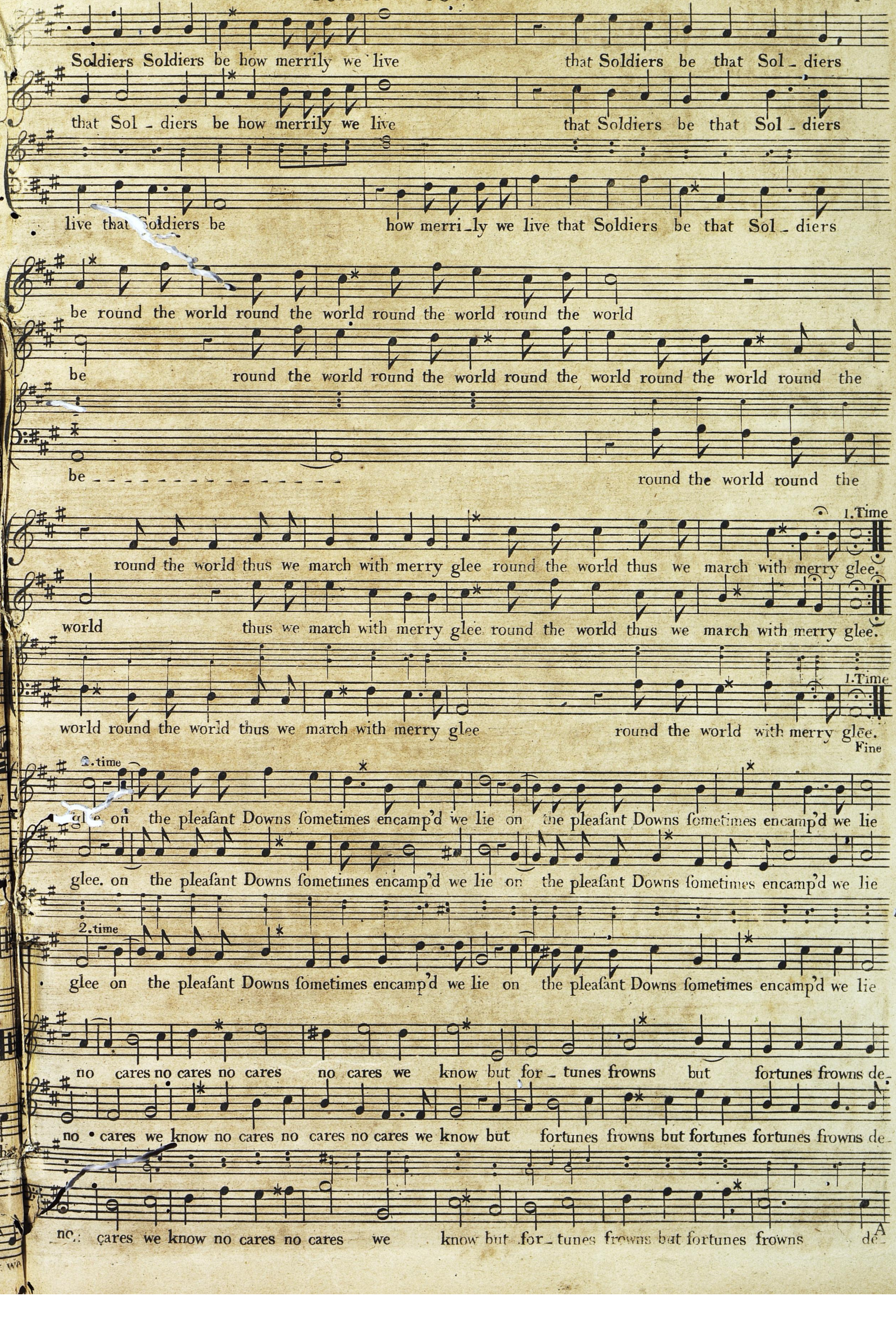


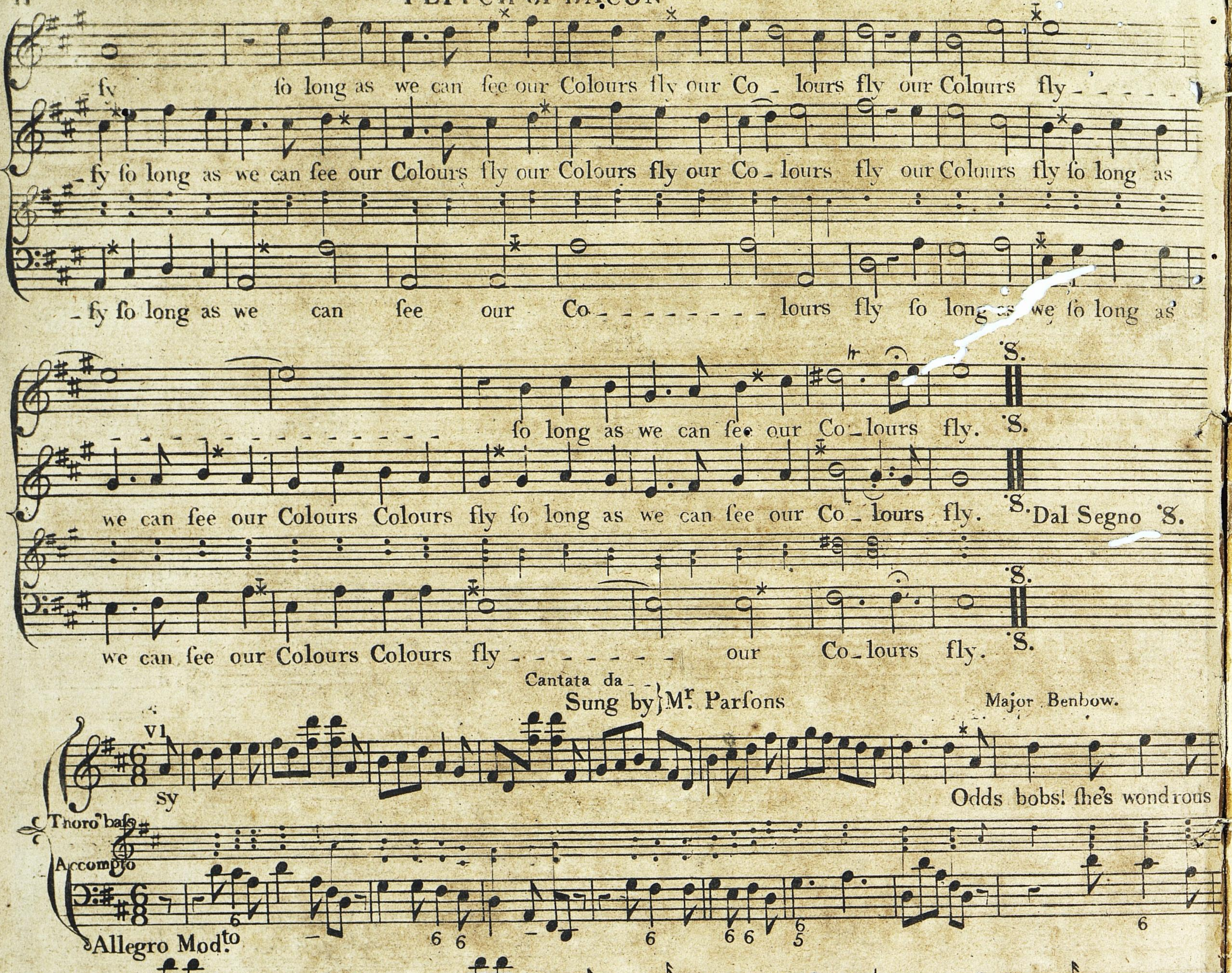

7
Rondo
Composed by
Composto dal } Sigr. Giardini.
LOVE in a VILLAGE.
Sung by
Cantato da } Miss Hallam.
Thoro' bass
Accompato
Uni
Andte. Grazioso.
Voi A_man_ti che ve_de_te quan_to a_mor mi fiâ d'af_fan_no im_pa_ra_te dal Ti_ran_no a fug_gir la cru_del_tá. im_pa_ra_te dal Ti_ran_no a fug_gir la cru_del_tá. a fug_gir la cru_del_tá.
Cu_pid God of soft per_sua_sion, Take a help_less Lo_vers part, Seize, oh seize some kind oc_ca_sion to re_ward a faith_full heart seize oh seize some kind oc_ca_sion, to re_ward a faith_full Heart. to re_ward a faith_full Heart.
Fine.
Pria pia_cer pro_met_te e pa_ce poi ne cin_ge di ca_te_ne e spe_rar non ci con_vie_ne di tor_na_re in li_ber_tà. no no no no ci con_vie_ne di tor_na_re in li_ber_tà.
Just_ly those we Ty_rants call, Who the Bo_dy wou'd en_thrall, Ty_rants of more cru_el kind, those who wou'd en_slave the mind, Ty_rants of more cru_el kind, those who wou'd en_slave the mind
Pria pia_cer pro_met_te e pa_ce poi ne strin_ge di ca_te_ne e spe_rar non ci con_vie_ne di tor_na_re in li_ber tà no no no no
What is gran_deur foe to rest Chil_dish Mum_mery at best, Hap_py I in hum_ble state, catch ye fools the glitt_ring bait. catch the bait
Dal Segno
bait

Compoſed by } Dr. Boyce. LOVE in a VILLAGE. Sung by } Mr. Beard.
Compoſta da } Cantata da }




9 The SYRINGA
or PIPE of PAN.
Compofed by / Compofta da } Mr. Shield The FLITCH of BACON.
Sung by / Cantata da } Mifs Harper.
Thoro' bafs
Accompato
Adagio
With in this breaft the re - cord lies, of all the vows the vows he made, His
lips but more, His tell tale eyes, His in - - - moft foul be - tray'd.
How could I fhun the pleafing pain, when all - - - my doubts were flown, Be
-fides my blu_fhes told the Swain my heart - - - my heart - - - my
heart - - - was not my own.
TRIO.
Compofto da / Compofed by } Michael Efte yr. 1600
Cantato da / Sung by } Mifs Harper Mr. Brett and Mr. Bannifter.
V. 1
V. 2
Bafs
Moderato
Eliza
How mer-ri-ly we live that Soldiers be th
Greville
How mer-ri-ly we live
Capt. Wilfon
How merrily we

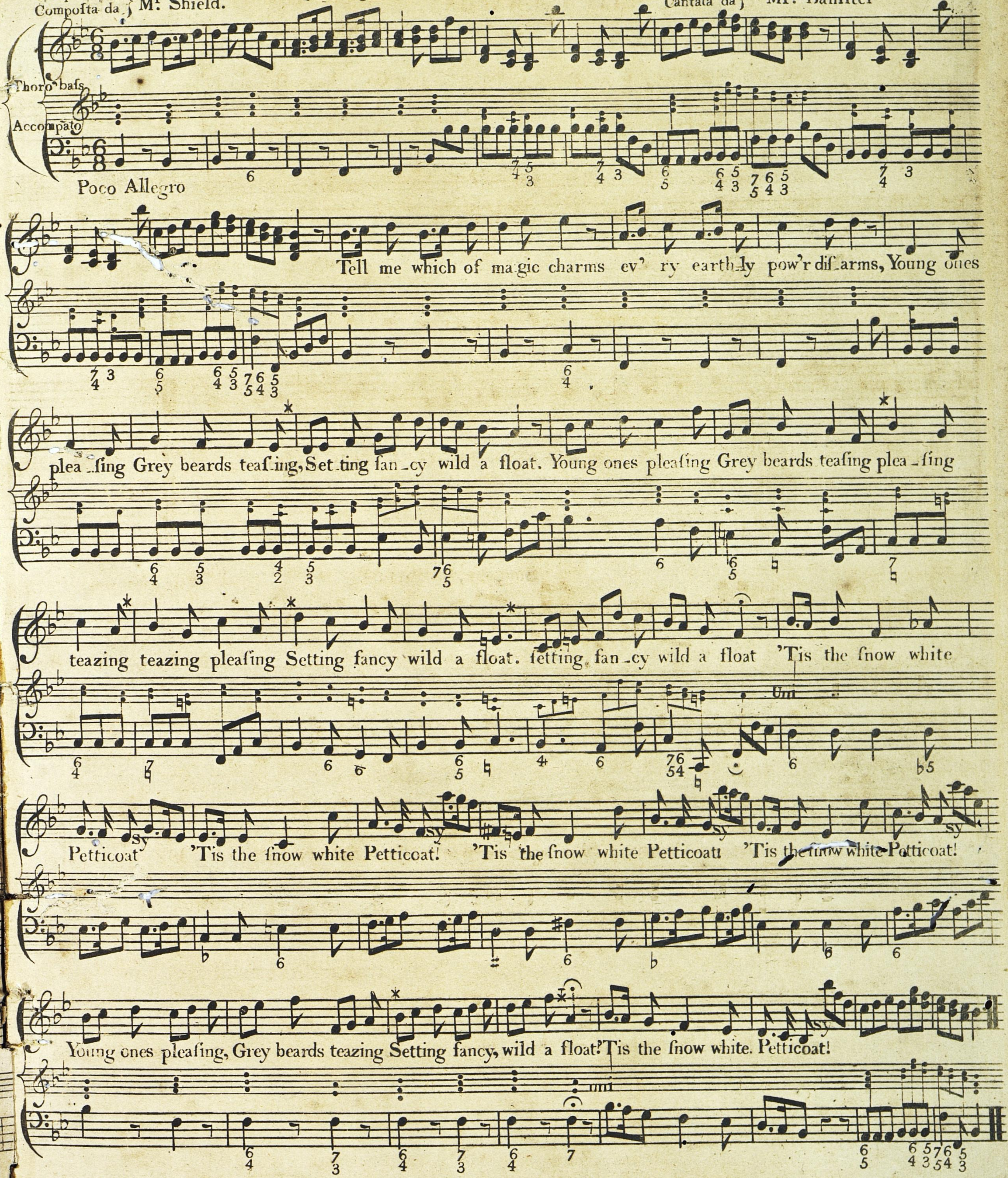

Soldiers Soldiers be how merrily we live that Soldiers be that Sol_diers
that Sol_diers be how merrily we live that Soldiers be that Sol_diers
live that Soldiers be how merri_ly we live that Soldiers be that Sol_diers
be round the world round the world round the world round the world
be round the world round the world round the world round the world round the
be round the world round the
round the world thus we march with merry glee round the world thus we march with merry glee.
1.Time
world thus we march with merry glee round the world thus we march with merry glee.
world round the world thus we march with merry glee round the world with merry glee.
1.Time
Fine
2.time
glee on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie
glee. on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie
2.time
glee on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie on the pleafant Downs fometimes encamp'd we lie
no cares no cares no cares no cares we know but for_tunes frowns but fortunes frowns de_
no cares we know no cares no cares no cares we know but fortunes frowns but fortunes fortunes frowns de_
no cares we know no cares no cares we know but for_tunes frowns but fortunes frowns de_
A


fly
ſo long as we can ſee our Colours fly our Co_lours fly our Colours fly
_fy ſo long as we can ſee our Colours fly our Colours fly our Co_lours fly our Colours fly ſo long as
fy ſo long as we can ſee our Co lours fly ſo long as we ſo long as
ſo long as we can ſee our Co_lours fly. S.
we can ſee our Colours Colours fly ſo long as we can ſee our Co_lours fly. S. Dal Segno S.
we can ſee our Colours Colours fly our Co_lours fly. S.
Cantata da
Sung by Mr. Parſons
Major Benbow.
Vl
sy
Odds bobs! ſhe's wondrous
Thoro baſs
Accompto
Allegro Modto
pretty her locks are almoſt jetty. She's a finer Wench than Bet_ty and ſee her eyes are
Uni
blue. Her Snow white bo_ſom's hea_ving my ap_pe_tite is cra_ving! She
hits my taſte to a ſha_ring ſweet Dam_ſel how do you do? do?
1.time
2.time
A

Compofed by / Compofta da } Mr. Shield.

FLITCH of BACON.

Sung by / Cantata da } Mr. Banifter



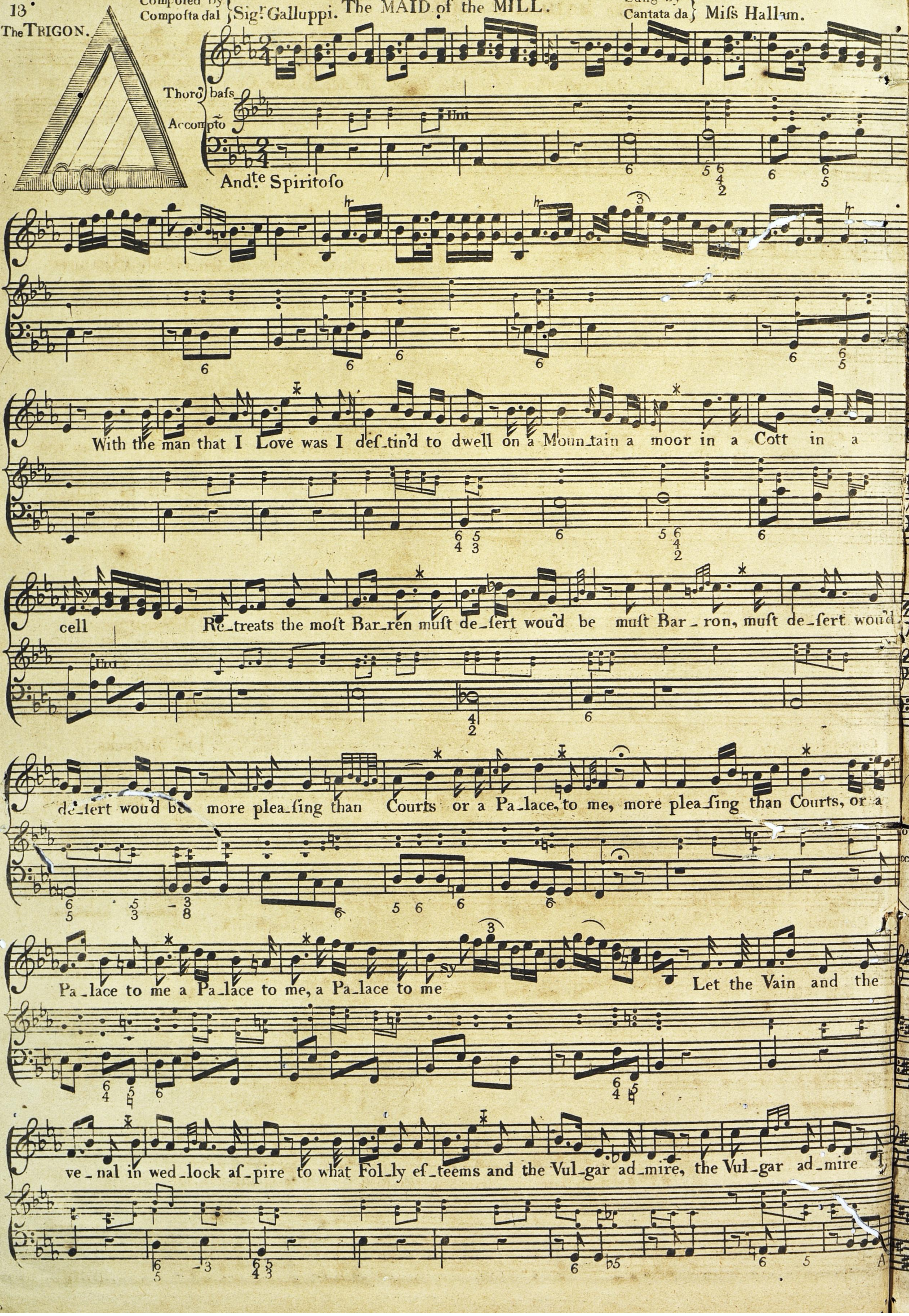
Circled thus from prying eyes
Love's immortal witchcraft lies:
And to blefs us,
Or diftrefs us,
Nature bids us fondly doat
Twice / Due Volte } And to blefs us, or diftrefs us

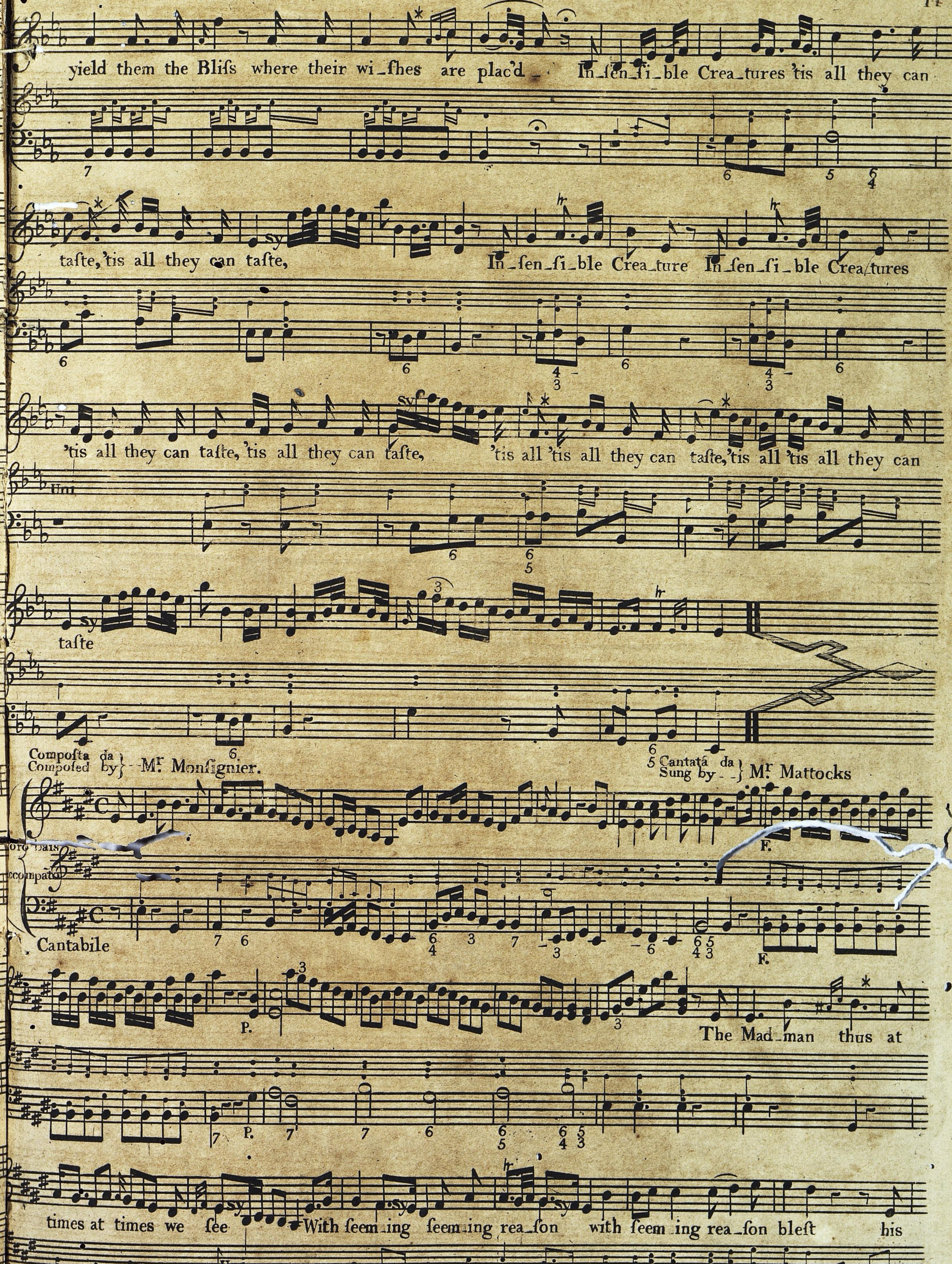
Twice / Due Volte } Nature bids us fondly doat
4 times repeated / Quattro Volte } On the fnow white Petticoat
And to blefs us or diftrefs us
Nature bids us fondly doat
On the fnow white Petticoat.

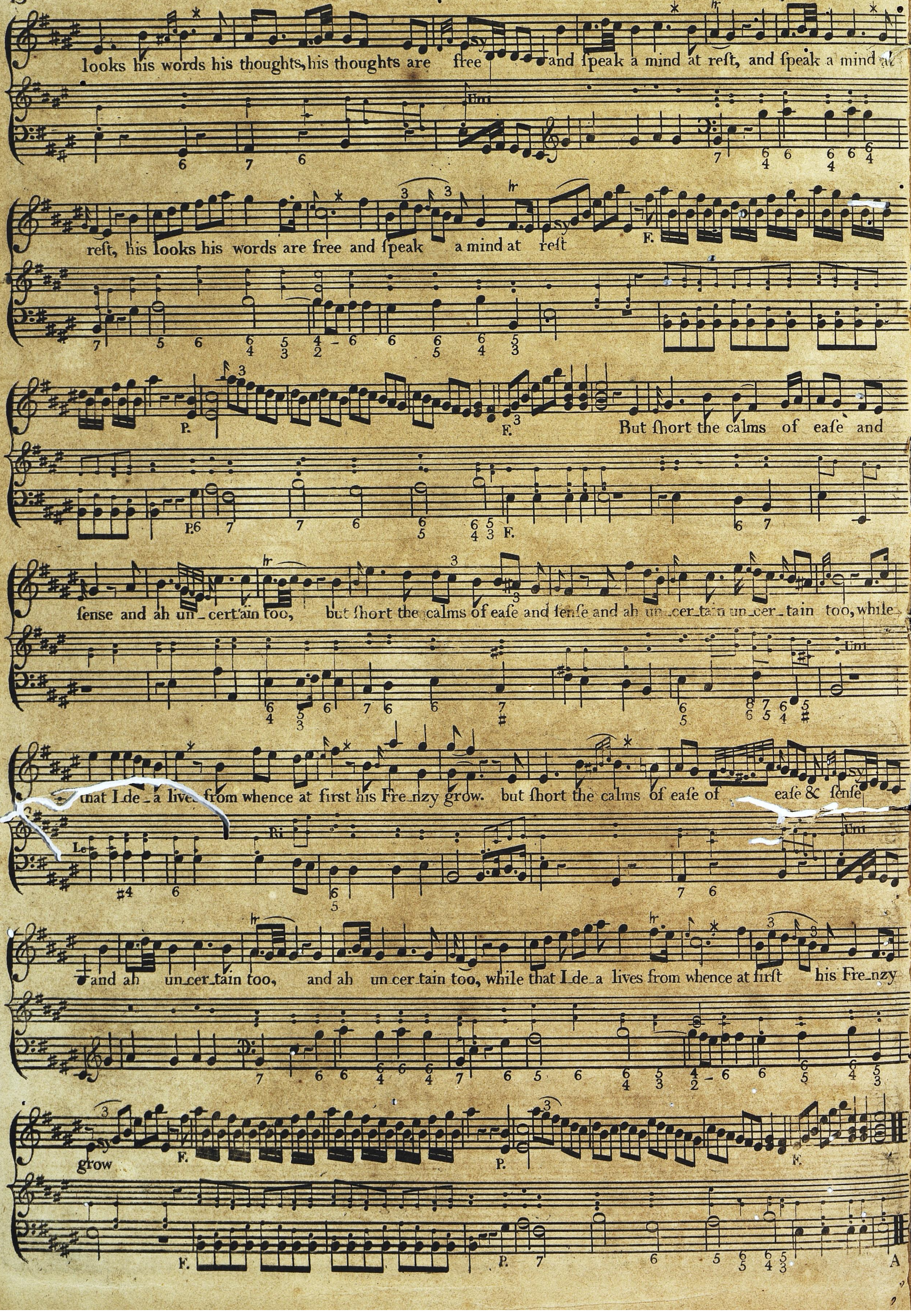
The Songs { No: 'twas neither Shape &c. look Vol. I. P. 79.
{ Tho' fortune cloud &c. look Vol. III. P. 78.

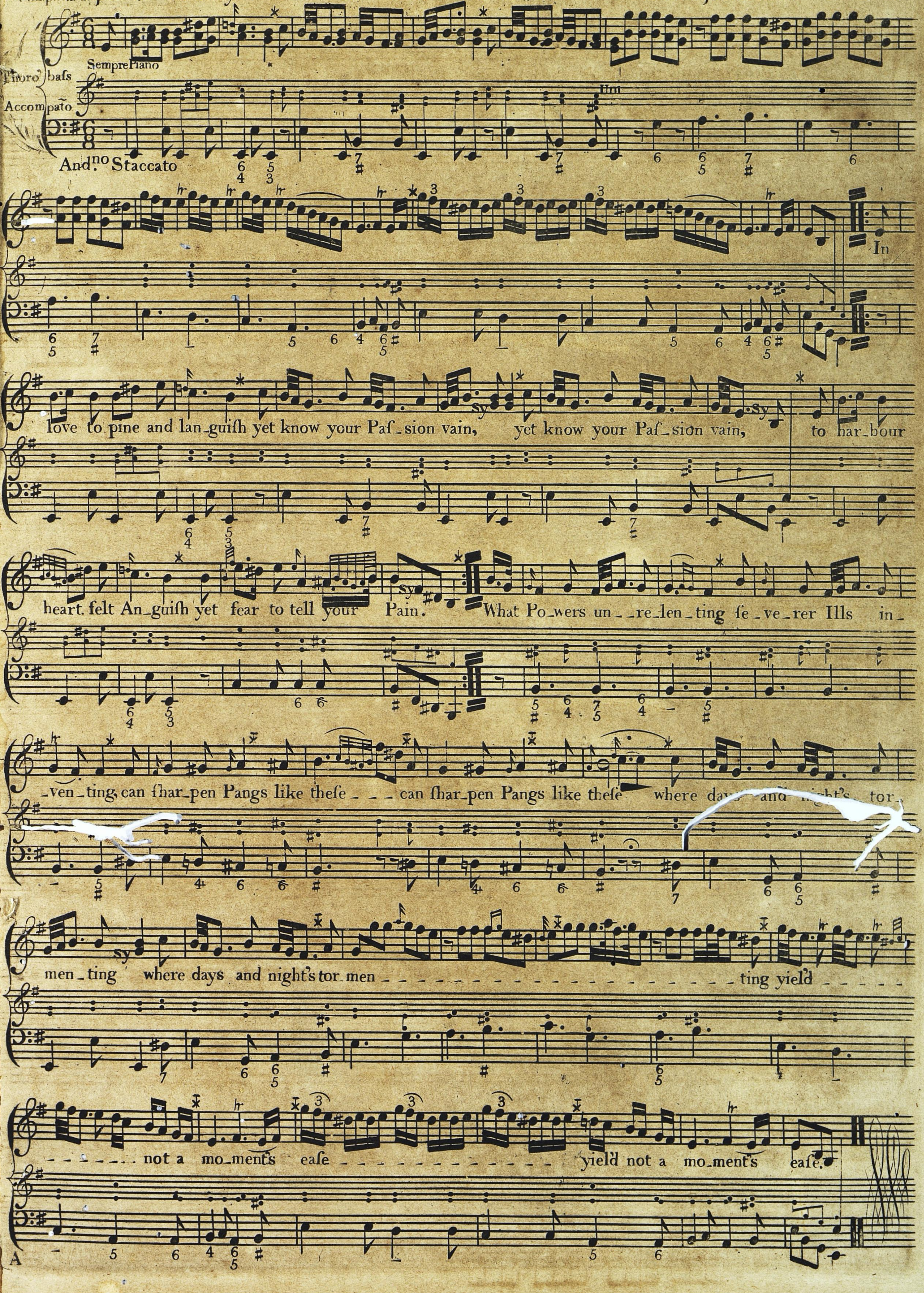
The TRIGON.

Composed by / Composta dal } Sig.r Galluppi. The MAID of the MILL. Sung by / Cantata da } Miss Hallam.

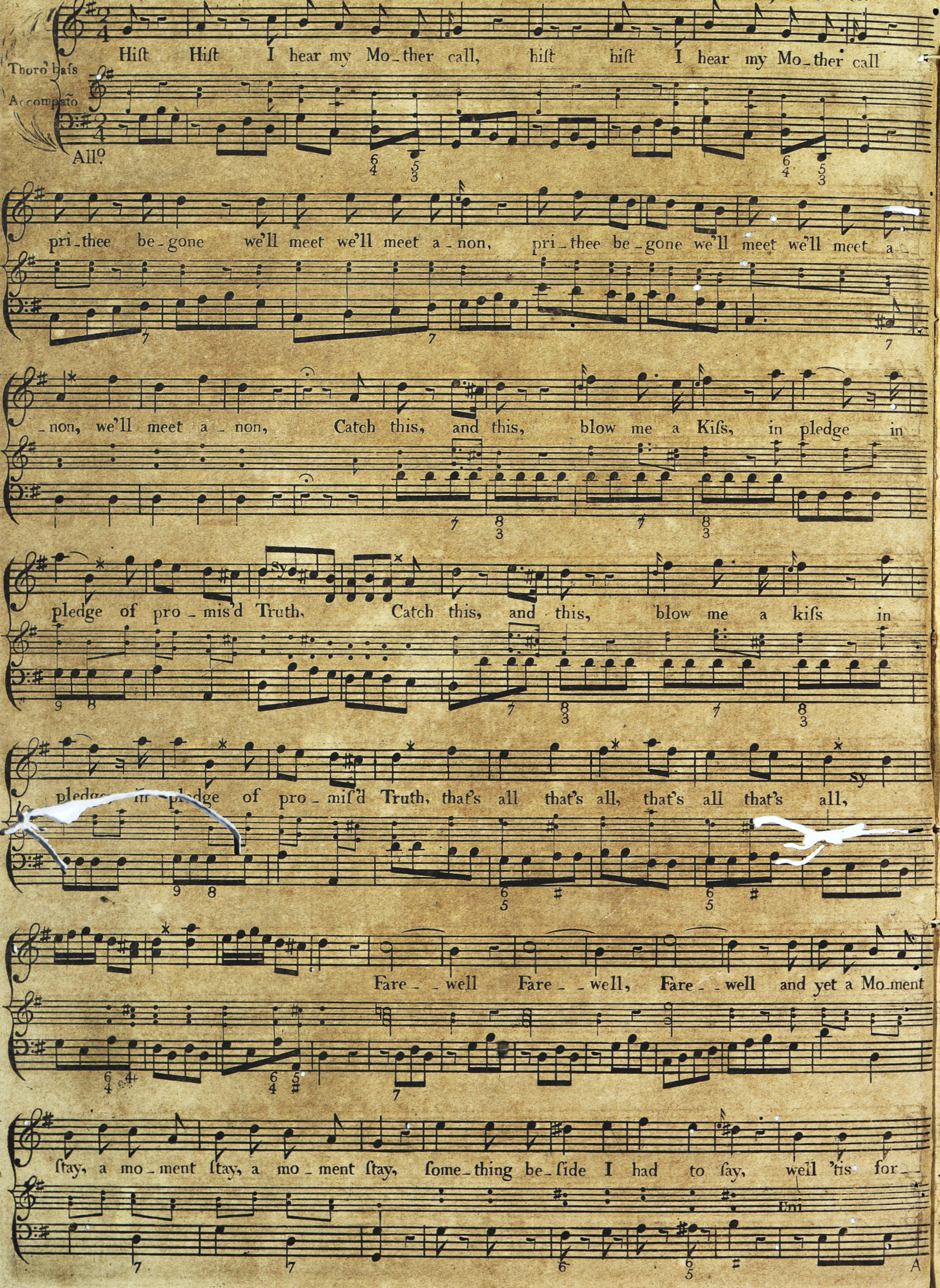


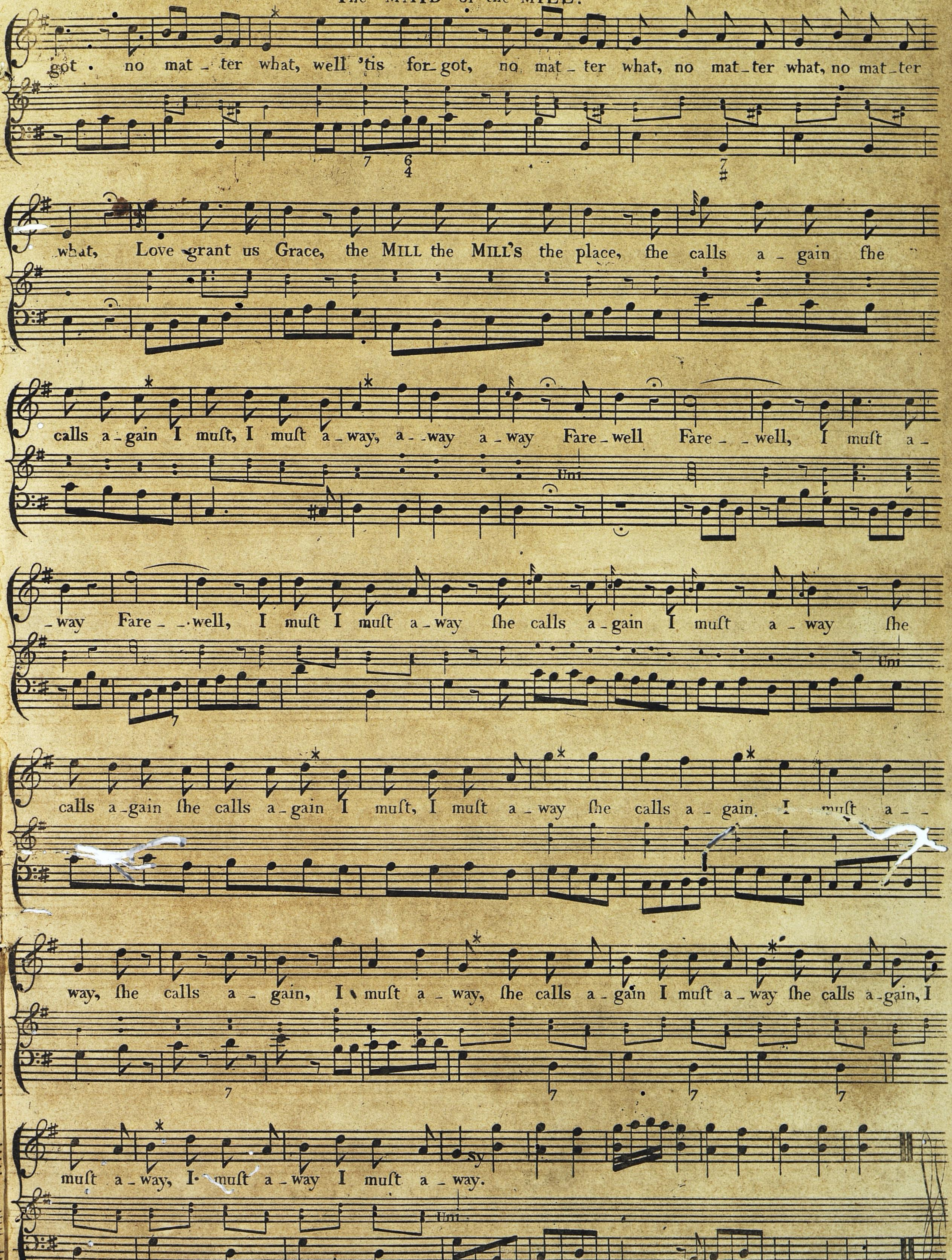

yield them the Bliss where their wi_shes are plac'd_ In_sen_si_ble Crea_tures 'tis all they can
taste, 'tis all they can taste, In_sen_si_ble Crea_ture In_sen_si_ble Crea_tures
Uni
'tis all they can taste, 'tis all they can taste, 'tis all 'tis all they can taste, 'tis all 'tis all they can
taste
Composta da
Composed by } Mr. Monsignier.
Cantatá da
Sung by } Mr. Mattocks
Cantabile
The Mad_man thus at
times at times we see With seem_ing seem_ing rea_son with seem_ing rea_son blest his
Uni

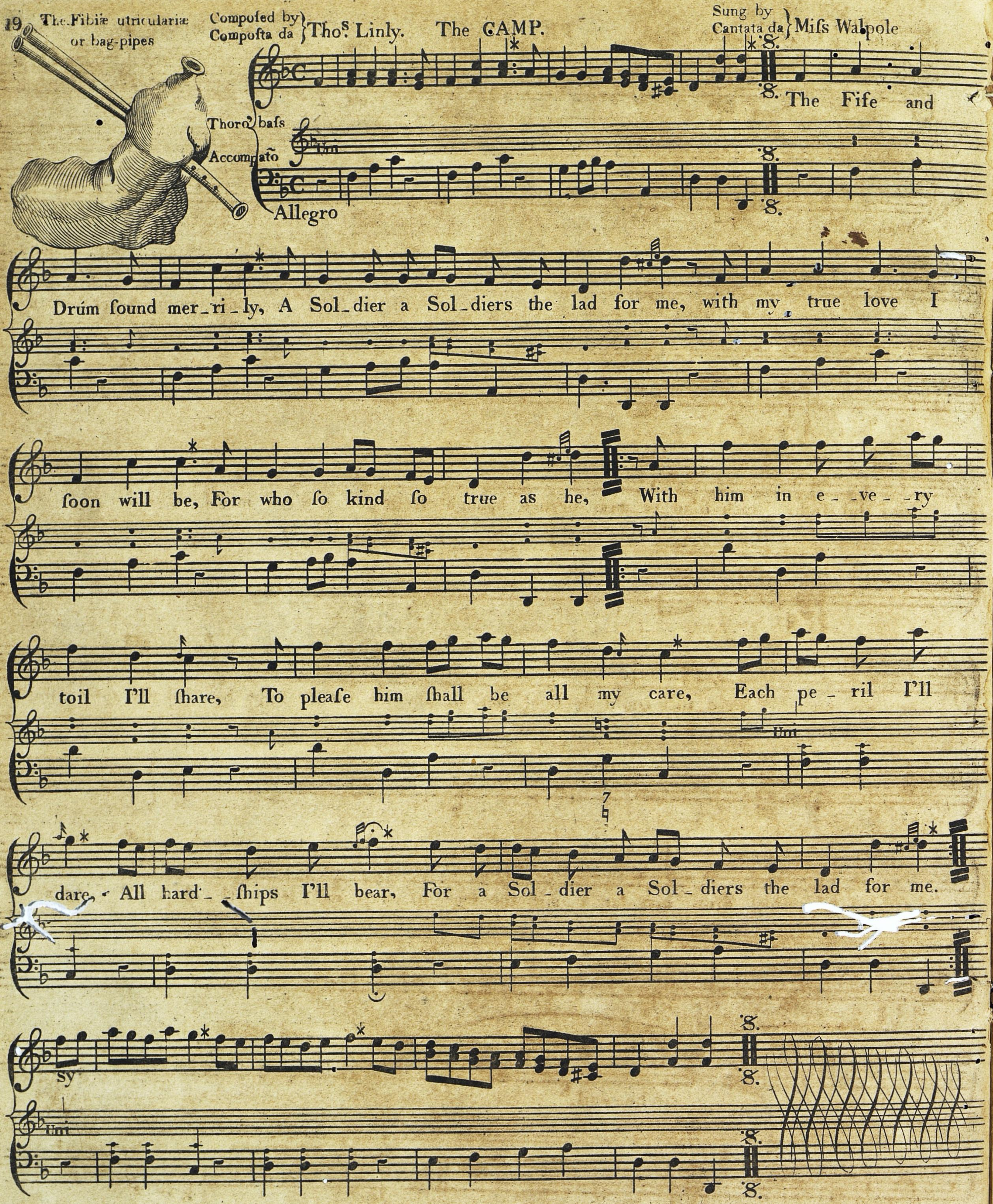

looks his words his thoughts, his thoughts are free and ſpeak a mind at reſt, and ſpeak a mind at
reſt, his looks his words are free and ſpeak a mind at reſt
F.
P.
F.
But ſhort the calms of eaſe and
ſenſe and ah un_certain too, but ſhort the calms of eaſe and ſenſe and ah un_cer_tain un_cer_tain too, while
that I de_a lives from whence at first his Fre_nzy grow. but ſhort the calms of eaſe of eaſe & ſenſe
and ah un_cer_tain too, and ah un cer tain too, while that I de_a lives from whence at firſt his Fre_nzy
grow
F.
P.
F.


Sempre Piano
Flauto bass
Accompato
Andno Staccato
In
love to pine and lan_guiſh yet know your Paſ_sion vain, yet know your Paſ_sion vain, to har_bour
heart felt An_guiſh yet fear to tell your Pain. What Po_wers un_re_len_ting ſe_ve_rer Ills in_
_ven_ting can ſhar_pen Pangs like theſe can ſhar_pen Pangs like theſe where days and night's tor_
men_ting where days and night's tor_men ting yield
not a mo_ments eaſe yield not a mo_ments eaſe.
A

Composed by } Compoſta da } Dr. Arnold. **The MAID of the MILL.** Sung by } Cantata da } Miſs Miller.




got . no mat_ter what, well 'tis for_got, no mat_ter what, no mat_ter what, no mat_ter
what, Love grant us Grace, the MILL the MILL's the place, ſhe calls a_gain ſhe
calls a_gain I muſt, I muſt a_way, a_way a_way Fare_well Fare_ _well, I muſt a_
way Fare _well, I muſt I muſt a_way ſhe calls a_gain I muſt a_way ſhe
calls a_gain ſhe calls a_gain I muſt, I muſt a_way ſhe calls a_gain I muſt a_
way, ſhe calls a_gain, I muſt a_way, ſhe calls a_gain I muſt a_way ſhe calls a_gain, I
muſt a_way, I muſt a_way I muſt a_way.

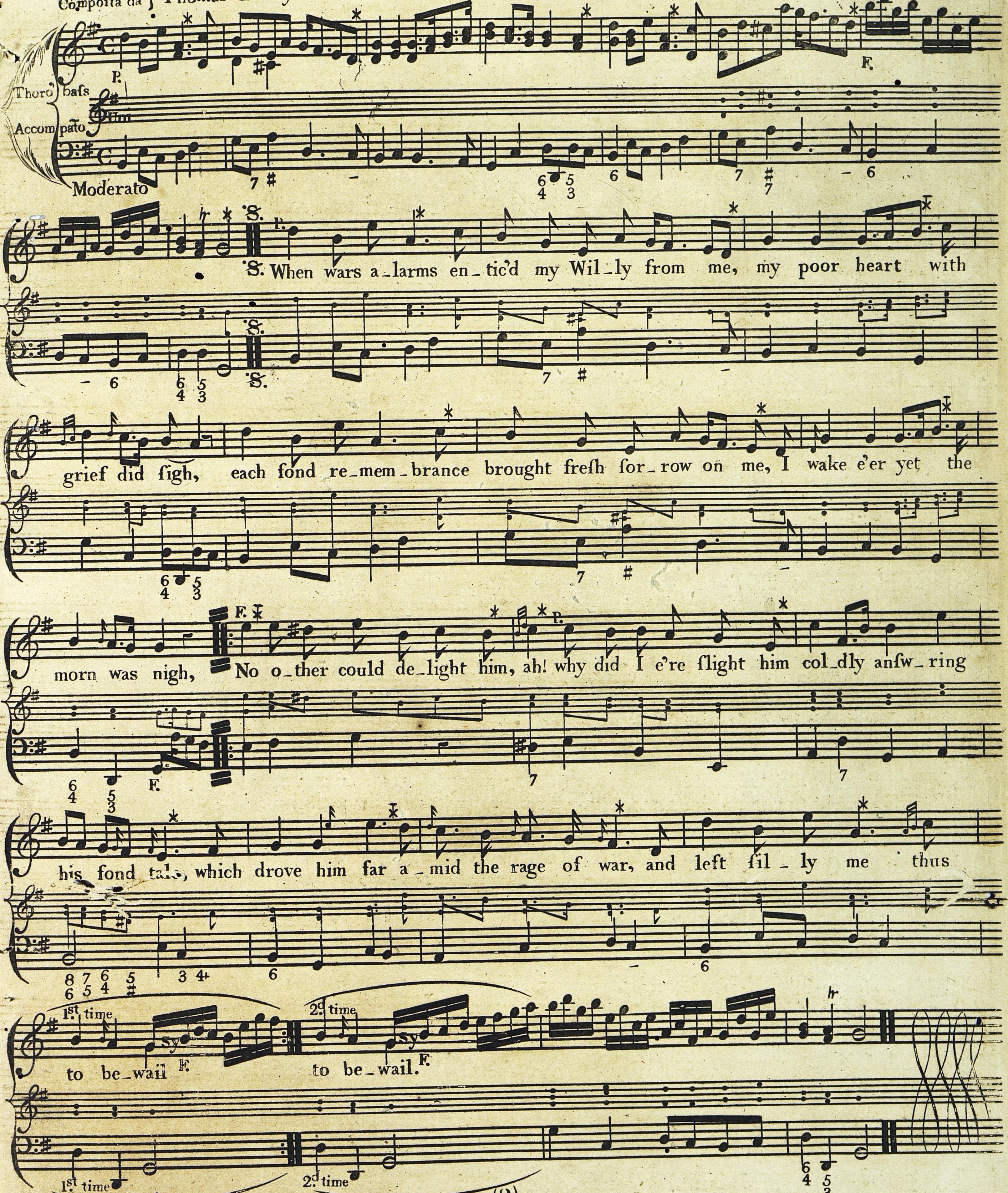


(2)

Then if kind heaven preferve my Love,
What rapturous joy fhall his Nancy prove,
Swift thro' the Camp fhall my footfteps bound,
To meet my William with conqueft crown'd,

Clofe to my faithful bofom preft,
Soon fhall he hufh his cares to reft,
Clafp't in thefe arms,
Forget wars alarms,
For a Soldier a Soldiers the lad for me.

A

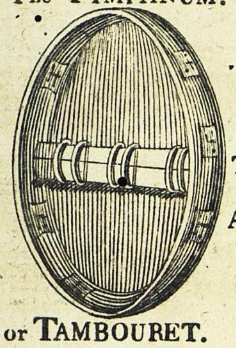


(2)

But I no longer tho' a maid forſaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For e're the lark to morrow ſhall awaken
I will ſeek my abſent Love,
The hoſtile country over,

I'll fly to ſeek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear,
Nor diſtant ſhore,
Nor Cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

The TYMPANUM.

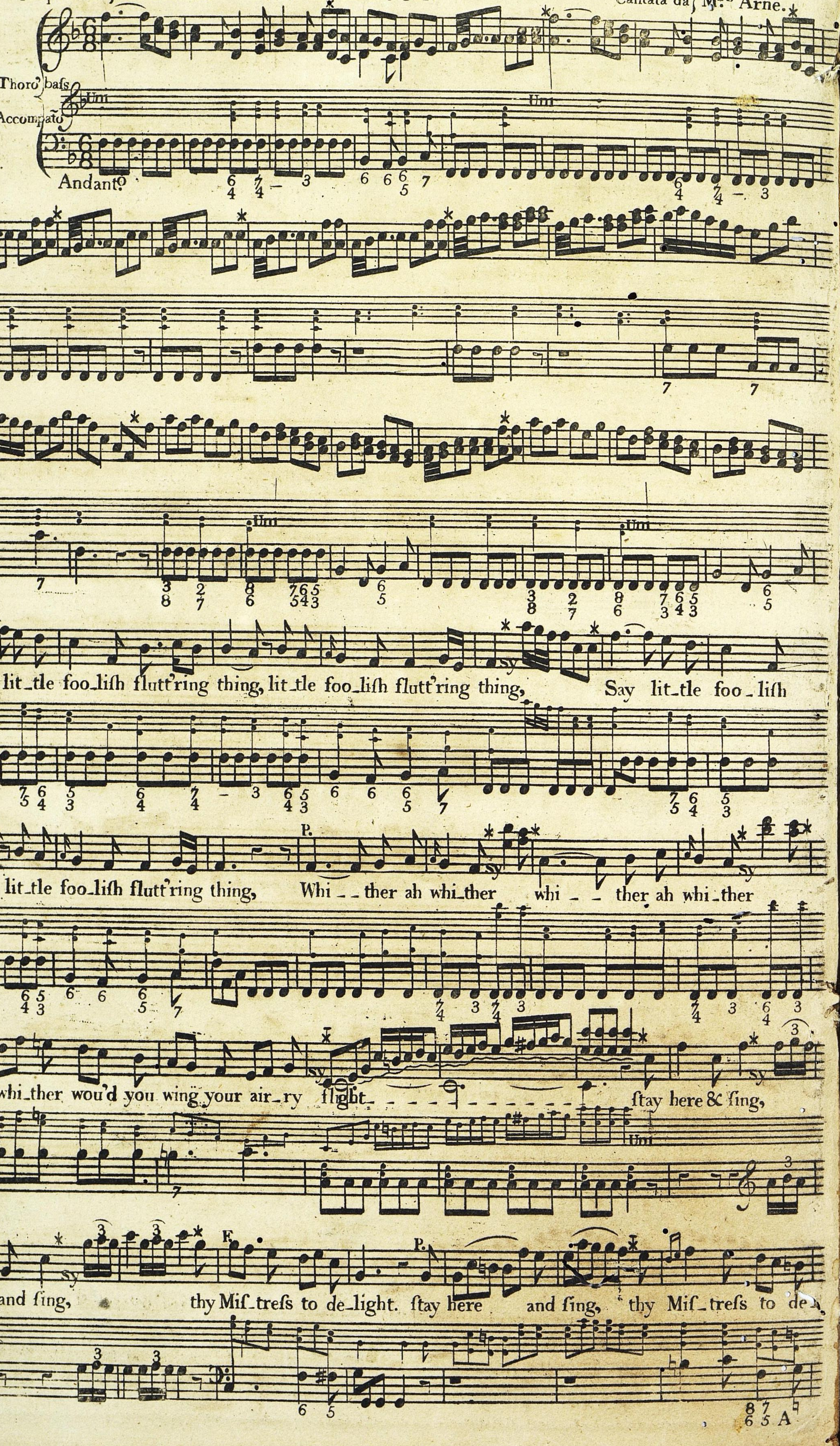


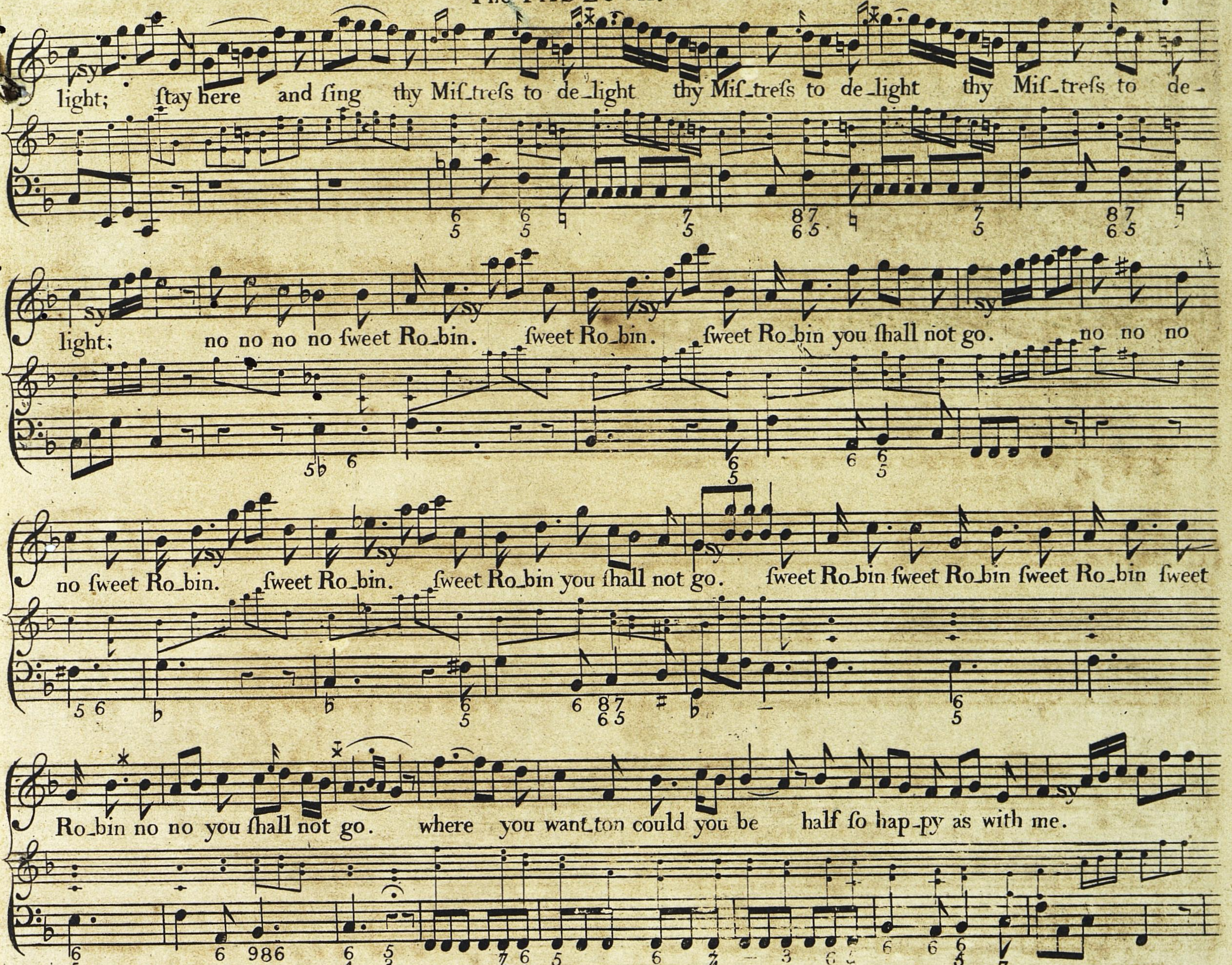
or TAMBOURET.

Composed by / Composta da } Mr. Dibdin.

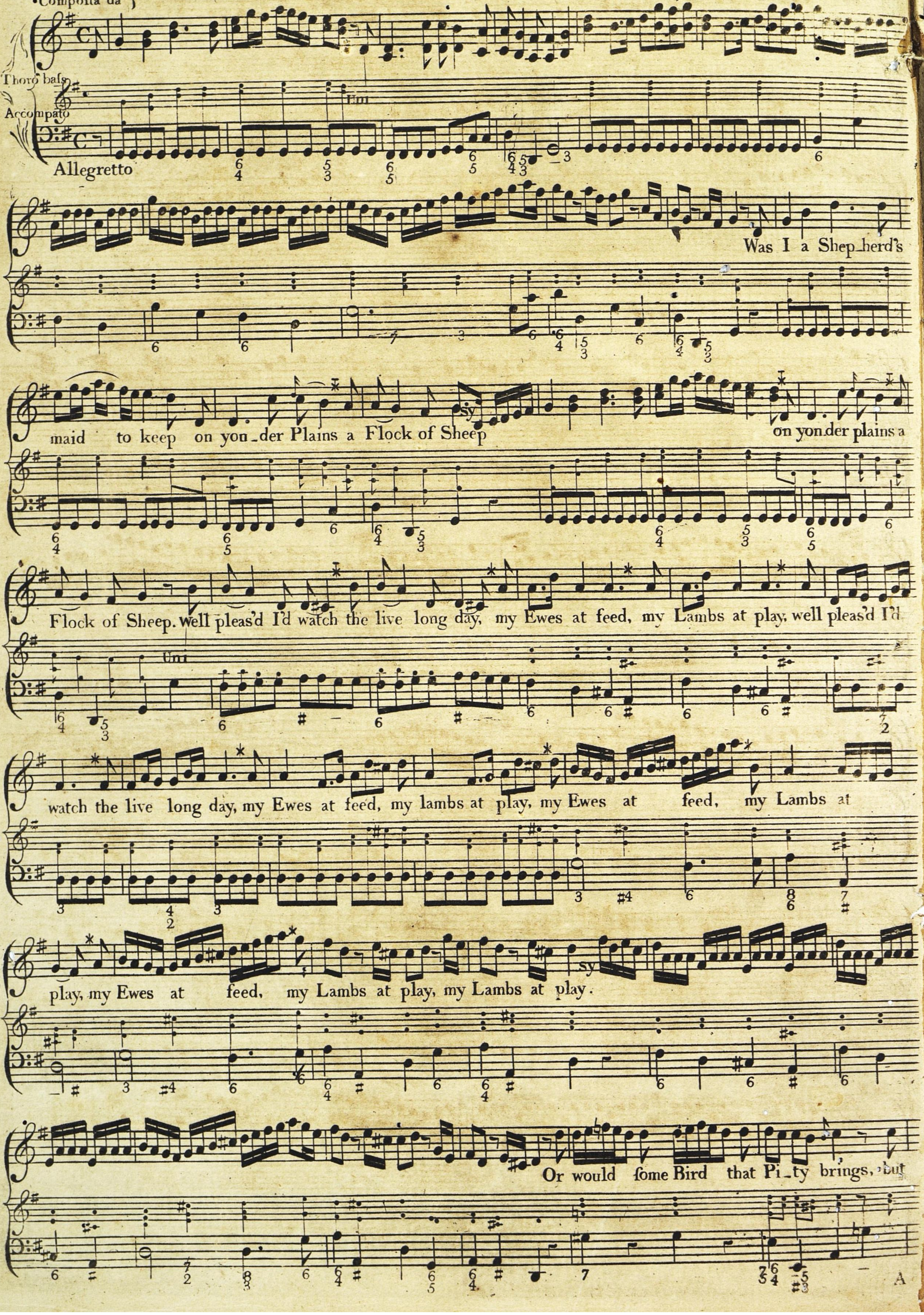
THE PADLOCK.

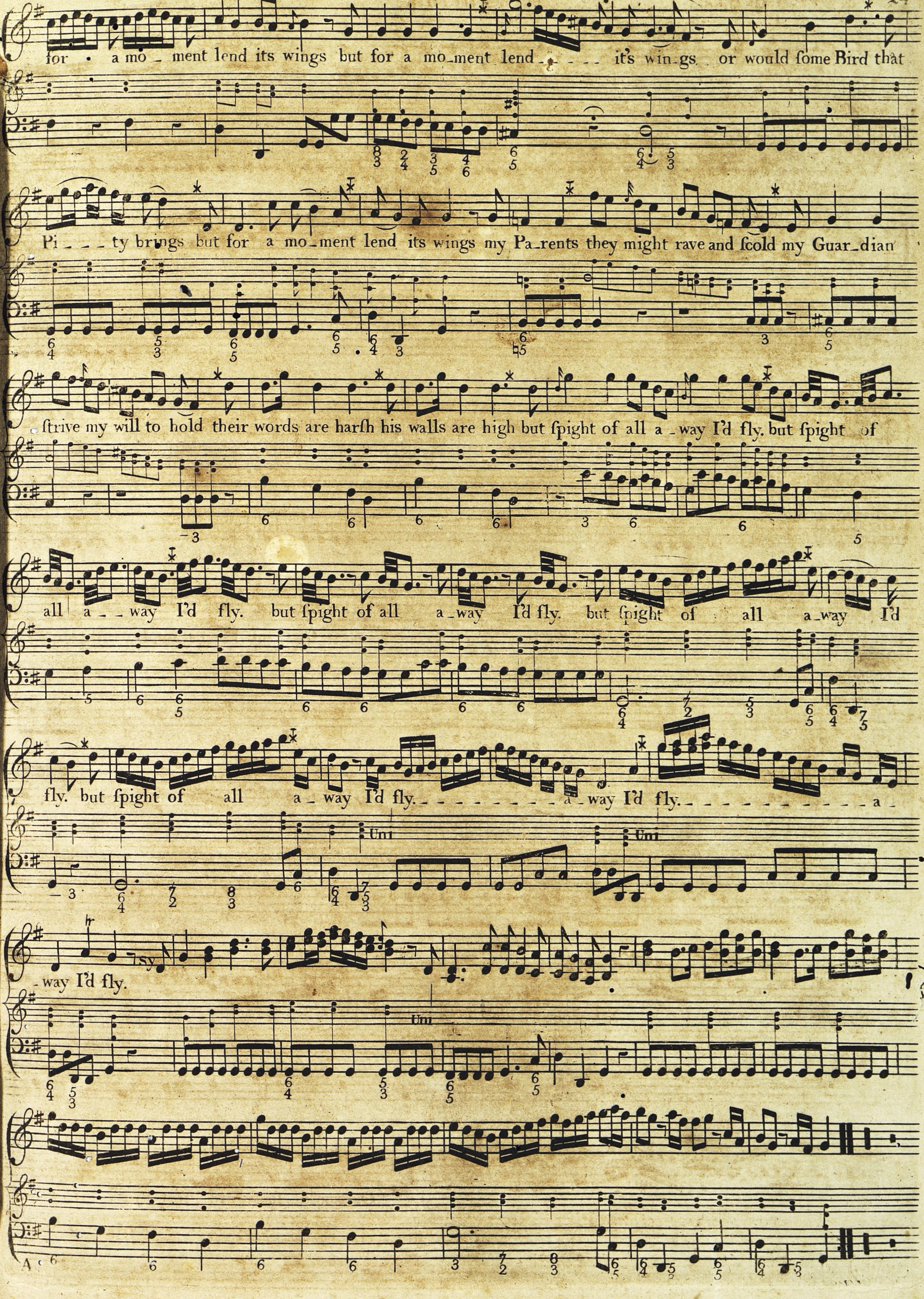
Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs. Arne.



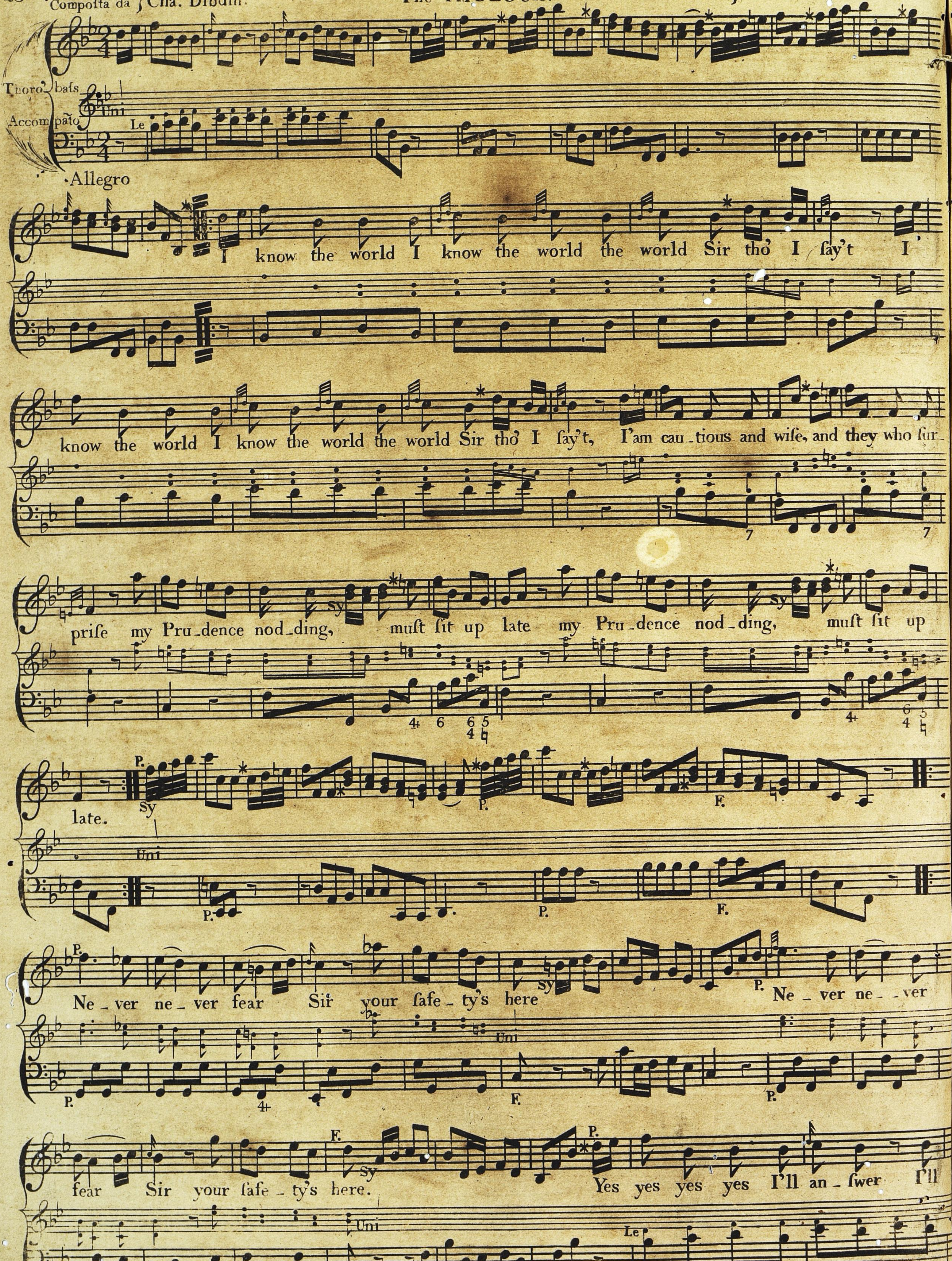

light; ſtay here and ſing thy Miſ_treſs to de_light thy Miſ_treſs to de_light thy Miſ_treſs to de-
light; no no no no ſweet Ro_bin. ſweet Ro_bin. ſweet Ro_bin you ſhall not go. no no no
no ſweet Ro_bin. ſweet Ro_bin. ſweet Ro_bin you ſhall not go. ſweet Ro_bin ſweet Ro_bin ſweet Ro_bin ſweet
Ro_bin no no you ſhall not go. where you wan_ton could you be half ſo hap_py as with me.
where you wan_ton could you be half ſo hap_py as with me. half ſo hap_
py as with me. half ſo hap_py as with me. half ſo hap_py as with me.

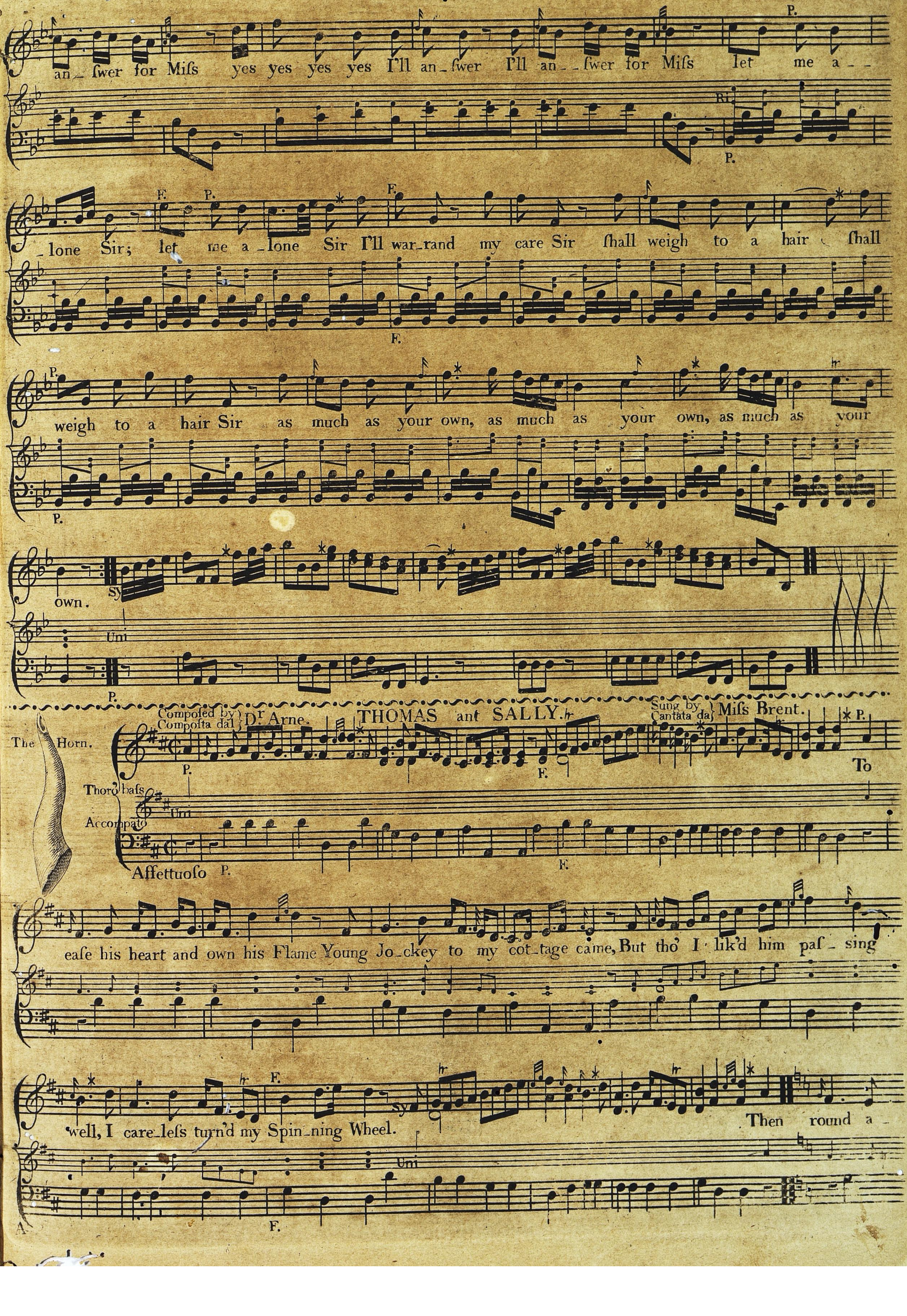
Composed by / Composta da } Mr. Dibdin. **The PADLOCK.** Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs. Arne.



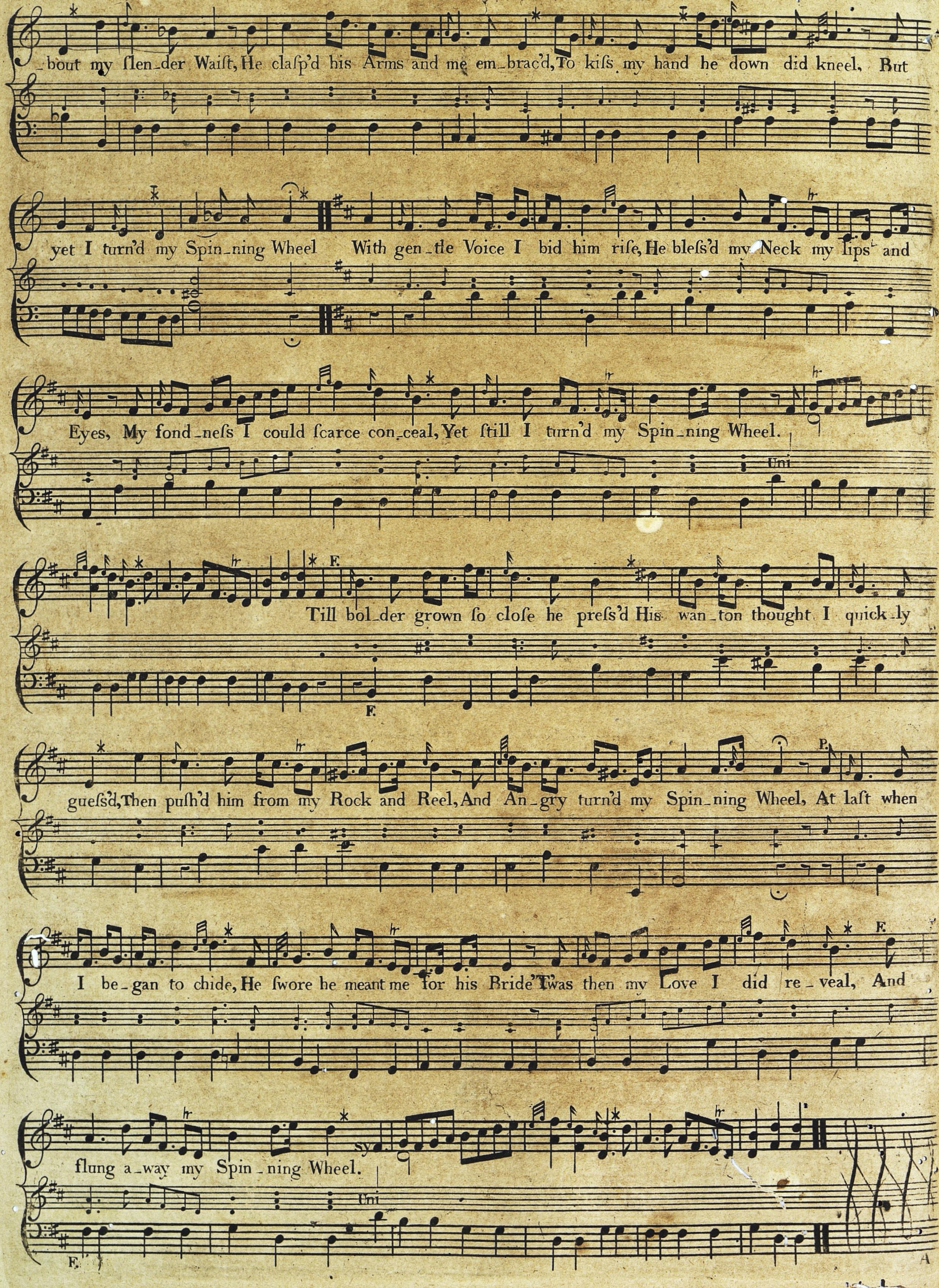

for a mo_ment lend its wings but for a mo_ment lend it's wings or would some Bird that
Pi_ty brings but for a mo_ment lend its wings my Pa_rents they might rave and scold my Guar_dian
strive my will to hold their words are harsh his walls are high but spight of all a_way I'd fly. but spight of
all a_way I'd fly. but spight of all a_way I'd fly. but spight of all a_way I'd
fly. but spight of all a_way I'd fly. a_way I'd fly. a_
_way I'd fly.
Uni
Uni
Uni

Composed by / Composta da } Chas. Dibdin. **The PADLOCK.** Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs. Dorman.



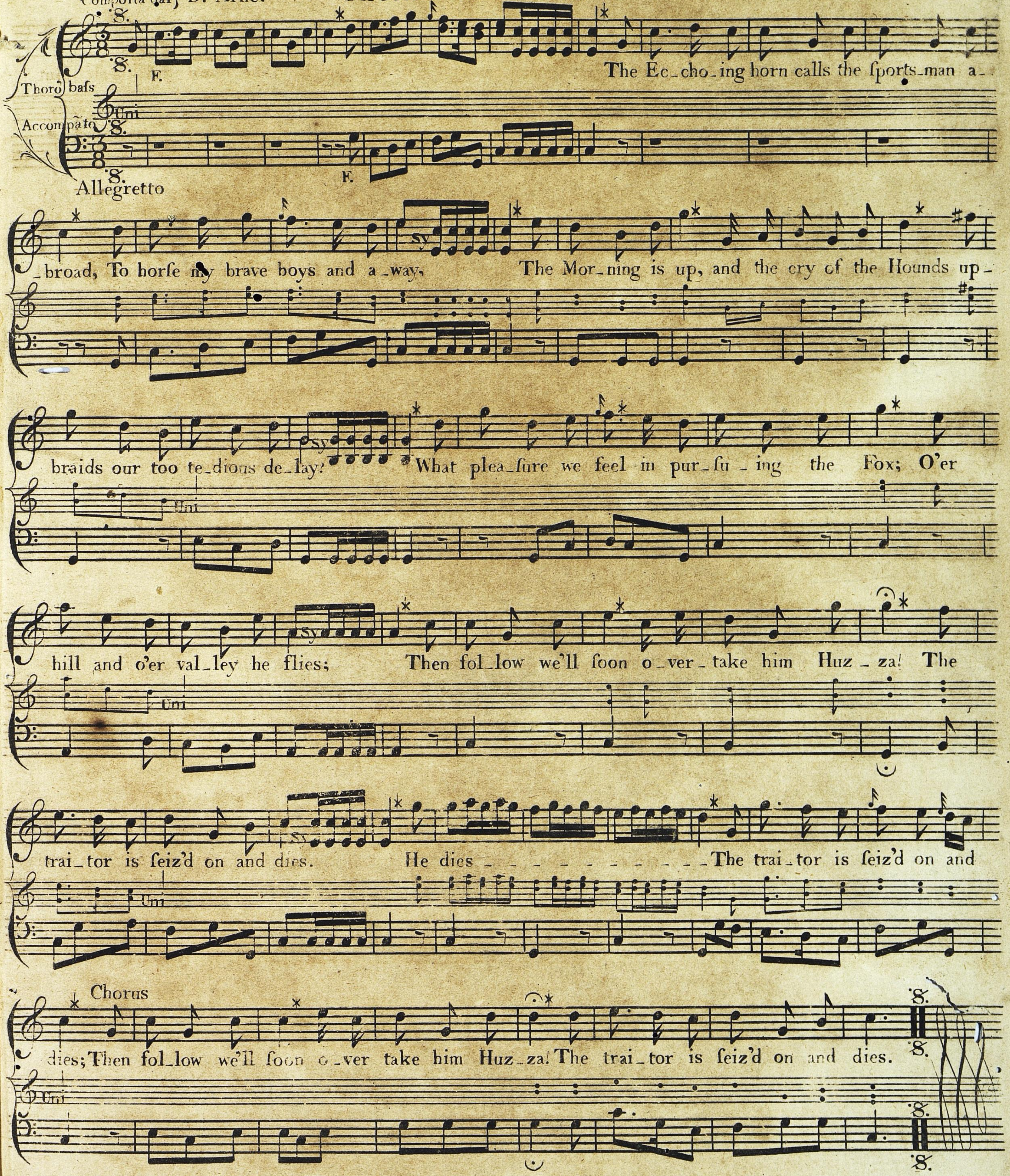


an_swer for Miss yes yes yes yes I'll an_swer I'll an__swer for Miss let me a__
_lone Sir; let me a_lone Sir I'll war_rand my care Sir shall weigh to a hair shall
weigh to a hair Sir as much as your own, as much as your own, as much as your
own.
Composed by Dr Arne.
THOMAS and SALLY.
Sung by Miss Brent.
The Horn.
Thoro' bass Accompato
Affettuoso
To
ease his heart and own his Flame Young Jo_ckey to my cot_tage came, But tho' I lik'd him pas_sing
well, I care_less turn'd my Spin_ning Wheel.
Then round a_



-bout my ſlen-der Waiſt, He claſp'd his Arms and me em-brac'd, To kiſs my hand he down did kneel, But
yet I turn'd my Spin-ning Wheel With gen-tle Voice I bid him riſe, He bleſs'd my Neck my lips and
Eyes, My fond-neſs I could ſcarce con-ceal, Yet ſtill I turn'd my Spin-ning Wheel.
Uni
F.
Till bol-der grown ſo cloſe he preſs'd His wan-ton thought I quick-ly
F.
gueſs'd, Then puſh'd him from my Rock and Reel, And An-gry turn'd my Spin-ning Wheel, At laſt when
P.
I be-gan to chide, He ſwore he meant me for his Bride 'Twas then my Love I did re-veal, And
F.
flung a-way my Spin-ning Wheel.
Uni
F.
A

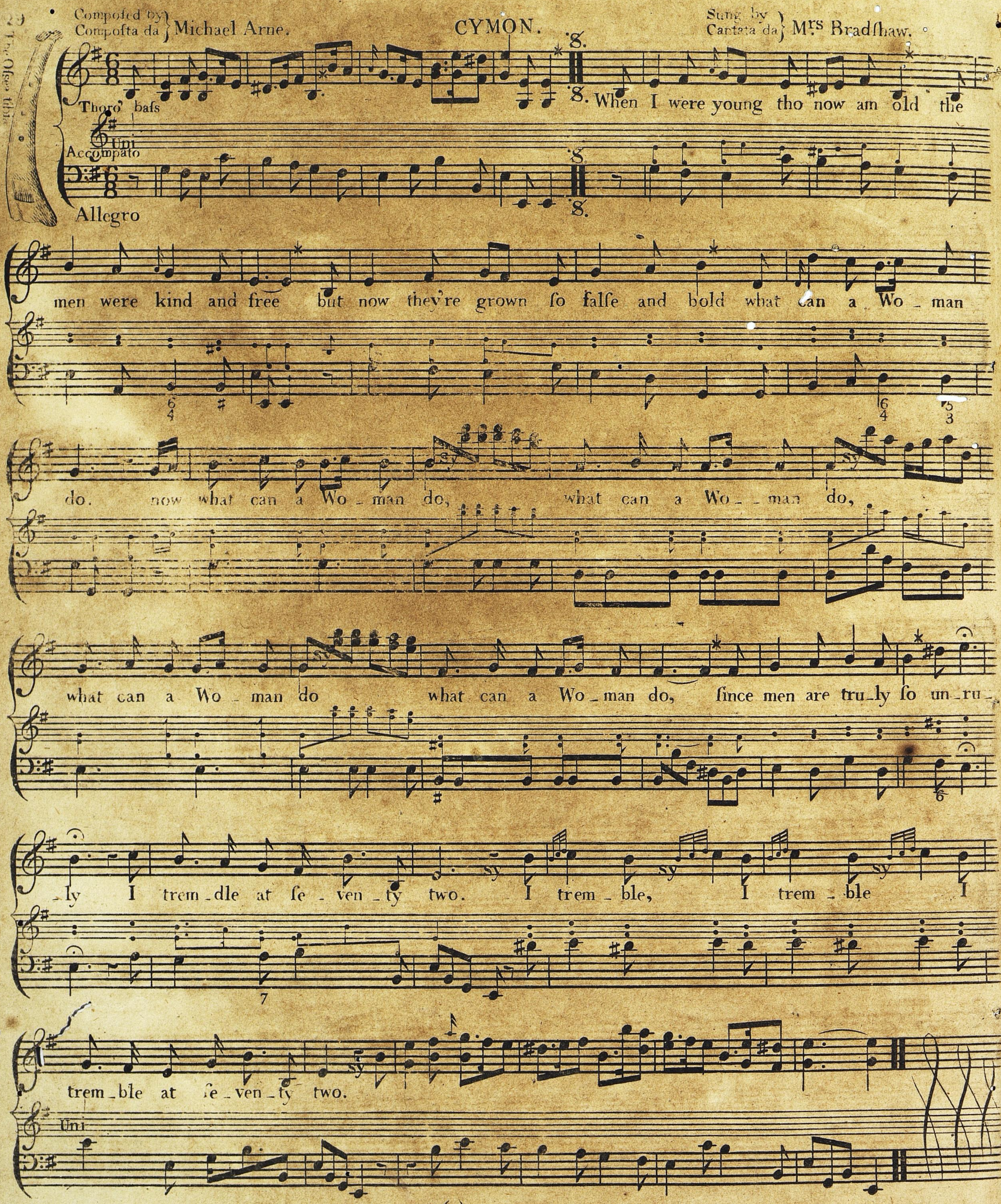
Compoſed by / Compoſta dal Dr. Arne. **THOMAS and SALLY.**



(2)

Triumphant returning at night with the Spoil,
Like bacchanals ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and Laſs to refreſh,
And Loſe the fatigues of the day:

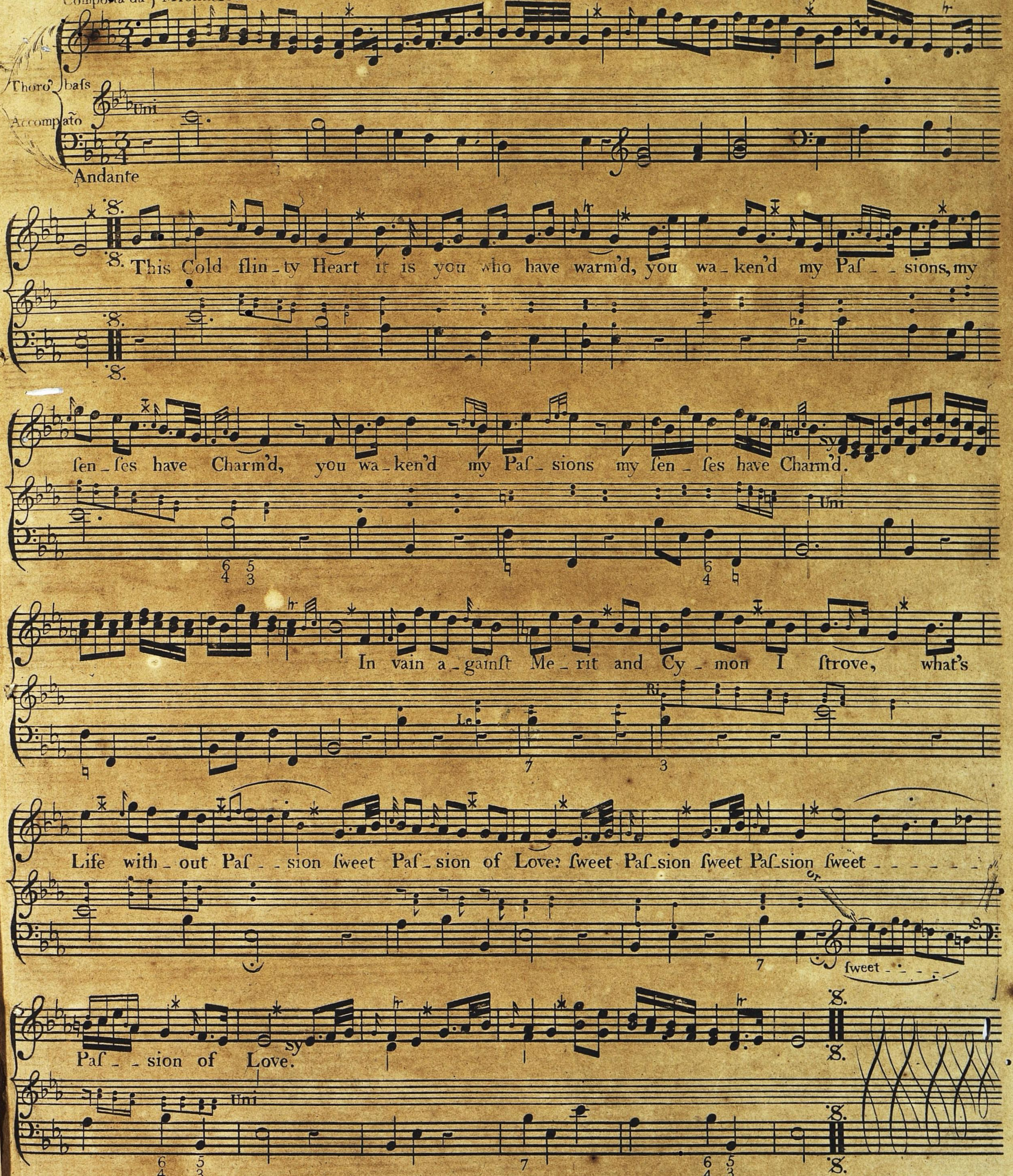
With Sports Love and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since Life is no more than a paſsage at beſt,
Let's Strew the way over with flow'rs, with flow'rs &c



(2)

When I was Fair tho now so so,
No sparks were given to Rove;
Our Pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was truth and love:
Now what can a woman do?
The men are truly so unruly,
I tremble at seventy two.

Composed by / Composta da } Michael Arne. **CYMON.** Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs Arne.



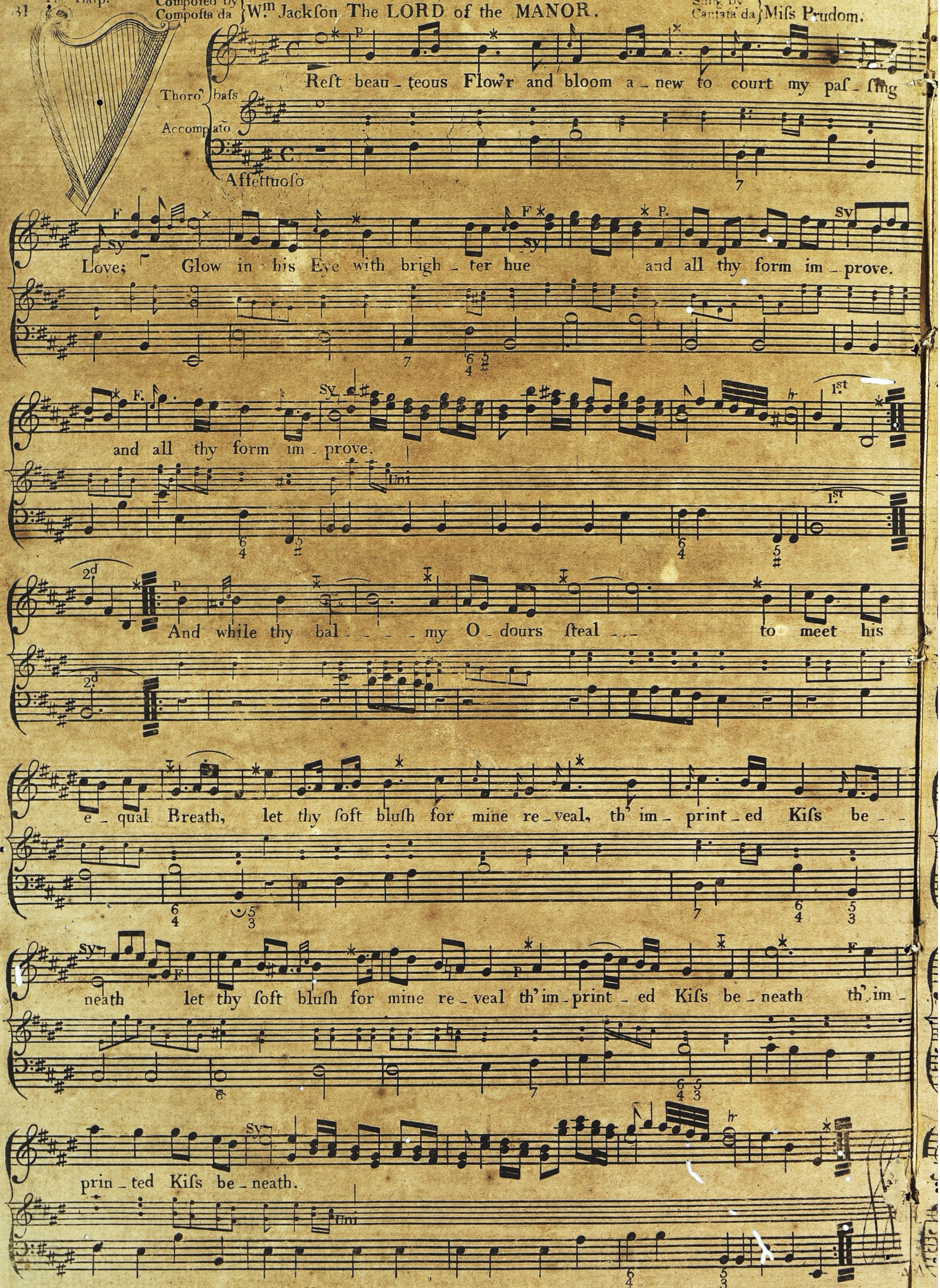
(2)

The froſt nips the Bud, and the Roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt nipt no raptures can flow?
Elyſium to him but a deſart will prove,
What's life without Paſsion, ſweet Paſsion of Love?

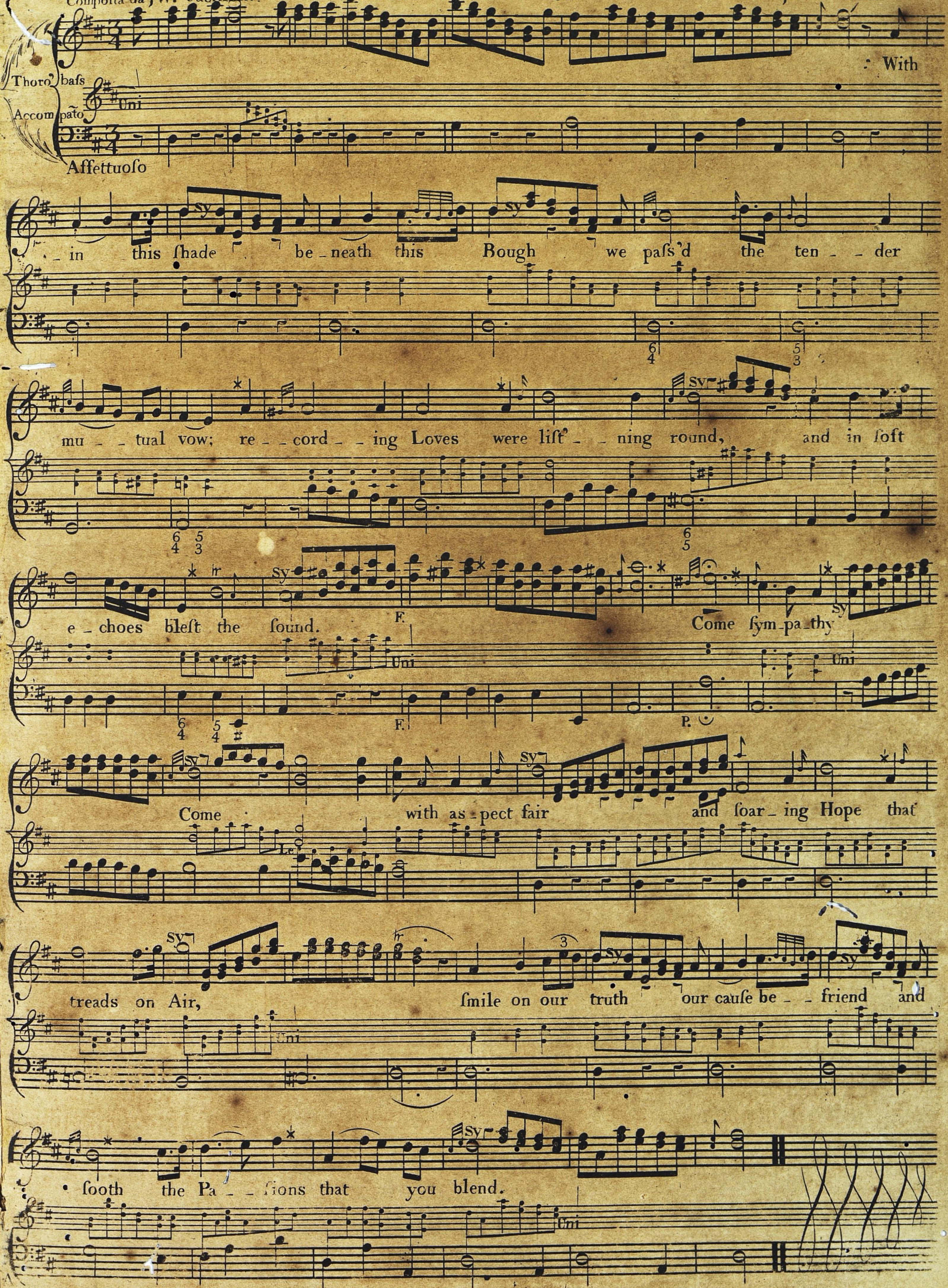
(3)

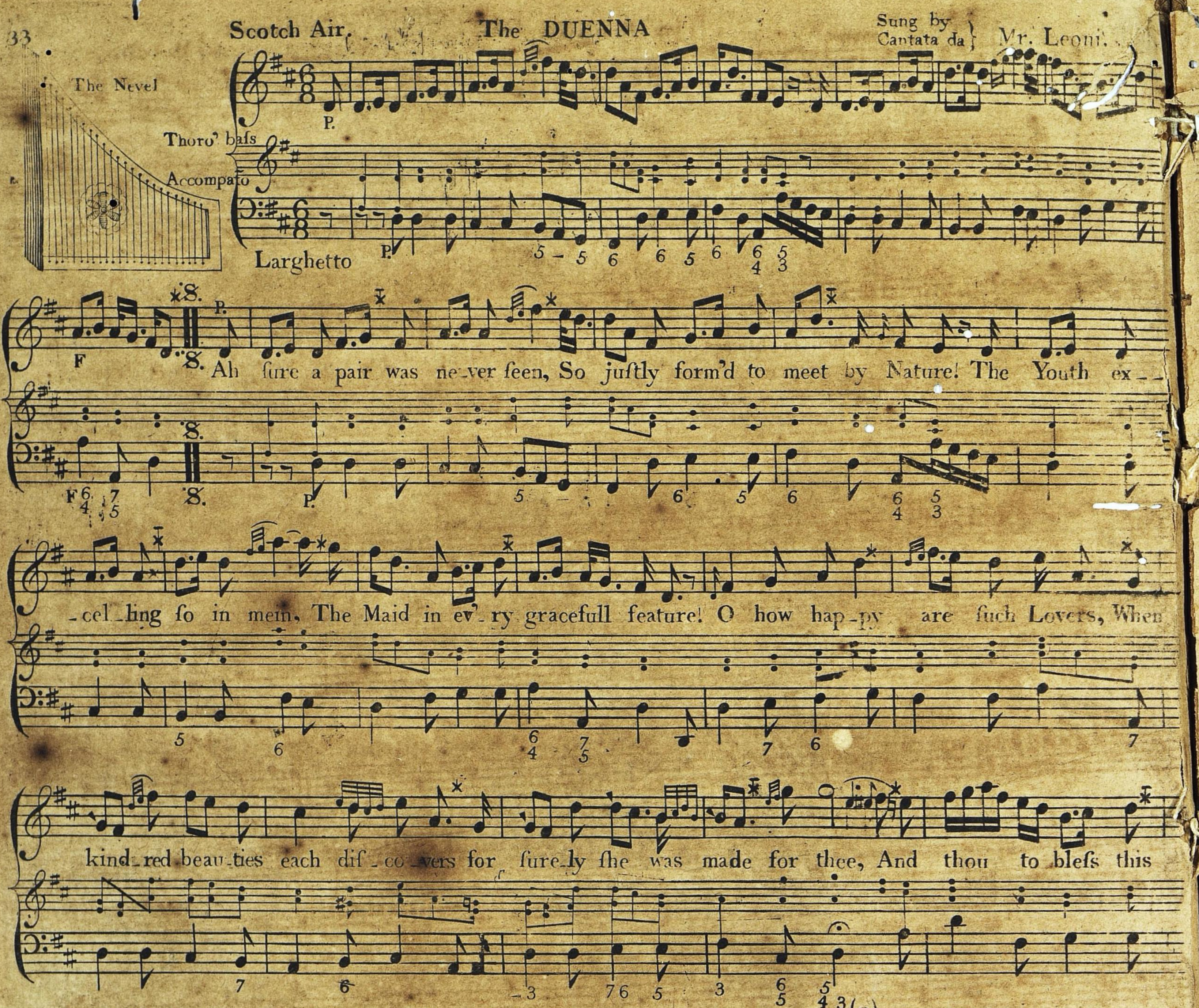
The ſpring ſhou'd be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her Birds and her flow'reſt make blithſome ſweet May,
Love bleſses the Cottage, and ſings thro' the Grove,
What's life without Paſſion ſweet Paſſion of Love.

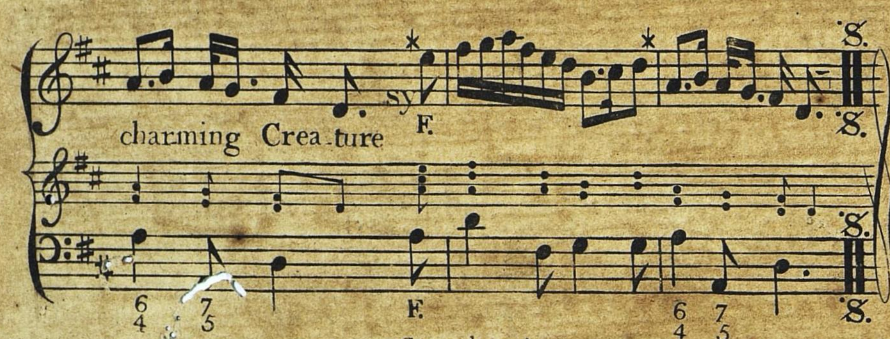
Compoſed by / Compoſta da } Wm Jackſon The LORD of the MANOR. Sung by / Cantata da } Miſs Prudom.



Compoſed by } Wm. Jackſon. **The LORD of the MANOR** Sung by } Mr. Vernon.
Compoſta da } Cantata da }

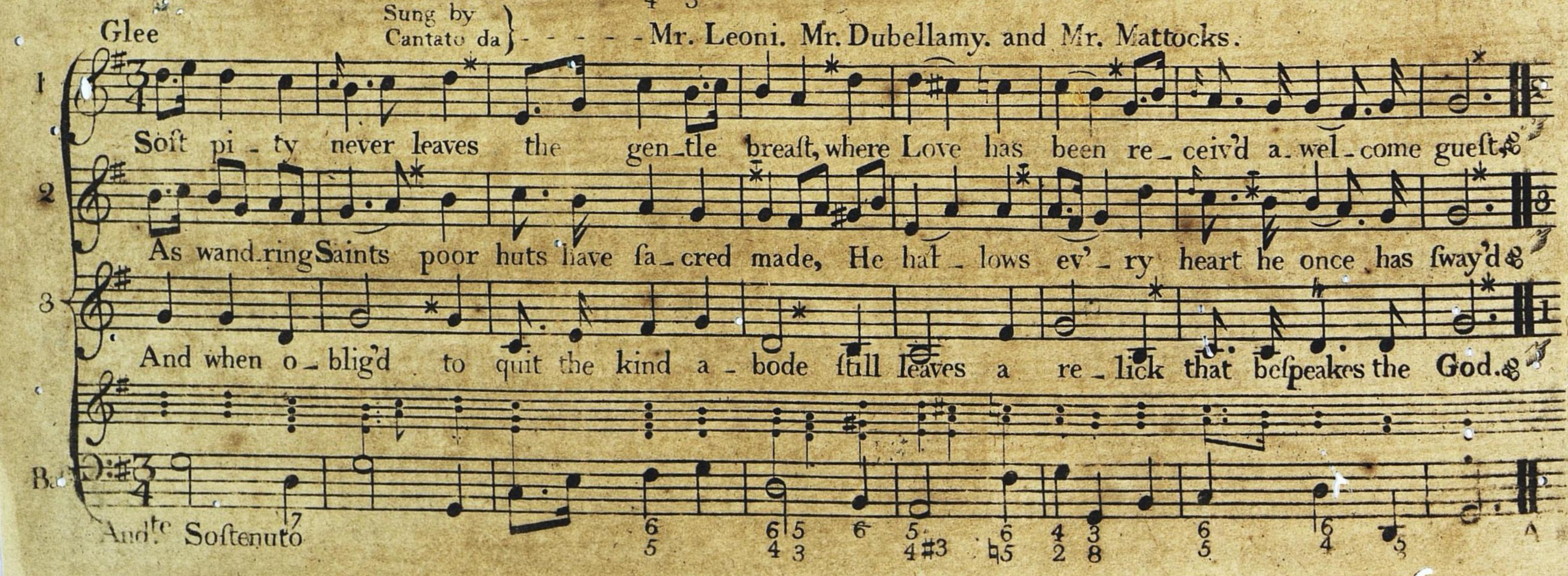


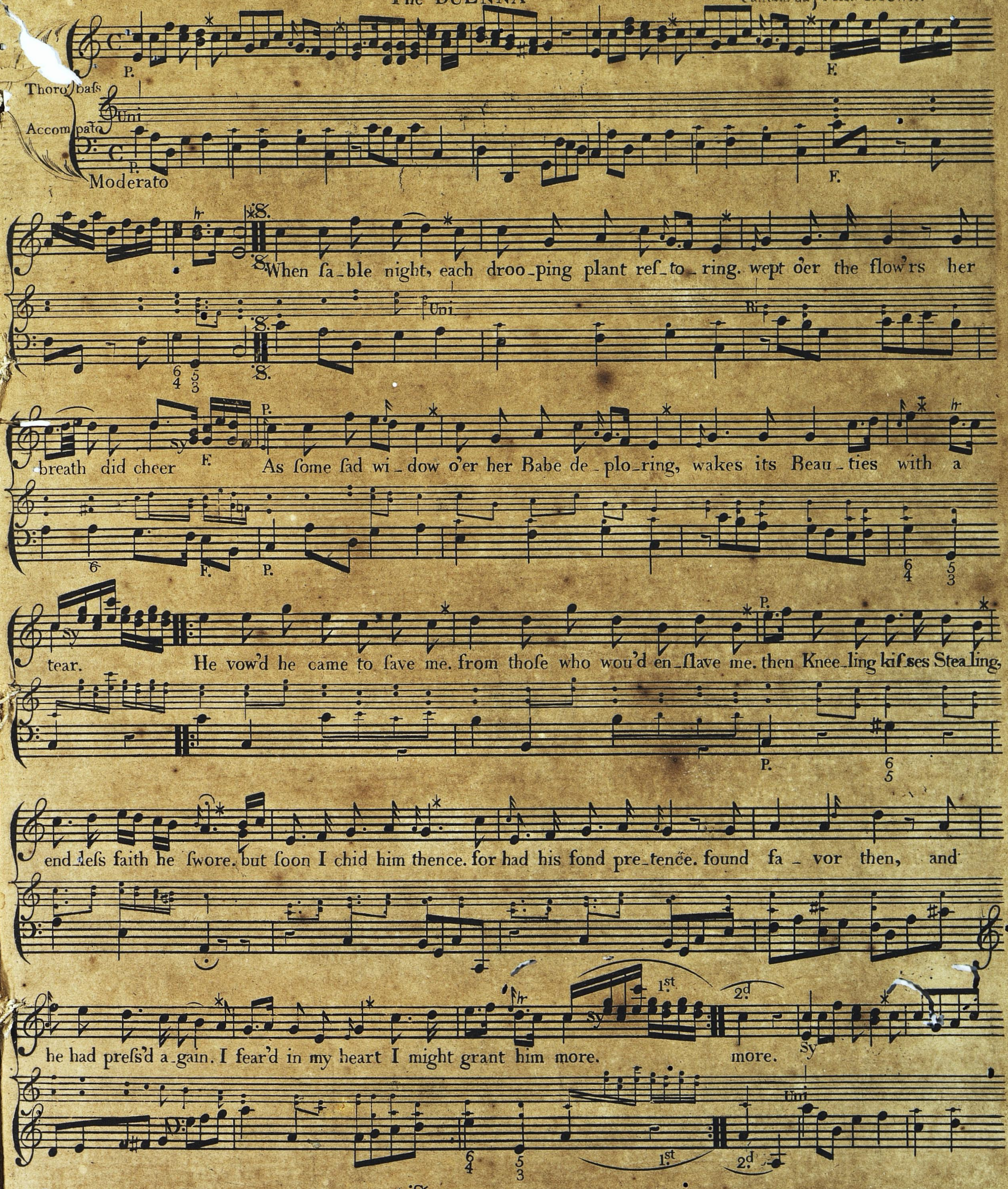


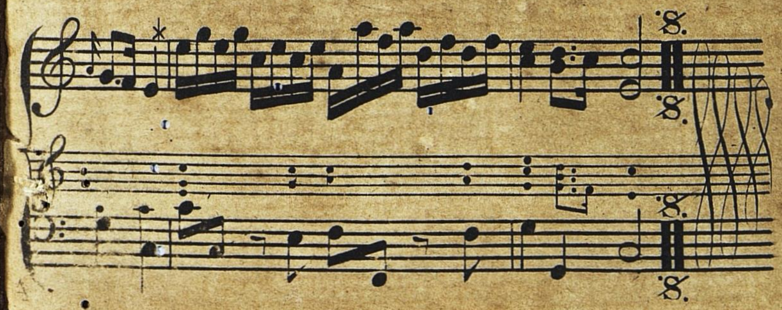


(2)

So mild your looks, your Children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty
The Boys with all their Father's ſenſe,
The Girls with all their Mother's beauty!
O how charming to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit:
Thus while you live may Fortune give
Each bleſsing equal to your Merit!





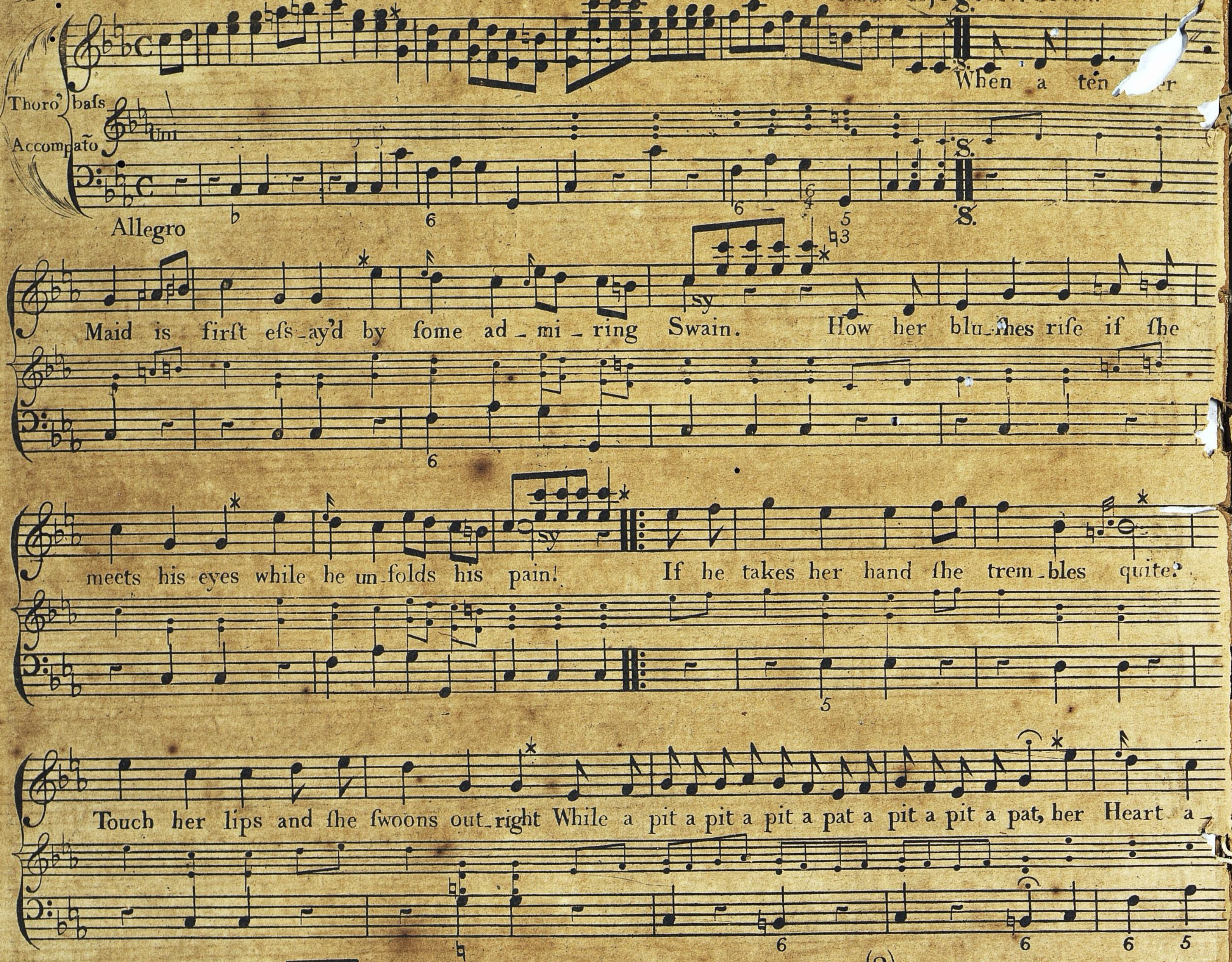


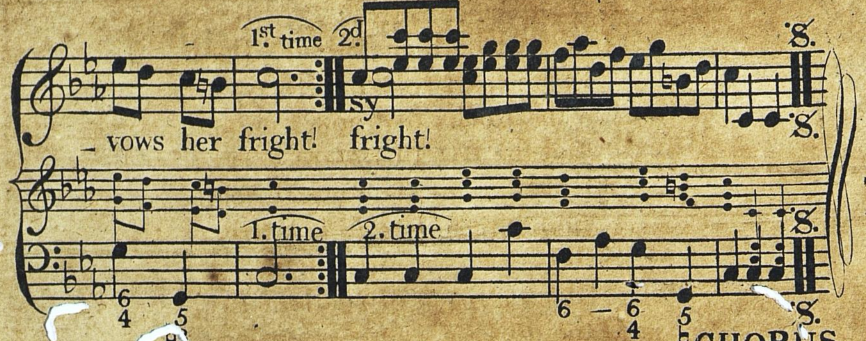
(2)

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts cou'd borrow,
One hour, from Love and care to rest,
Lo! as I press'd my Couch in silent sorrow.
My Lover, caught me to his breast.
He vow'd he came &c. &c.

The DUENNA.

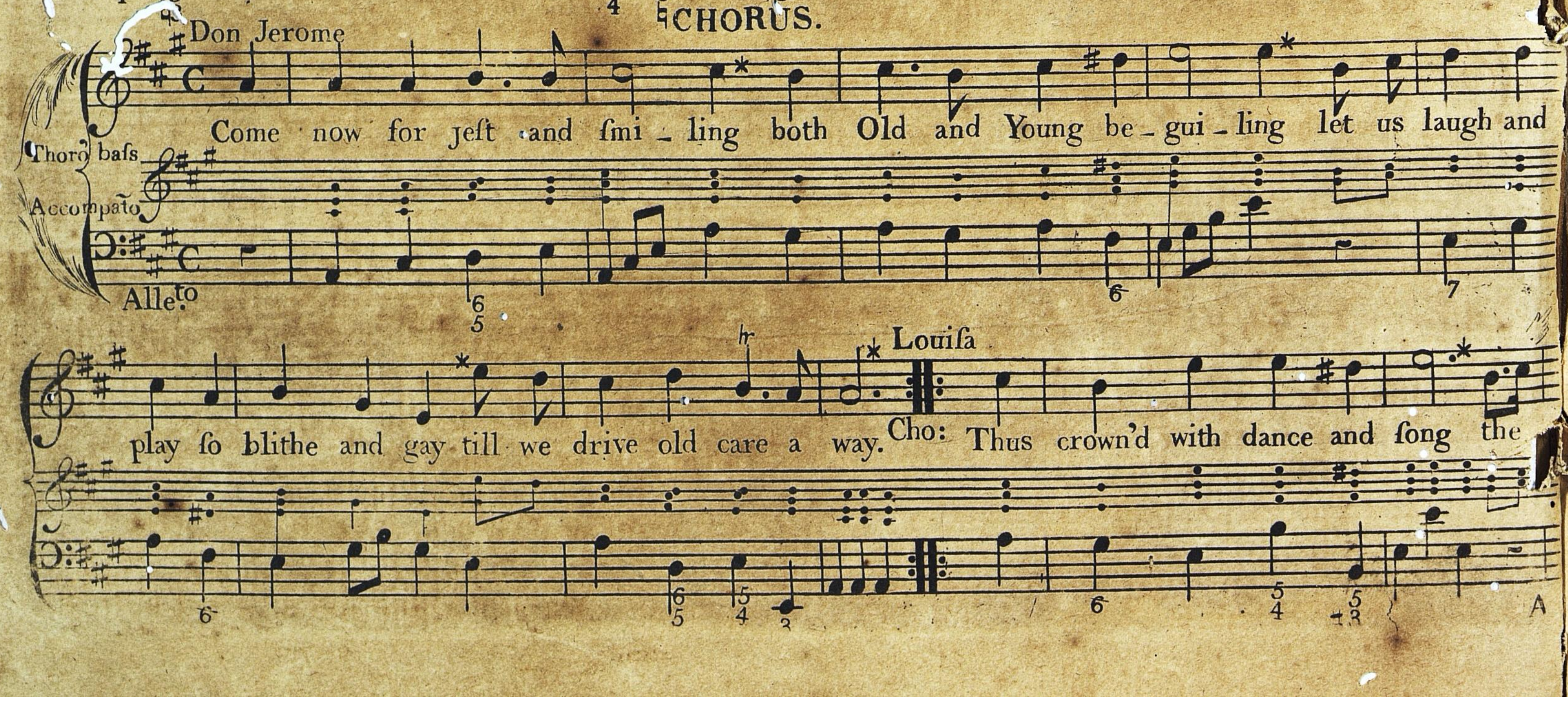
Sung by Cantata da } Mrs. Green.

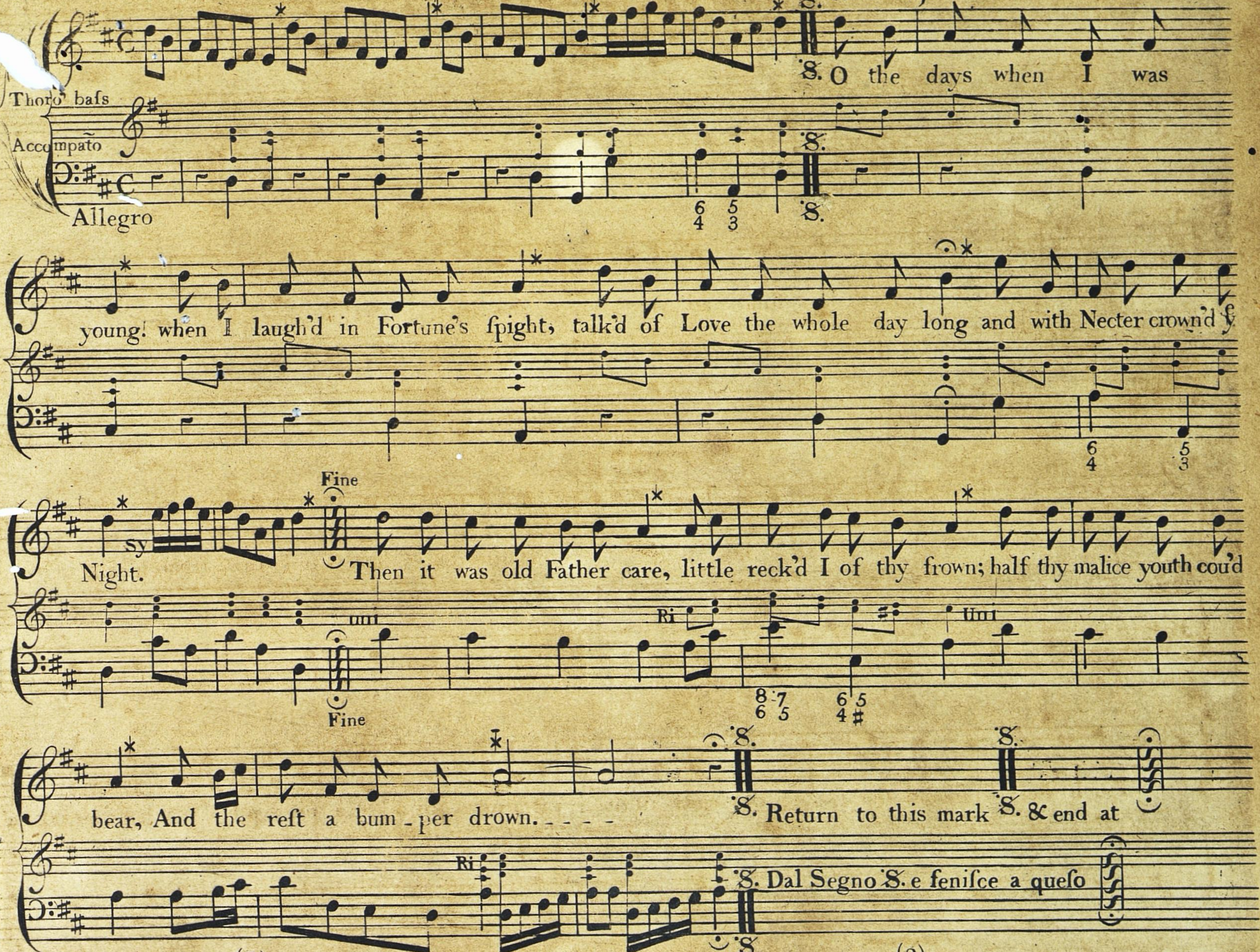




(2)

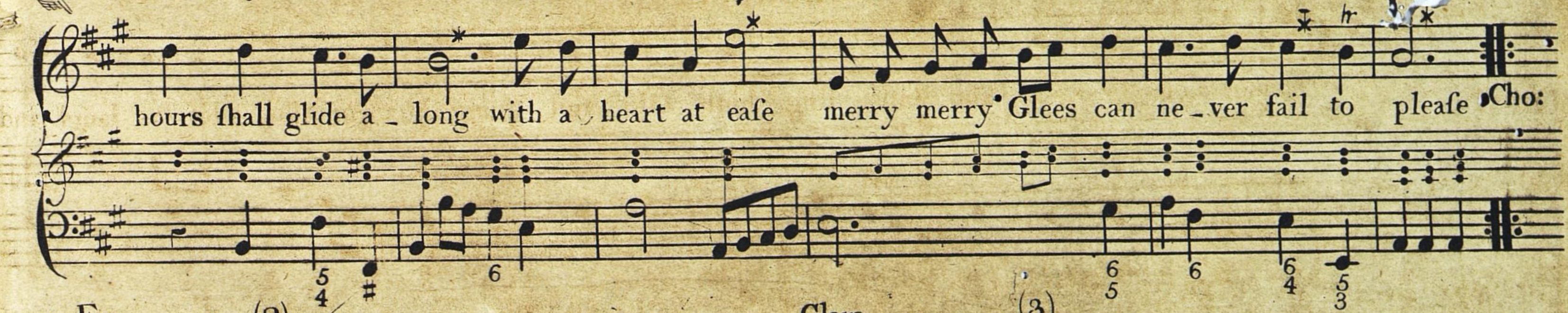
But in time appear fewer signs of fear:
The Youth she boldly views:
If her hand he grasp, or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
Then to Church well pleas'd the Lovers move,
While her smiles her Contentment prove,
And a pit a pat &c.
Her heart avows her love!





(2)
Truth they fay lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er cou'd fee
Let the Water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when fparkling Wine went round
Never faw I falfhood's mafk;
But ftill honeft Truth I found
In the bottom of each flafk!
O the days &c.

(3)
True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the Locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet old Jerome thou may'ft boaft,
While thy fpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy Age's froft
Glows a fpark of youthful fire.
O the days &c.

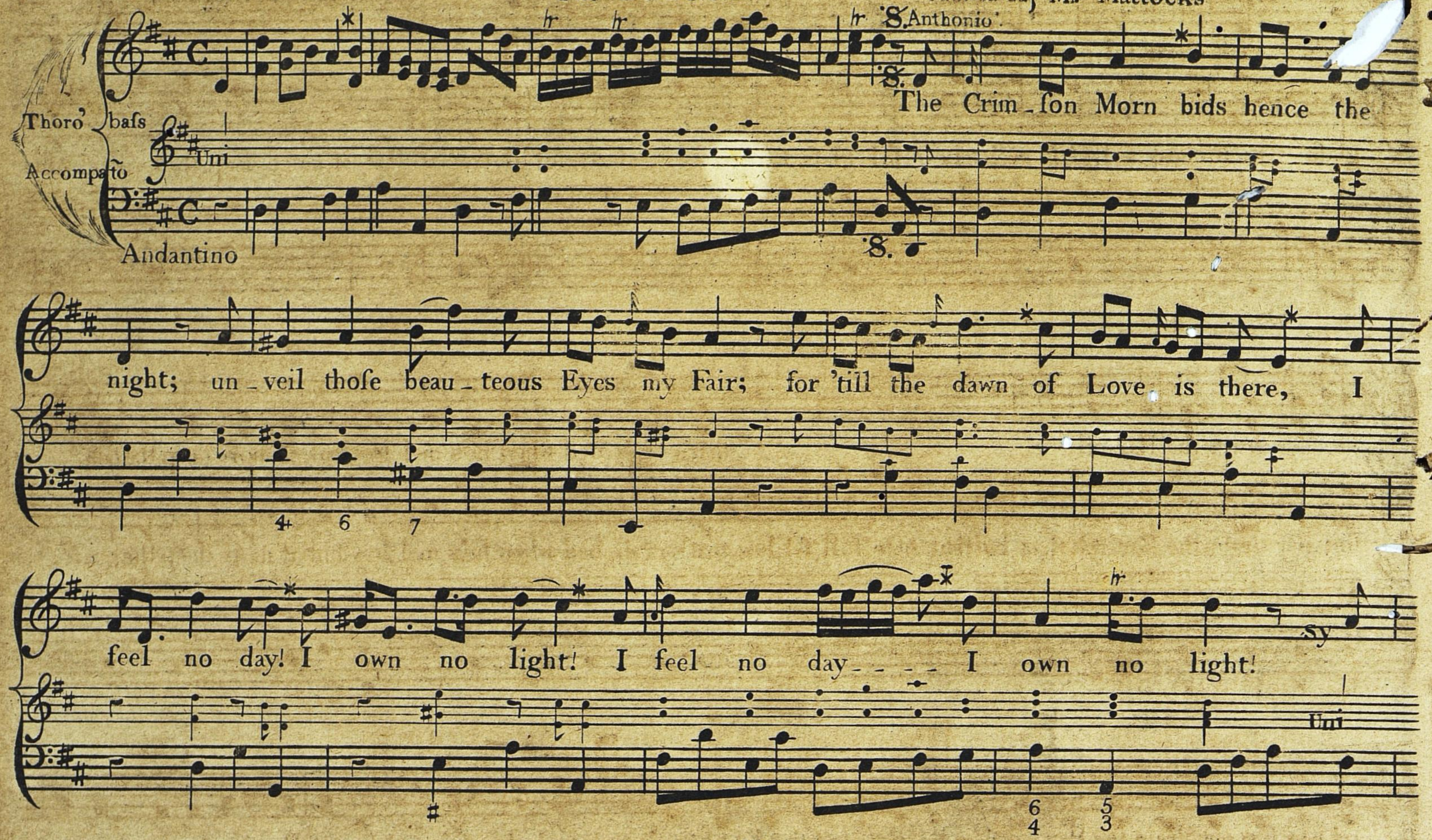


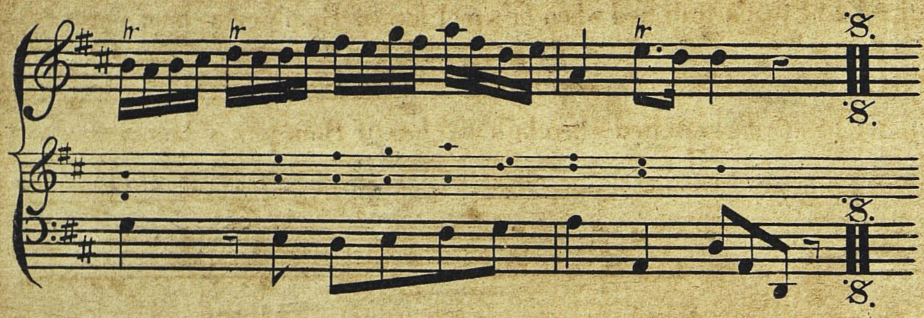
Fer: (2)
Each Bride with blufhes glowing
Our Wine as rofy flowing
Anth: Let us laugh &c.
Then healths to ev'ry friend
The Nights repaft fhall end
With a heart &c.

Clara. (3)
Nor while we are fo joyous
Shall anxious fear annoy us
Let us laugh &c.
Cho: For gen'rous guefts like thefe
Accept the wifh to pleafe
So we'll laugh and play - all blithe and gay
Your fmiles drive care away.

The DUENNA

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy and Mrs. Mattocks
Cantata da





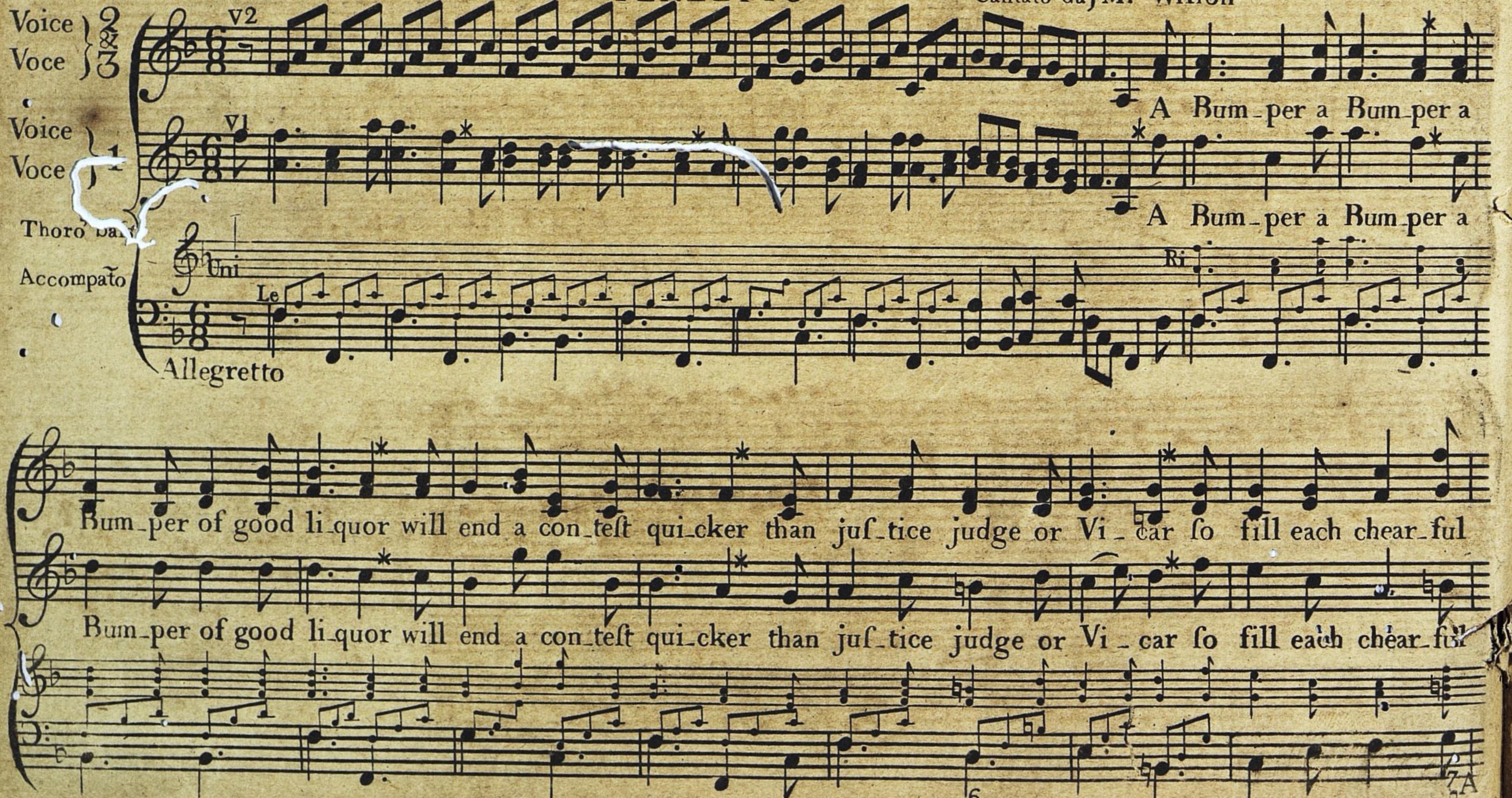
Louisa

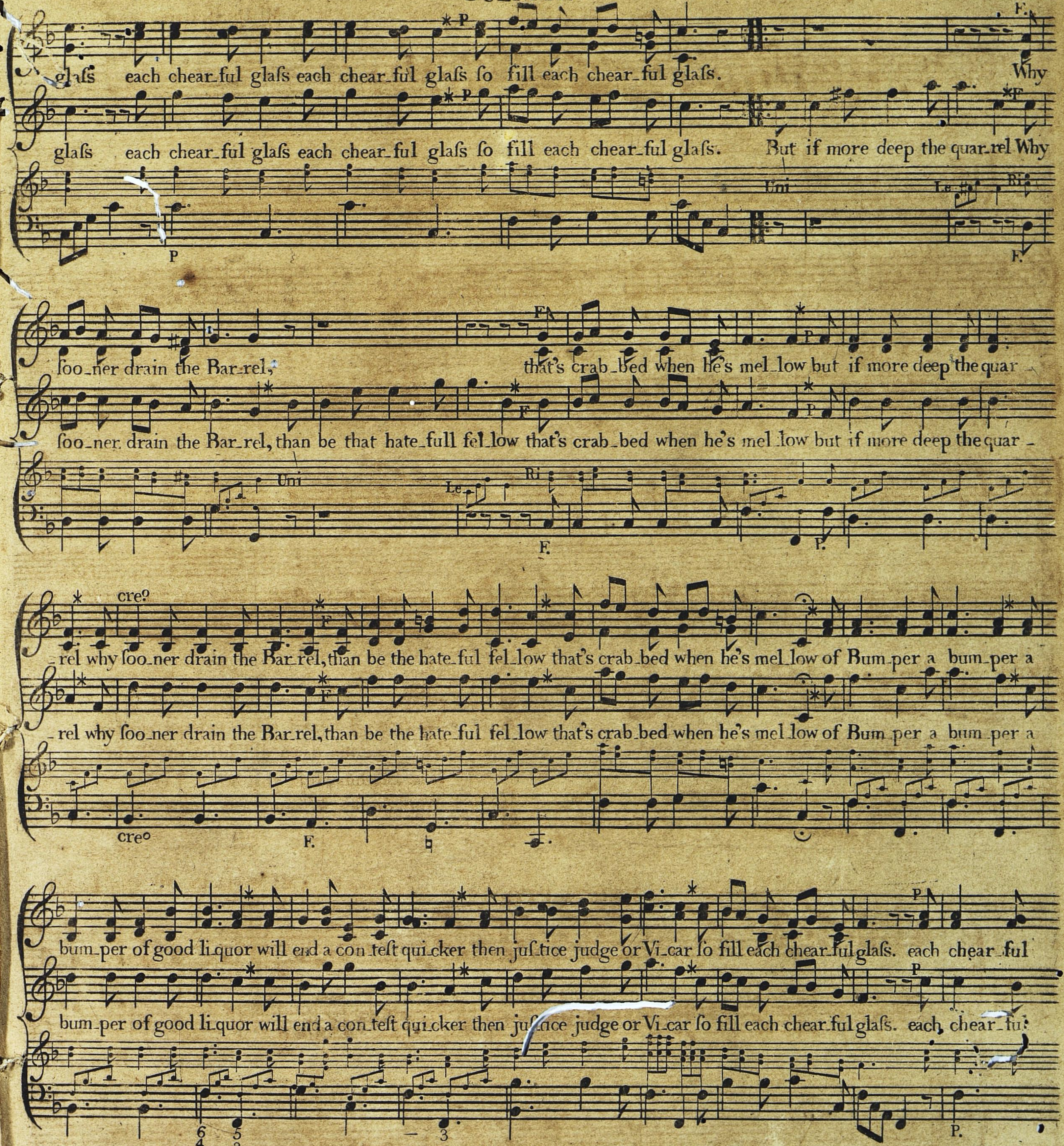
(2)

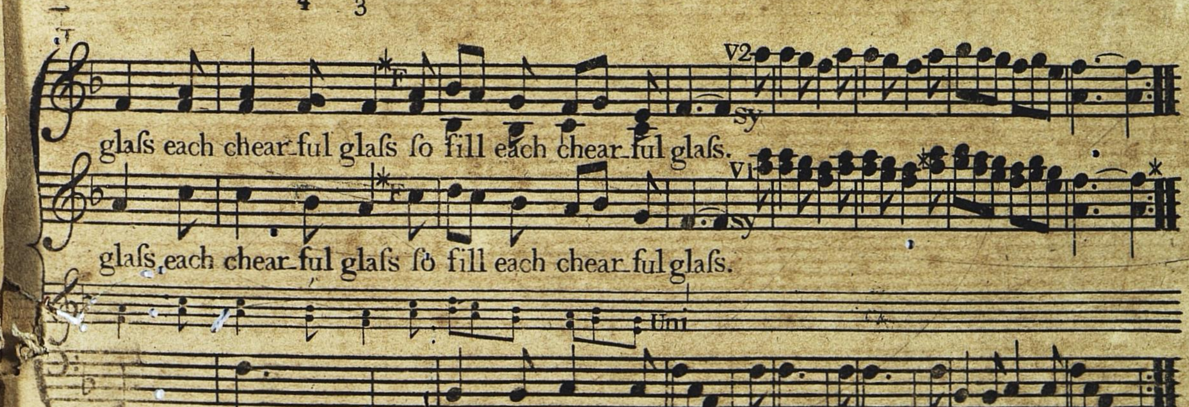
Waking _ I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking _ the dawn did bless my sight;
'Tis Phæbus, sure that woos I cried,
Who speaks in Song, who moves in light!

TERZETTO

Sung by Mr. Mattocks Mr. Quick. and Mr. Wilson
Cantato da





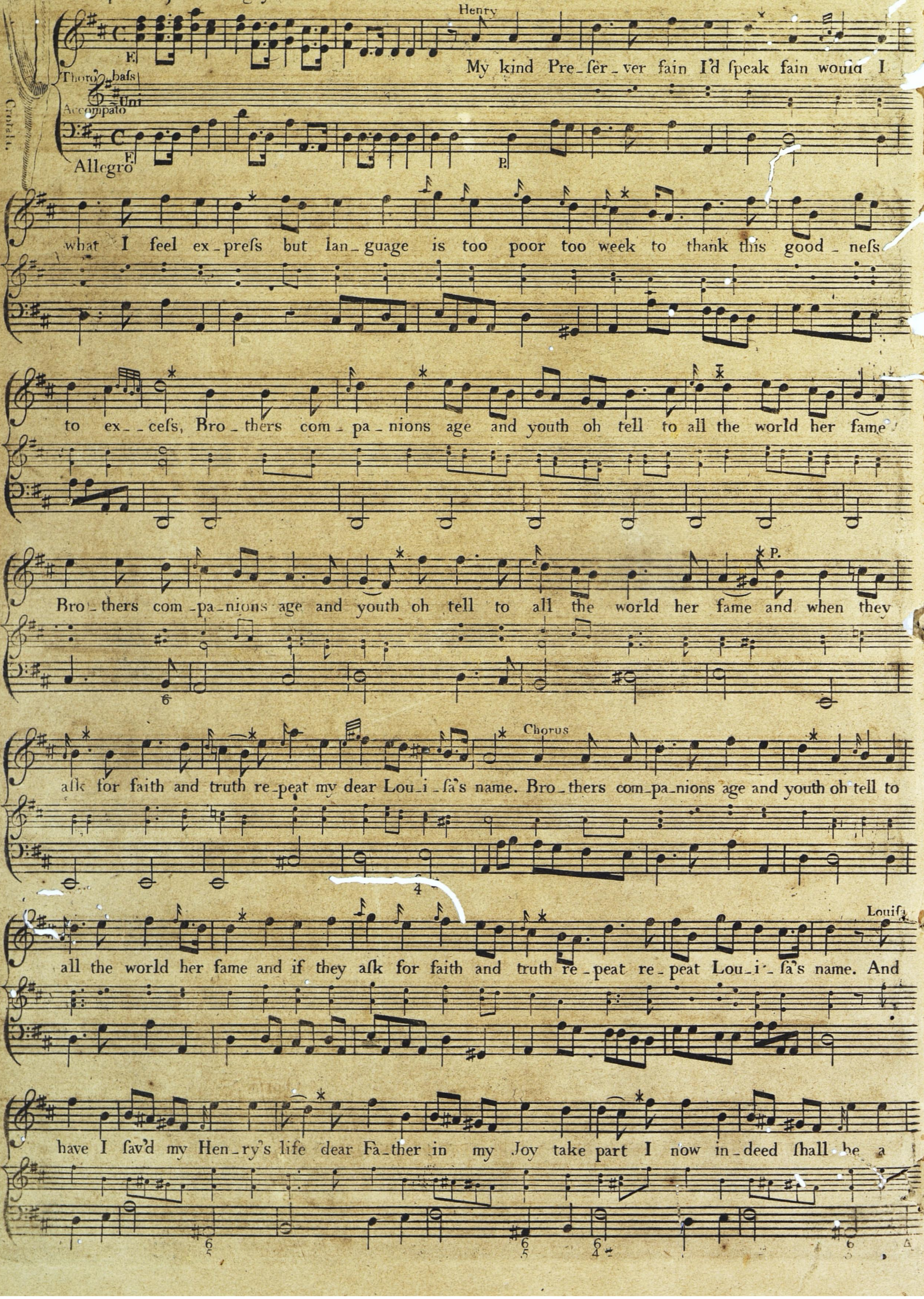


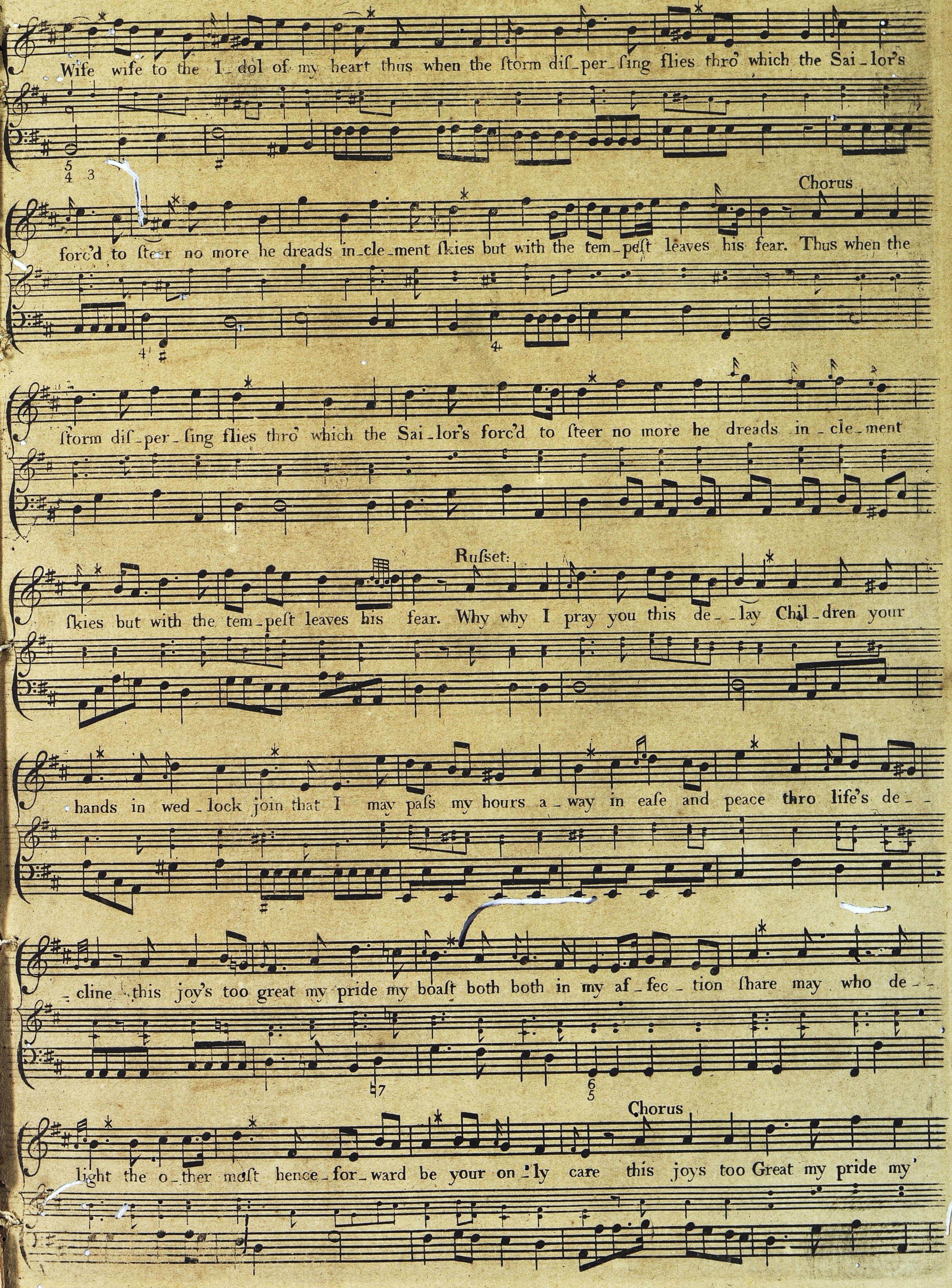
The Songs

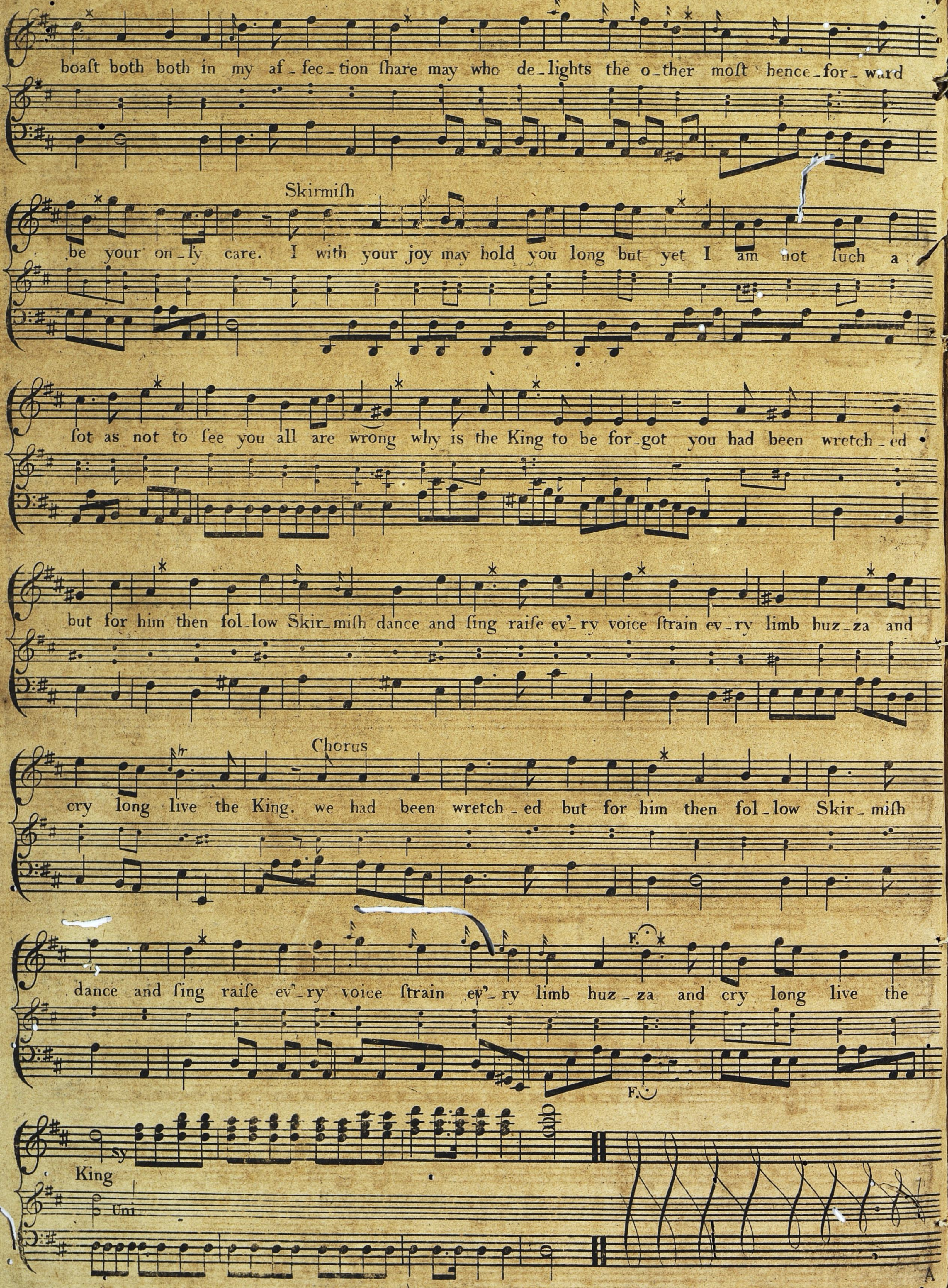
By him we love &c. look Vol: I. P. 65
What Bard o time &c. look Vol: I. P. 33
How oft Louifa &c. look Vol: III. P. 84
O had my Love &c look Vol: III. P. 88
Had I a heart &c look Vol. III. P. 89

Composed by / Composta da } M: Monsigny.

The DESERTOR.



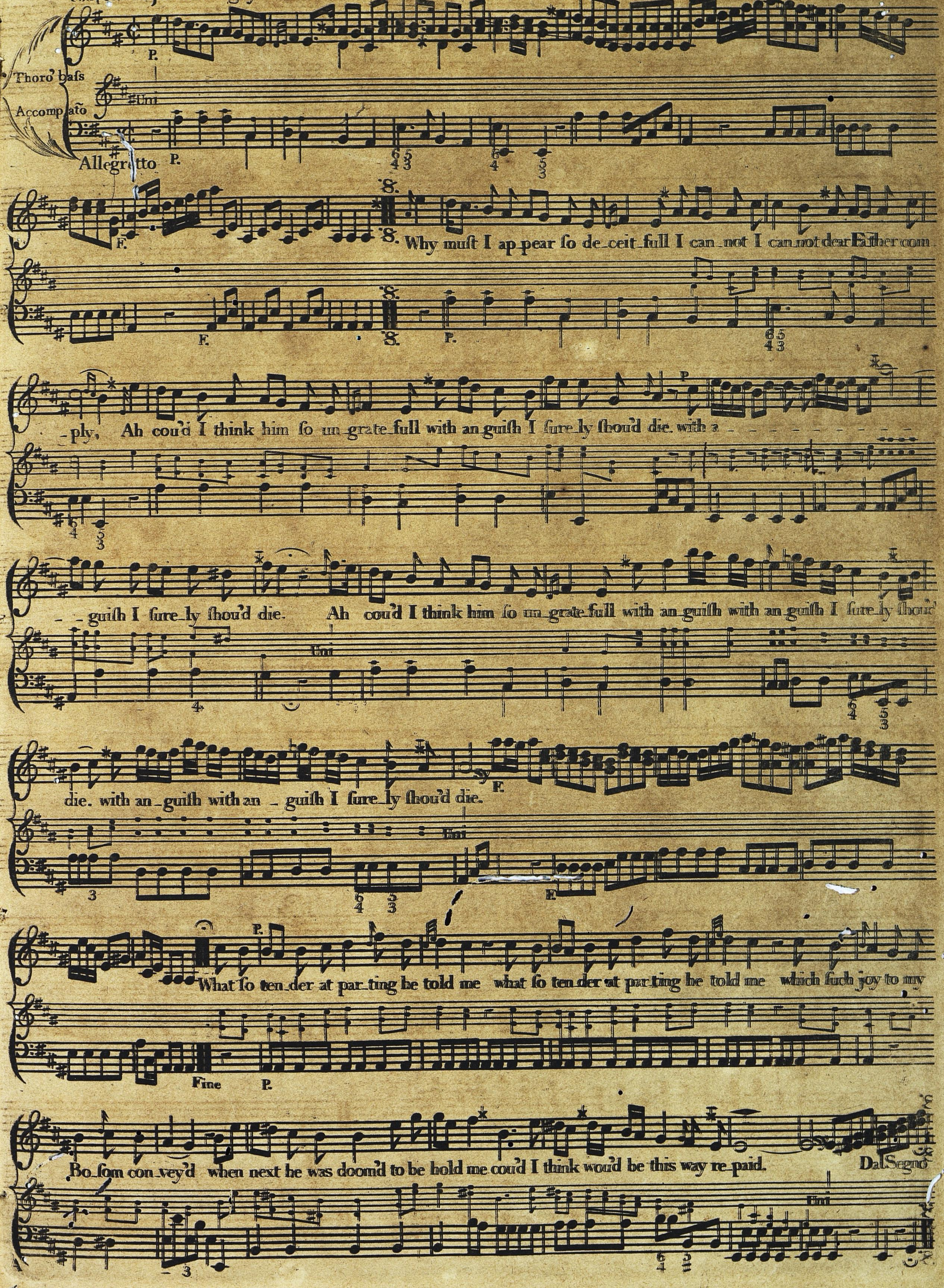

Wife wife to the I_dol of my heart thus when the storm dis_per_sing flies thro' which the Sai_lor's
forc'd to steer no more he dreads in_cle_ment skies but with the tem_pest leaves his fear.
Chorus
Thus when the
storm dis_per_sing flies thro' which the Sai_lor's forc'd to steer no more he dreads in_cle_ment
skies but with the tem_pest leaves his fear.
Russet.
Why why I pray you this de_lay Chil_dren your
hands in wed_lock join that I may pass my hours a_way in ease and peace thro life's de_
_cline this joy's too great my pride my boast both both in my af_fec_tion share may who de_
_light the o_ther most hence_for_ward be your on_ly care
Chorus
this joys too Great my pride my'


boast both both in my af_fec_tion share may who de_lights the o_ther most hence_for_ward
Skirmish
be your on_ly care. I with your joy may hold you long but yet I am not such a
sot as not to see you all are wrong why is the King to be for_got you had been wretch_ed
but for him then fol_low Skir_mish dance and sing raise ev'_ry voice strain ev_ry limb huz_za and
Chorus
cry long live the King. we had been wretch_ed but for him then fol_low Skir_mish
dance and sing raise ev'_ry voice strain ev'_ry limb huz_za and cry long live the
King
Sy
Uni

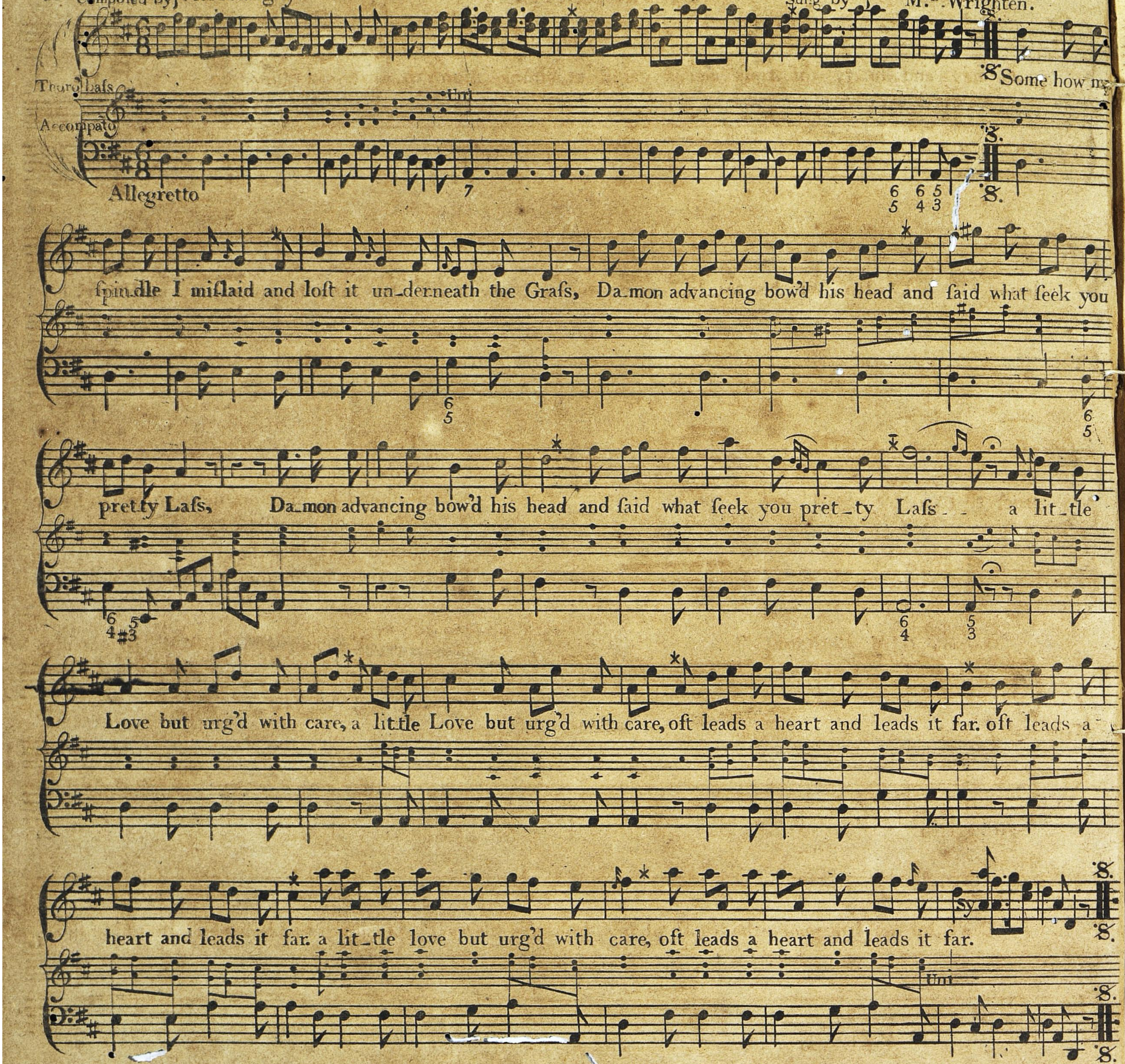
Composed by / Composta da } M. Monsigny.

The DESERTOR.

Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs Smith.



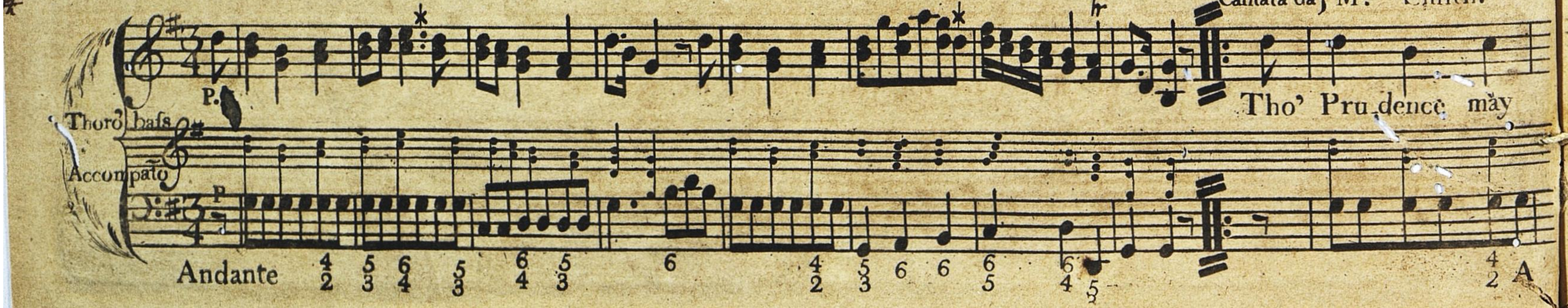
Composta da / Composed by } M. Monsigny. **The DESERTOR.** Cantata da / Sung by } Mrs Wrighten.

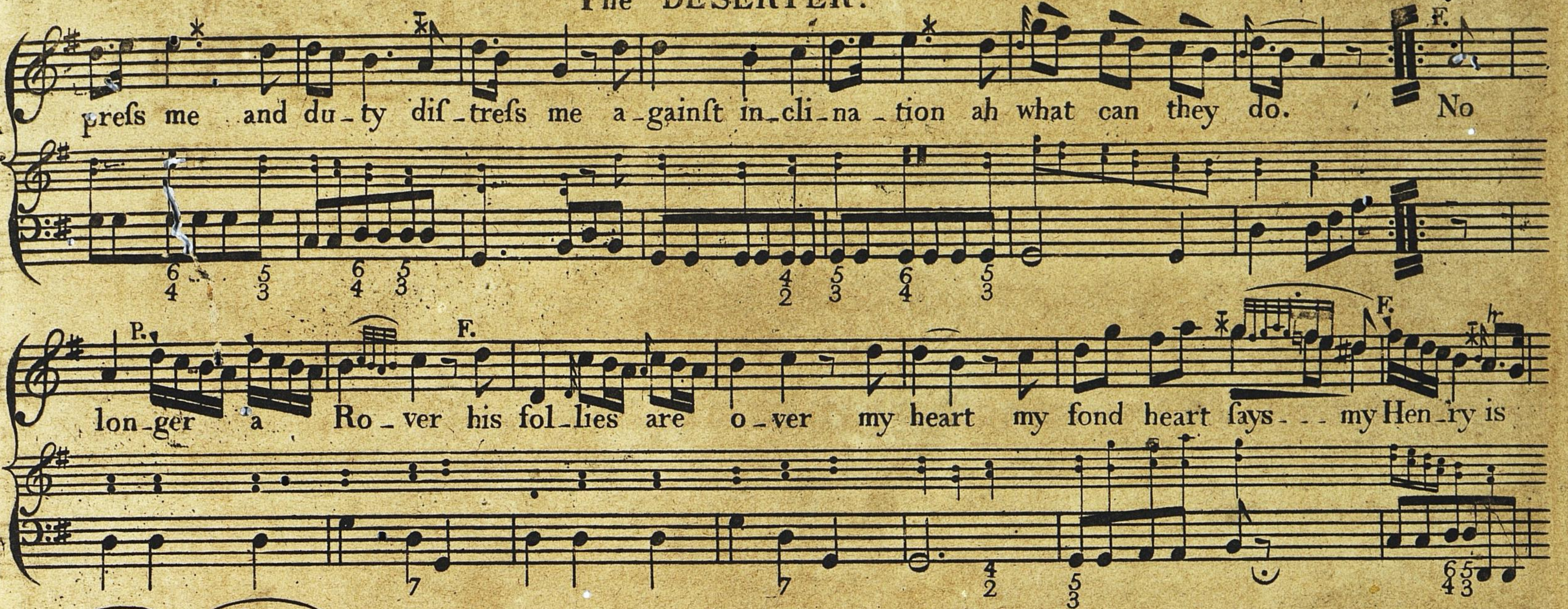


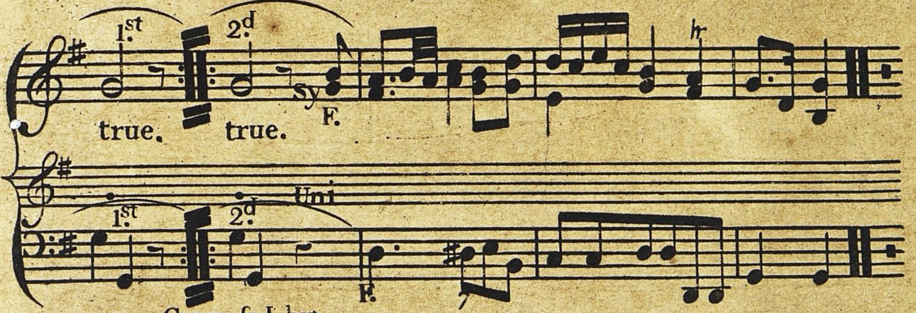
(2)
'Twas passing by yon spreading Oak
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the Tree he cut a bough:
A little Love, when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far.

(3)
Thus did the Youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of Love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield:
A little Love, when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far.

Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs Smith.



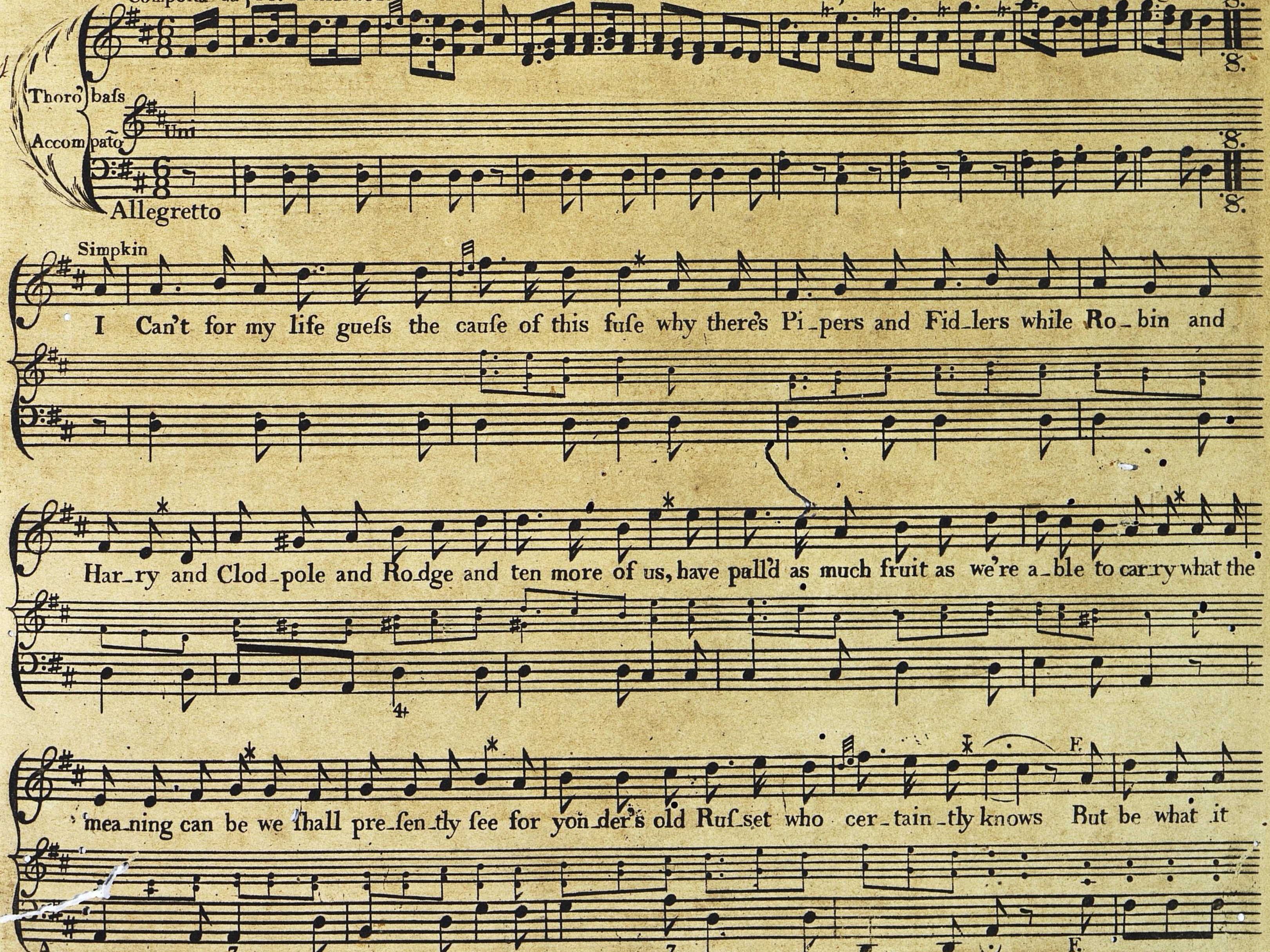


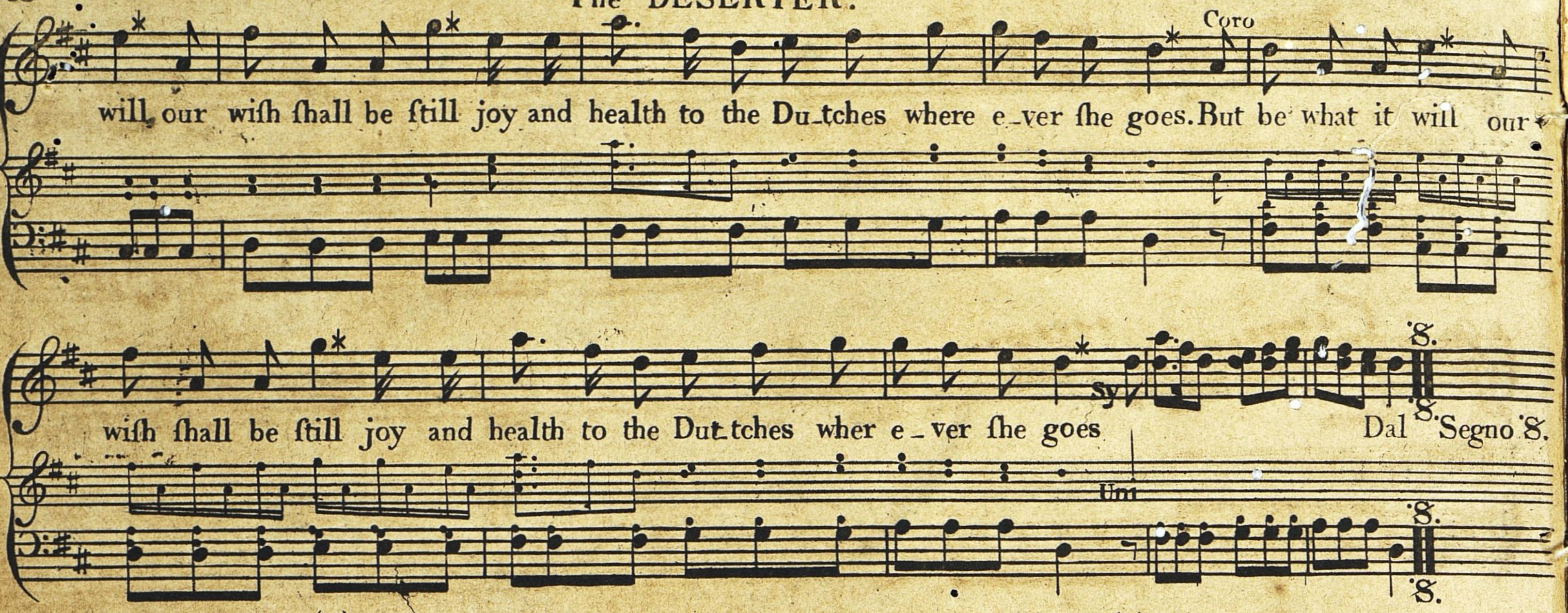


The Bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A Rose shou'd he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
With rapture possessing,
In one ev'ry blessing,
'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

Composed by / Composta da } M. Philidor.

Sung by / Cantato da } Mr. Dibdin. Mrs. Love. & Mrs. Wrighten.





(2)

Margaret
Why Numskuls that's nothing, her Ladyship's Wine
All over the Village runs just like a Fountain;
And I heard the Folks say ev'ry dish when they dine
Will be swimmin in Claret, Madera and Mountain.
What the meaning can be &c.

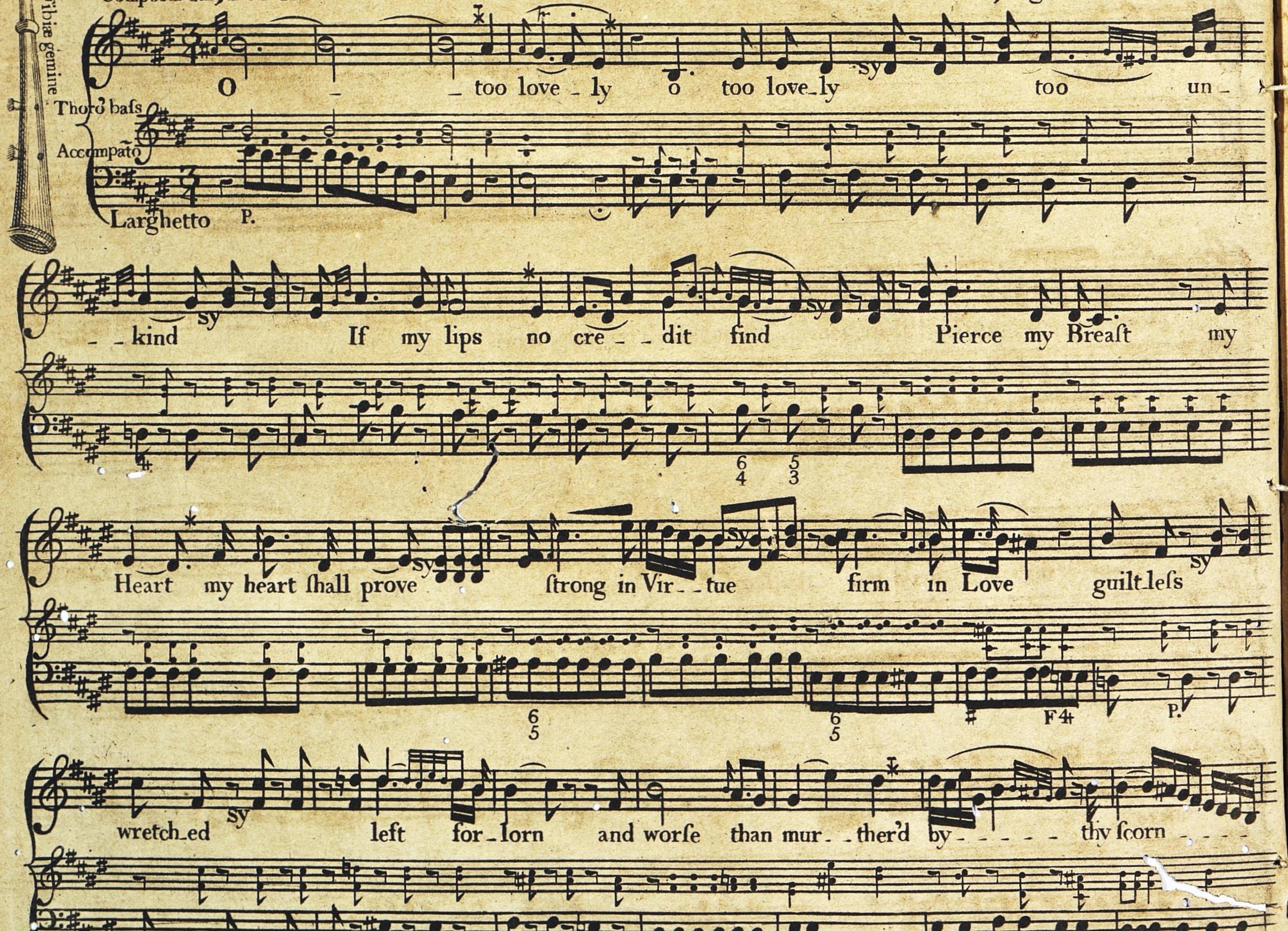
(3)

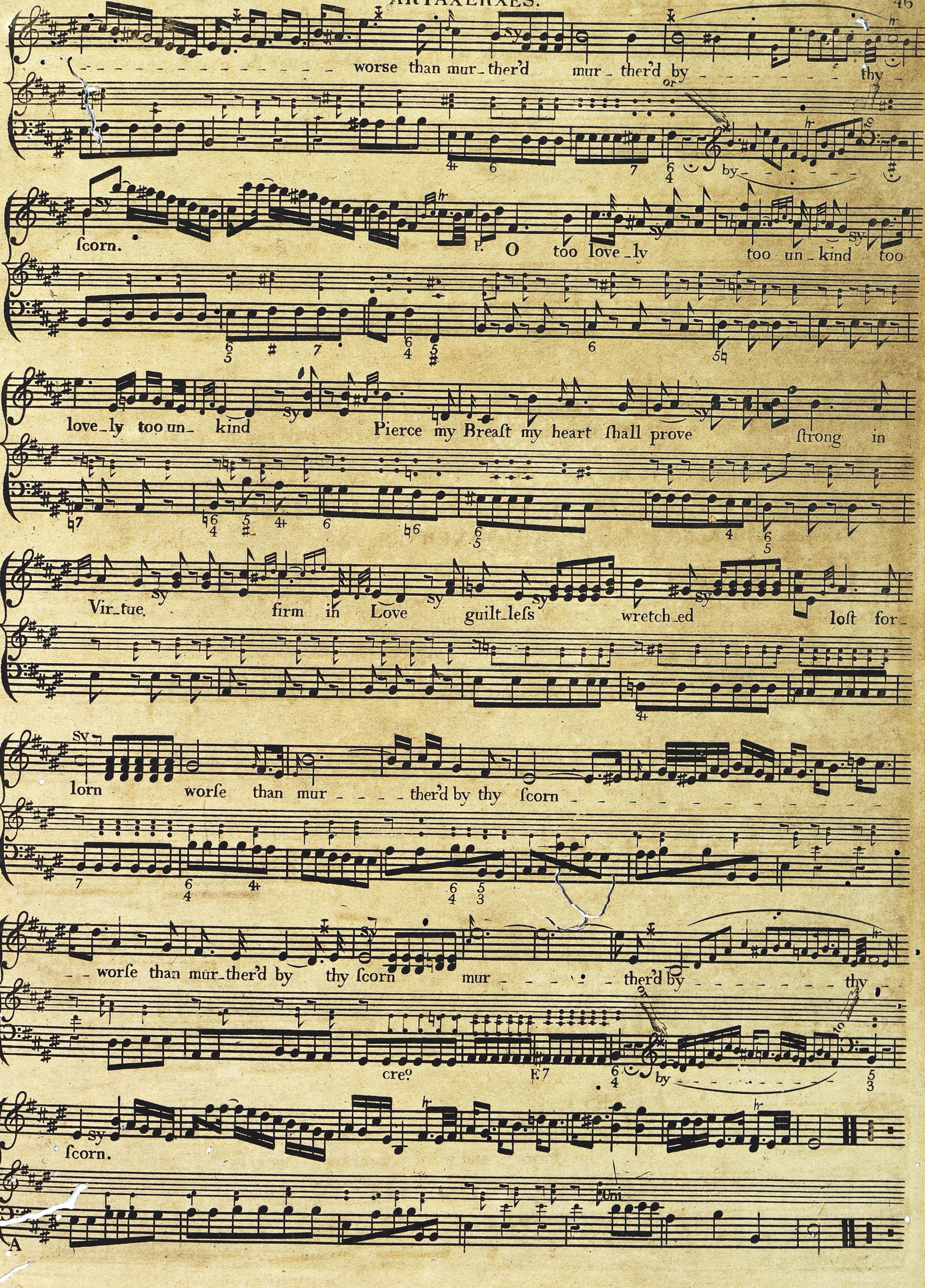
Jenny
Then for Poultry and such like good lord what a store,
I saw goodman Gande twelve Baskets full cramming;
Then for Comforts and Jellies, why one such feast more
Will certainly breed in the Village a Famine.
What the meaning can be &c.

Composed by / Composta dal } Dr. Arne.

ARTAXERXES.

Sung by / Cantata dal } Sigr. Tenducci.

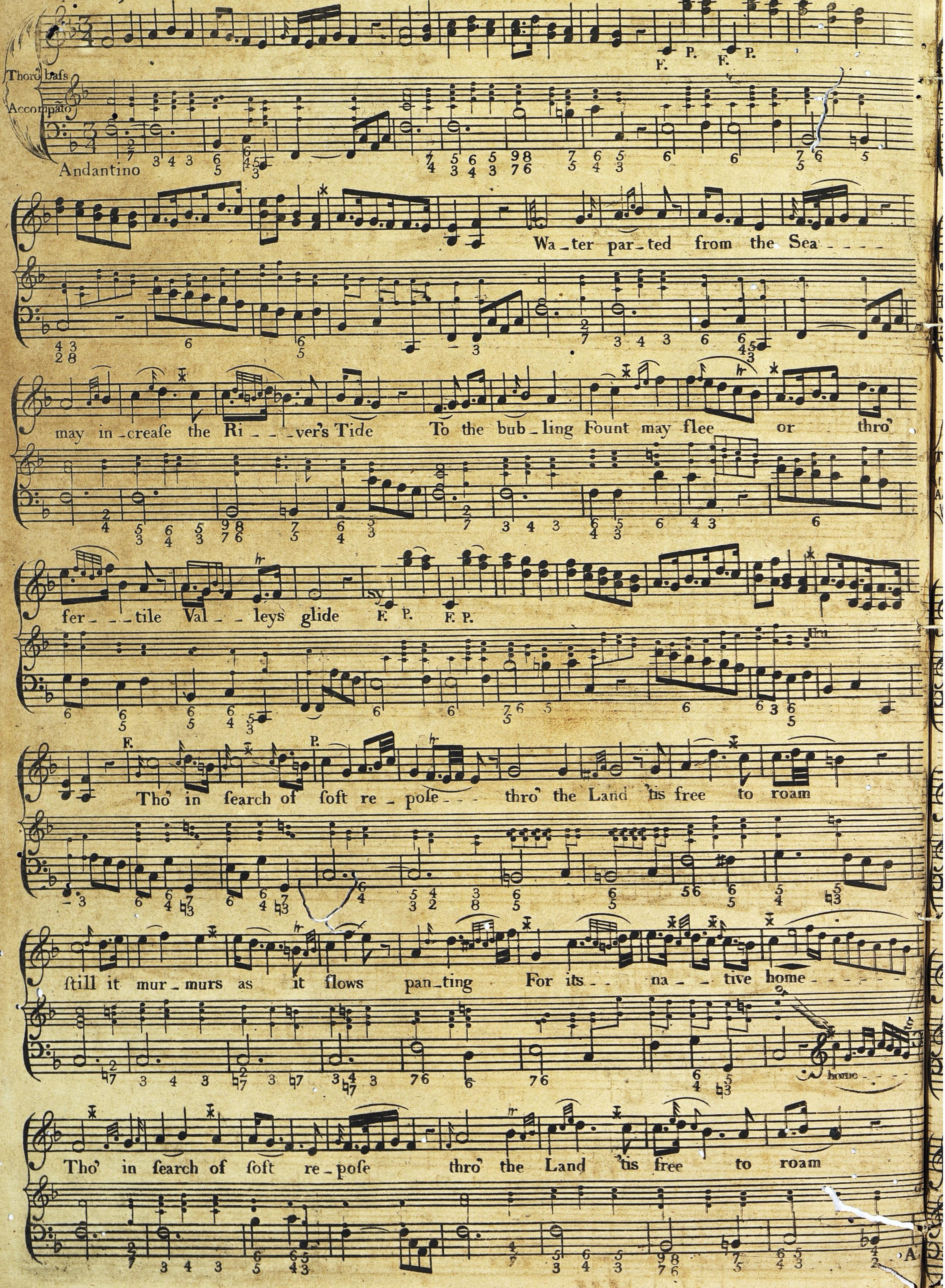


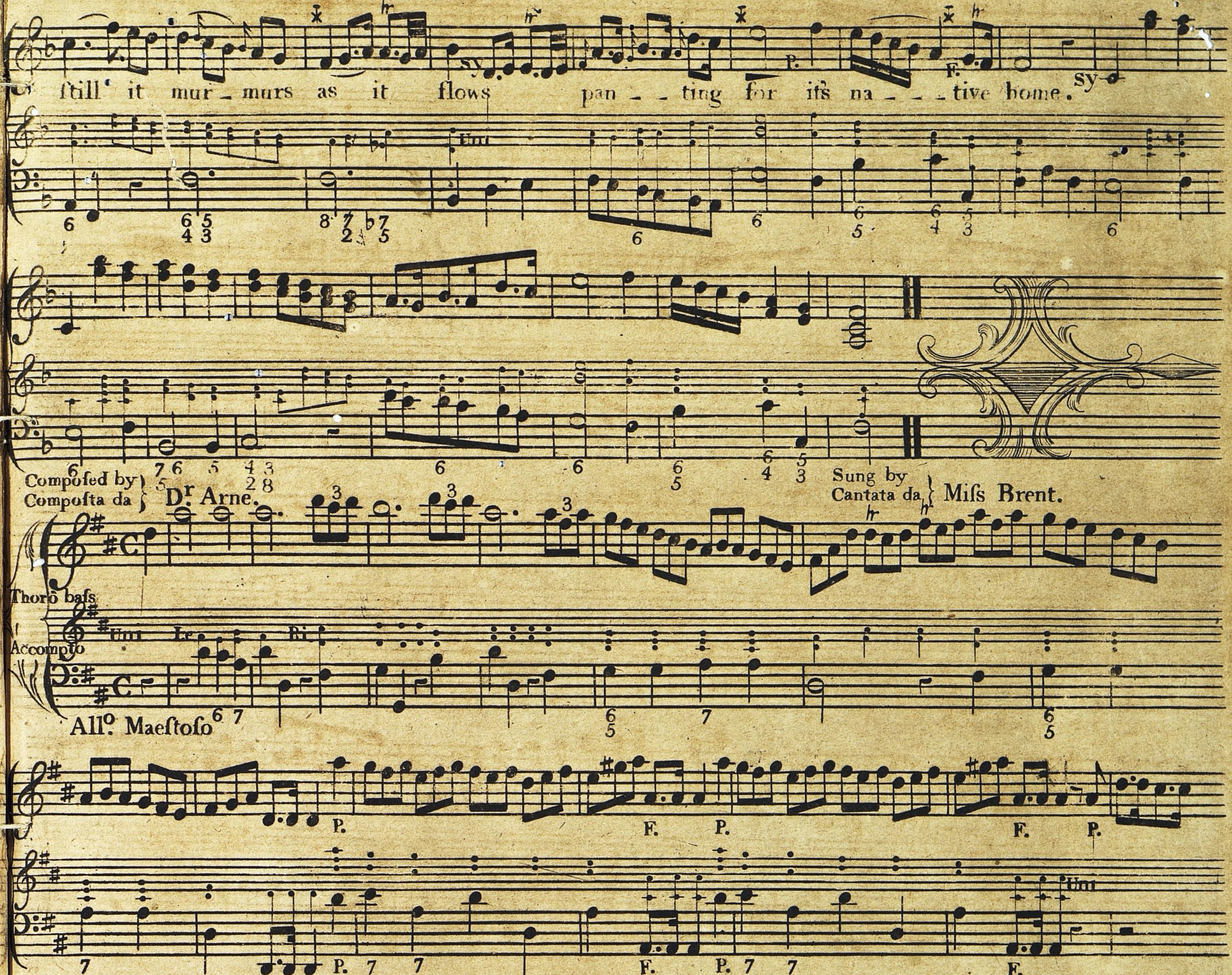

worse than mur_ther'd mur_ther'd by or thy
by
scorn. P. O too love_ly too un_kind too
love_ly too un_kind Pierce my Breast my heart shall prove strong in
Vir_tue firm in Love guilt_less wretch_ed lost for_
lorn worse than mur_ther'd by thy scorn
worse than mur_ther'd by thy scorn mur_ther'd by thy
cre°
by
scorn.
Uni

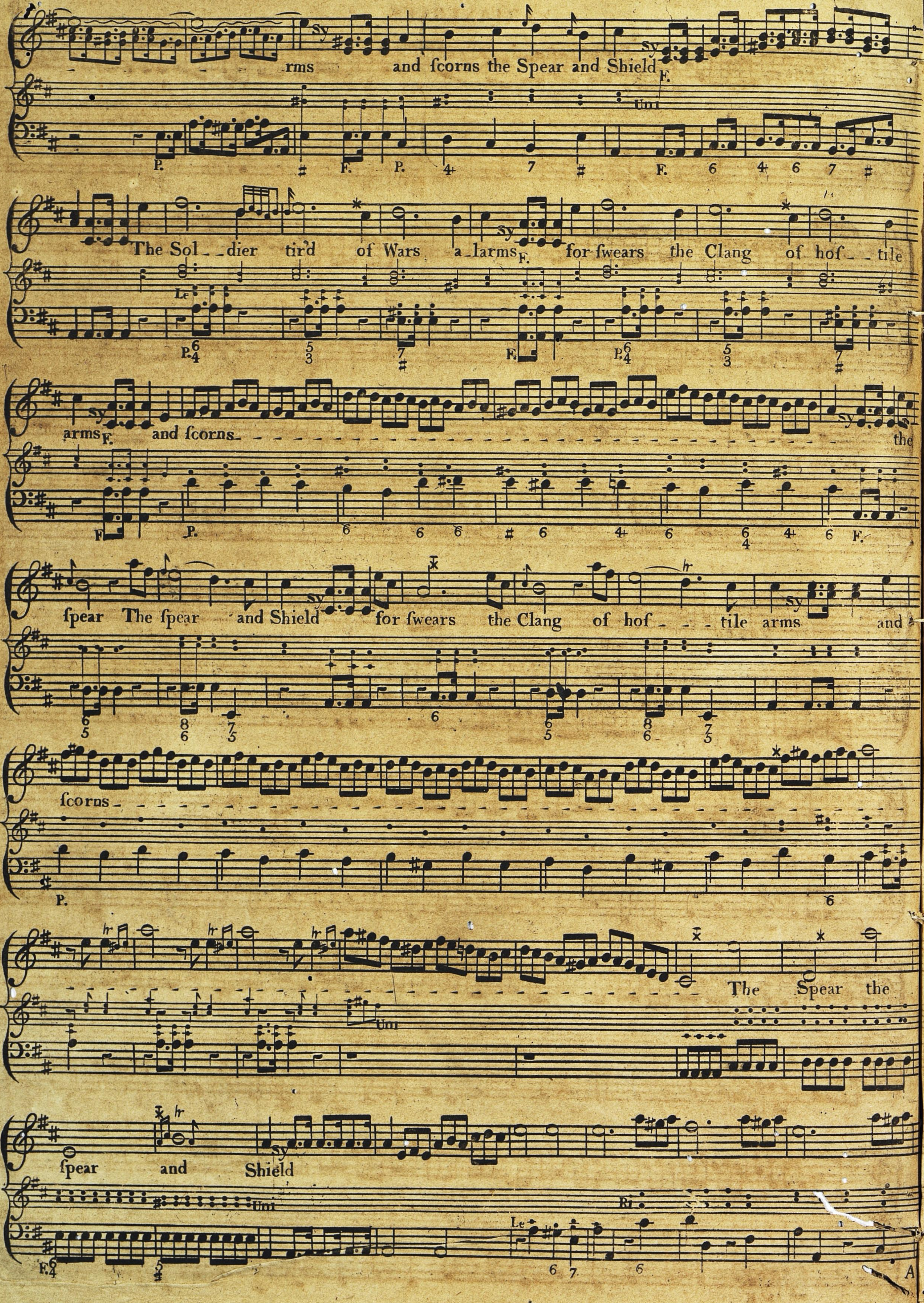
Composed by / Composta dal } Dr. Arne.

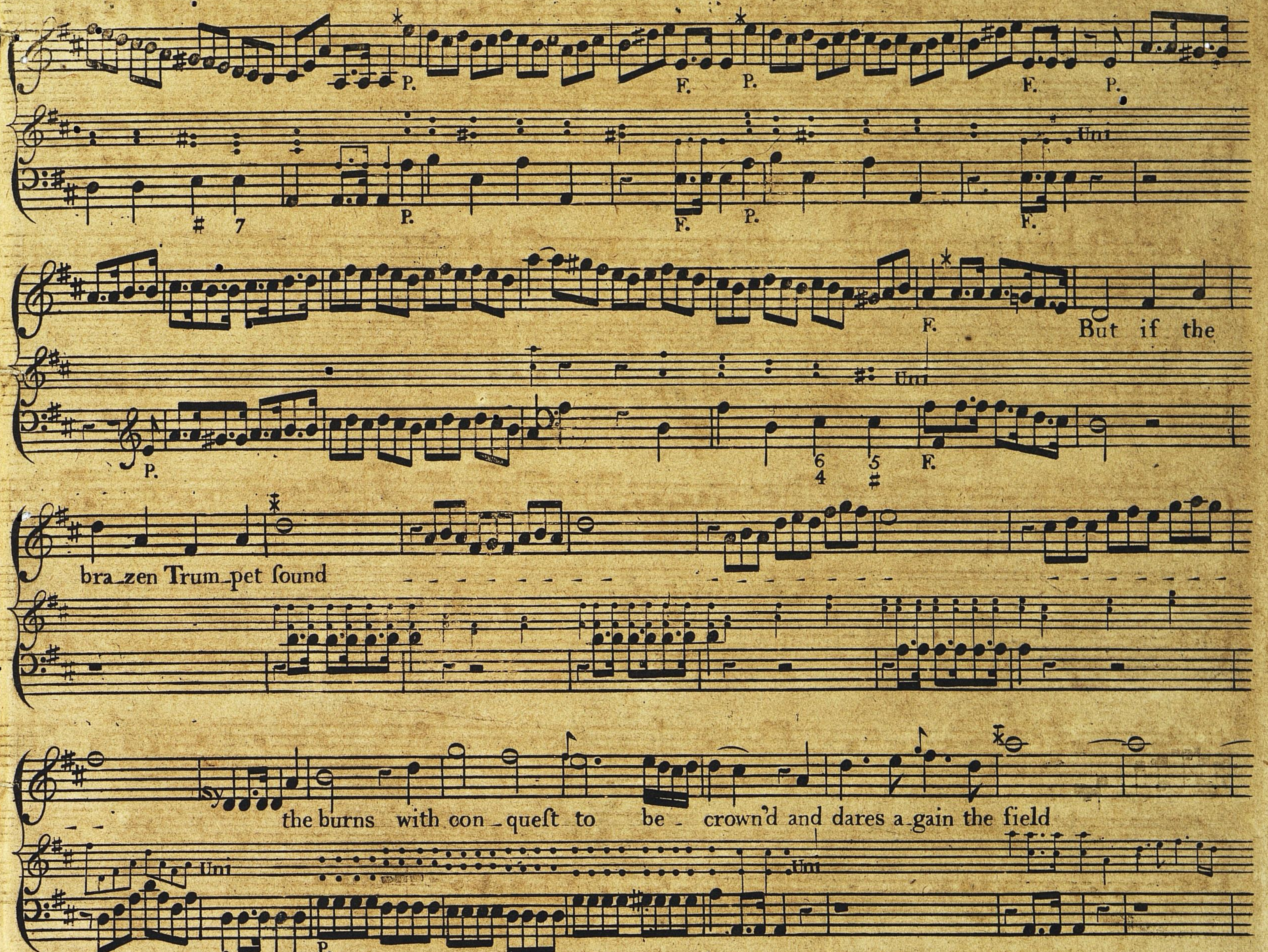
ARTAXERXES

Sung by / Cantata dal } Sigr. Tenducci.




ſtill it mur_murs as it flows pan_ting for its na_tive home.
sy
Uni
Compoſed by
Compoſta da
Dr Arne.
Sung by
Cantata da
Miſs Brent.
Thoro baſs
Accompto
Uni Le Bi
Allo Maeſtoſo
The Sol_dier tir'd
of Wars a_larms for ſwears the Clang of hoſ_tile A_

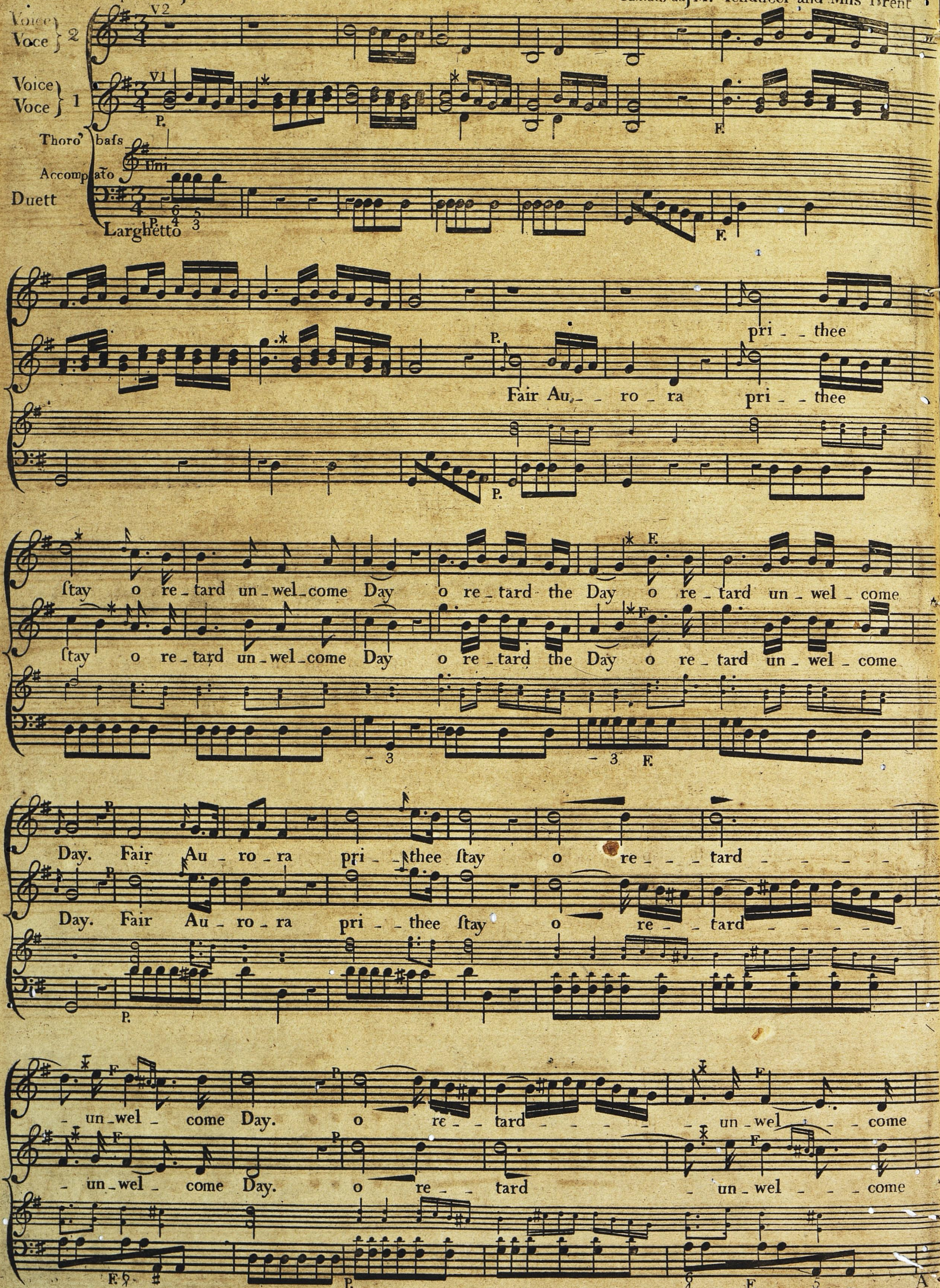

rms and ſcorns the Spear and Shield
Sy F. Uni P. F. P. 4 7 F. 6 4 6 7
The Sol_dier tir'd of Wars a_larms for ſwears the Clang of hoſ_tile
Le F. P.6 4 5 3 7 P.6 4
arms and ſcorns the
Sy F. P. 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 4 4 6 F.
ſpear The ſpear and Shield for ſwears the Clang of hoſ_tile arms and
6 5 8 6 7 5 6 6 5 8 6 7 5
ſcorns
P. 6
The Spear the
Uni
ſpear and Shield
Sy Uni Ri Le F.4 5 6 7 6 A

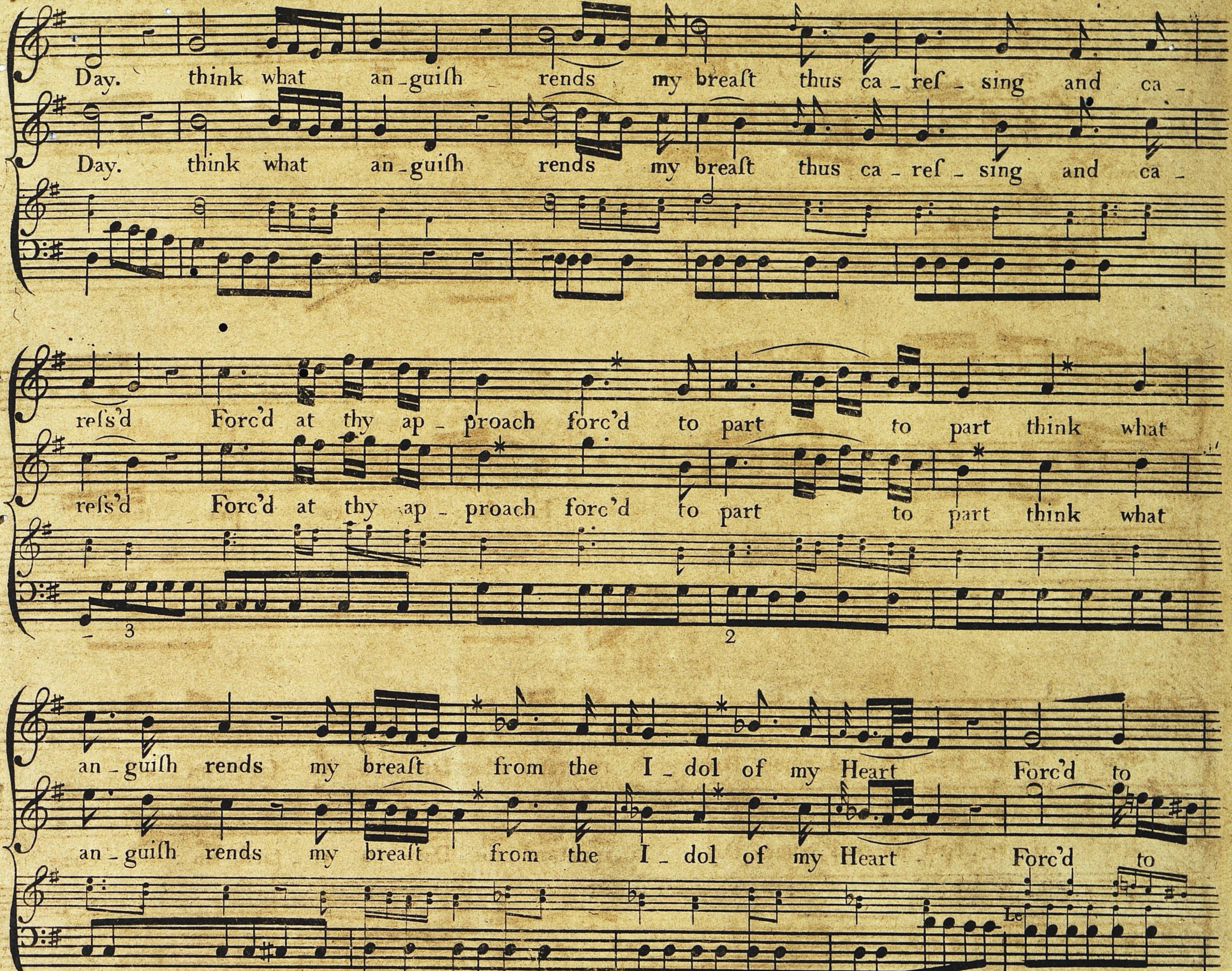

But if the
bra_zen Trum_pet sound
the burns with con_quest to be_crown'd and dares a_gain the field
and dares
a_gain the field
he dares
a_gain the
field he dares
a_gain the Field.

Composed by / Composto dal Dr. Arne.

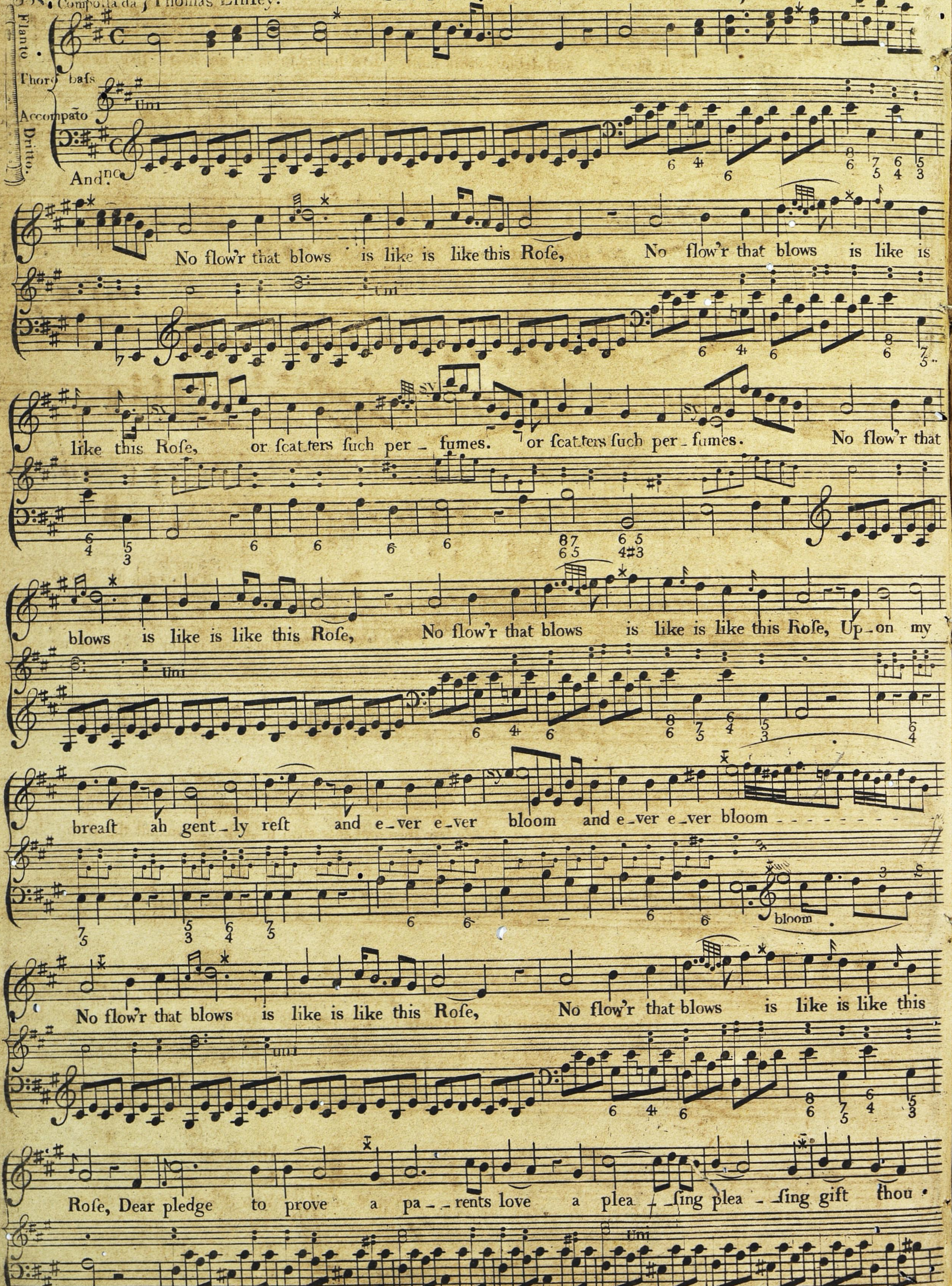
ARTAXERXES.

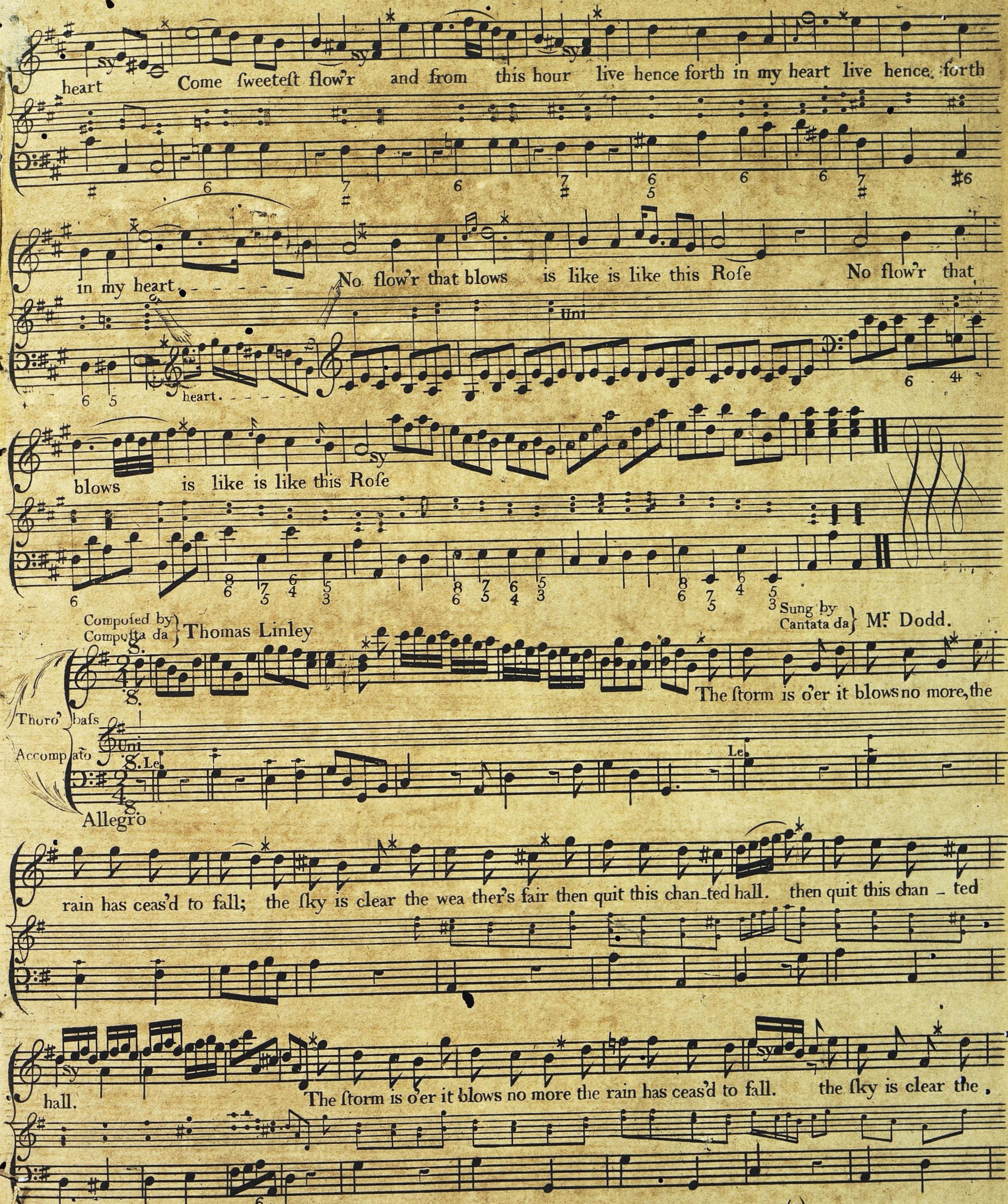
Sung by / Cantato da Mr. Tenducci and Miss Brent

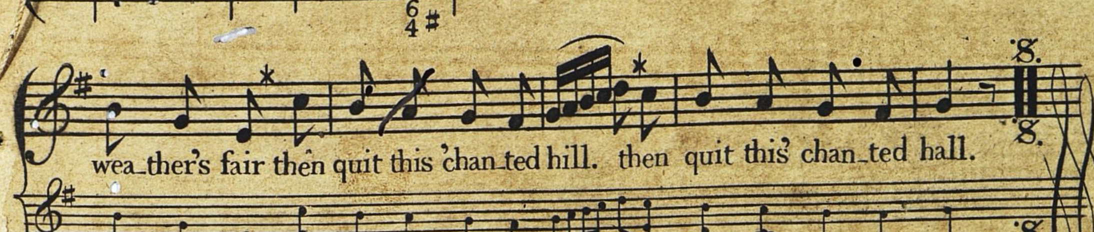



Day. think what an_guifh rends my breaft thus ca_ref_sing and ca_
refs'd Forc'd at thy ap_proach forc'd to part to part think what
an_guifh rends my breaft from the I_dol of my Heart Forc'd to
part at thy ap_proach to part. Forc'd to part at
thy ap_proach to part.
Day. think what an_guifh rends my breaft thus ca_ref_sing and ca_
refs'd Forc'd at thy ap_proach forc'd to part to part think what
an_guifh rends my breaft from the I_dol of my Heart Forc'd to
part at thy ap_proach to part. Forc'd to part at
thy ap_proach to part.

Composed by / Composta da } Thomas Linley. SELIMA and AZOR. Sung by / Cantata da } Mrs Baddeley.







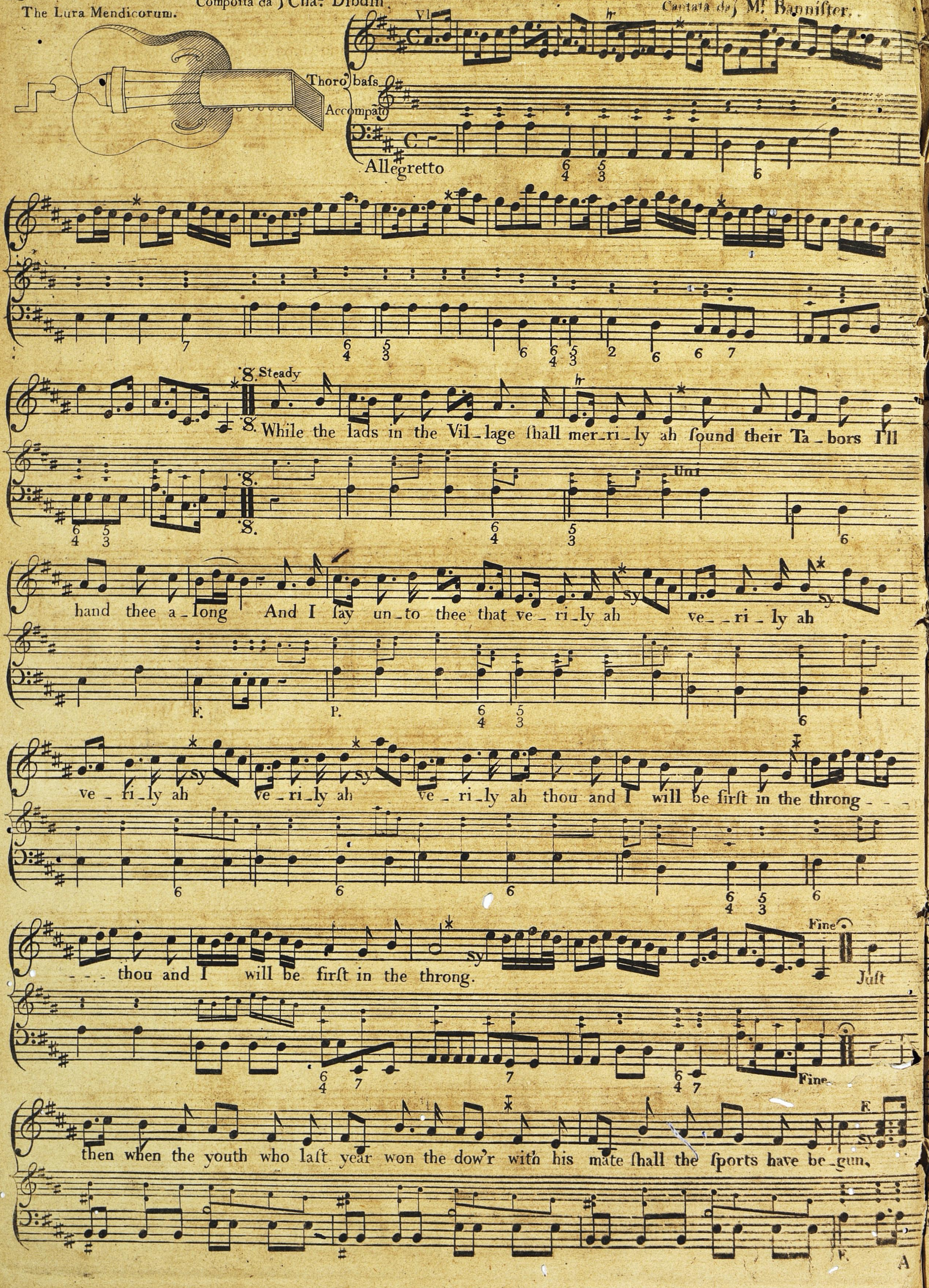
(2)
Why should we stay!
Let's hast away;
Your daughters anxious wait:
'Till you return,
They trembling mourn,
In ignorance your fate.

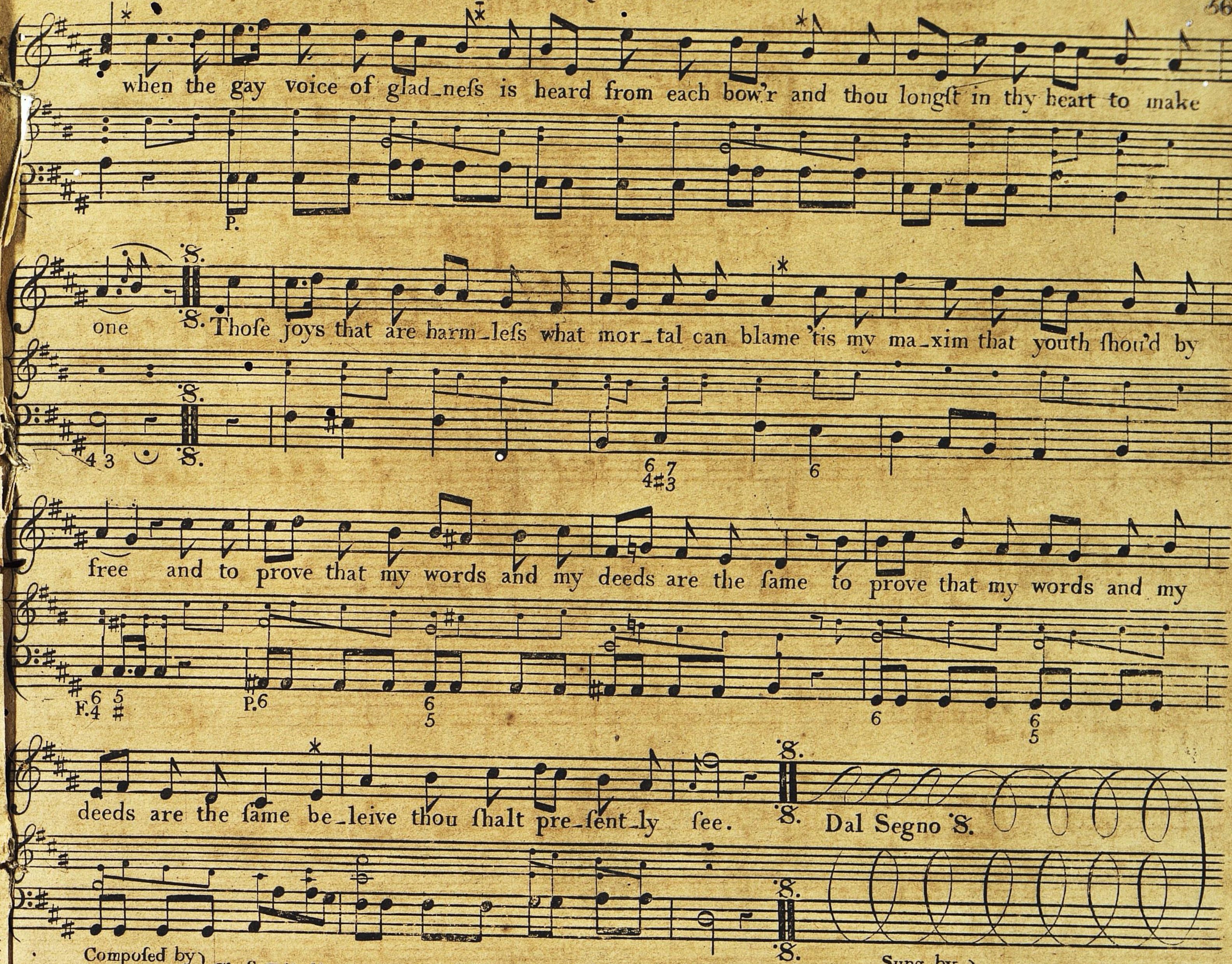
The Lura Mendicorum.

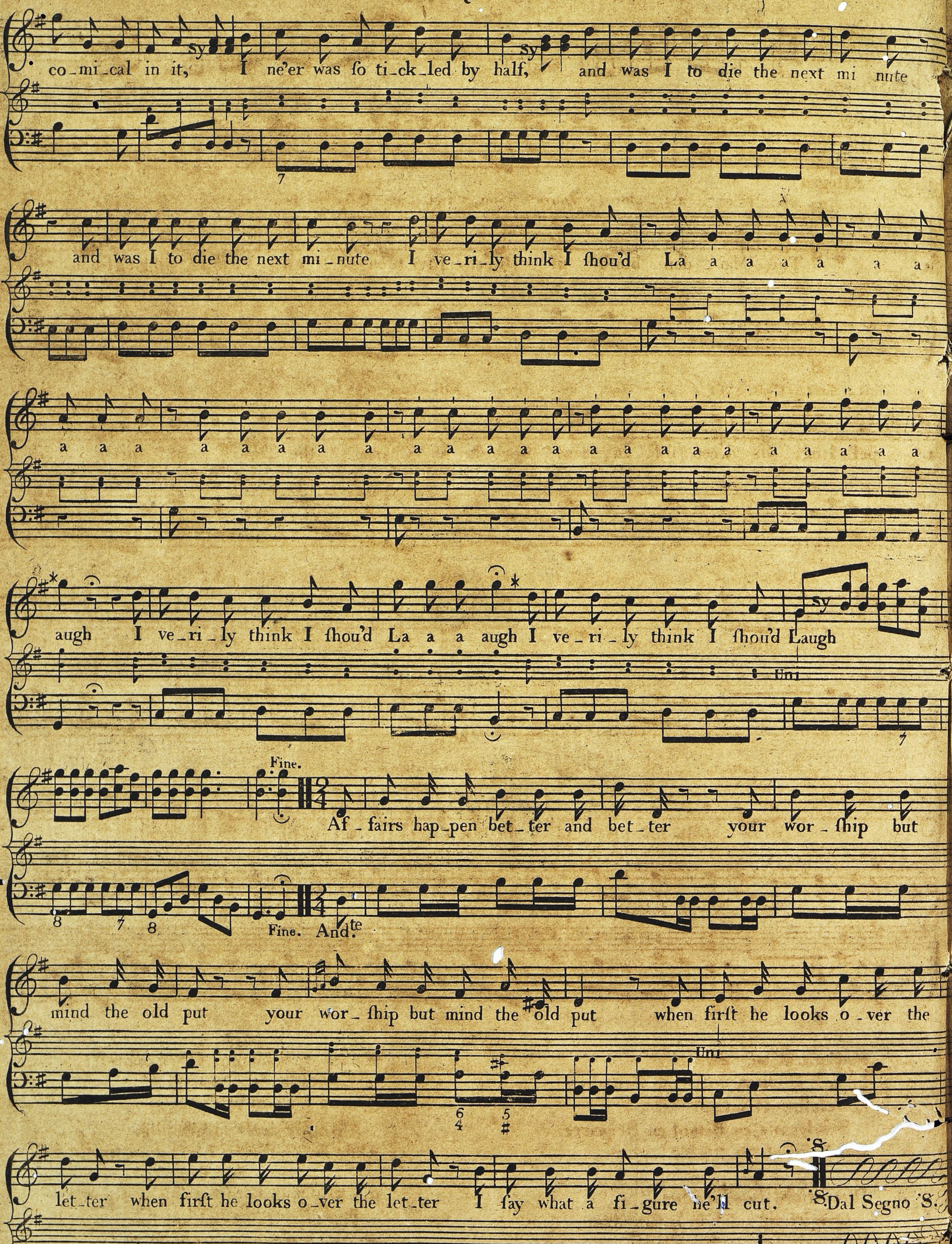
Composed by } Composta da } Chas. Dibdin

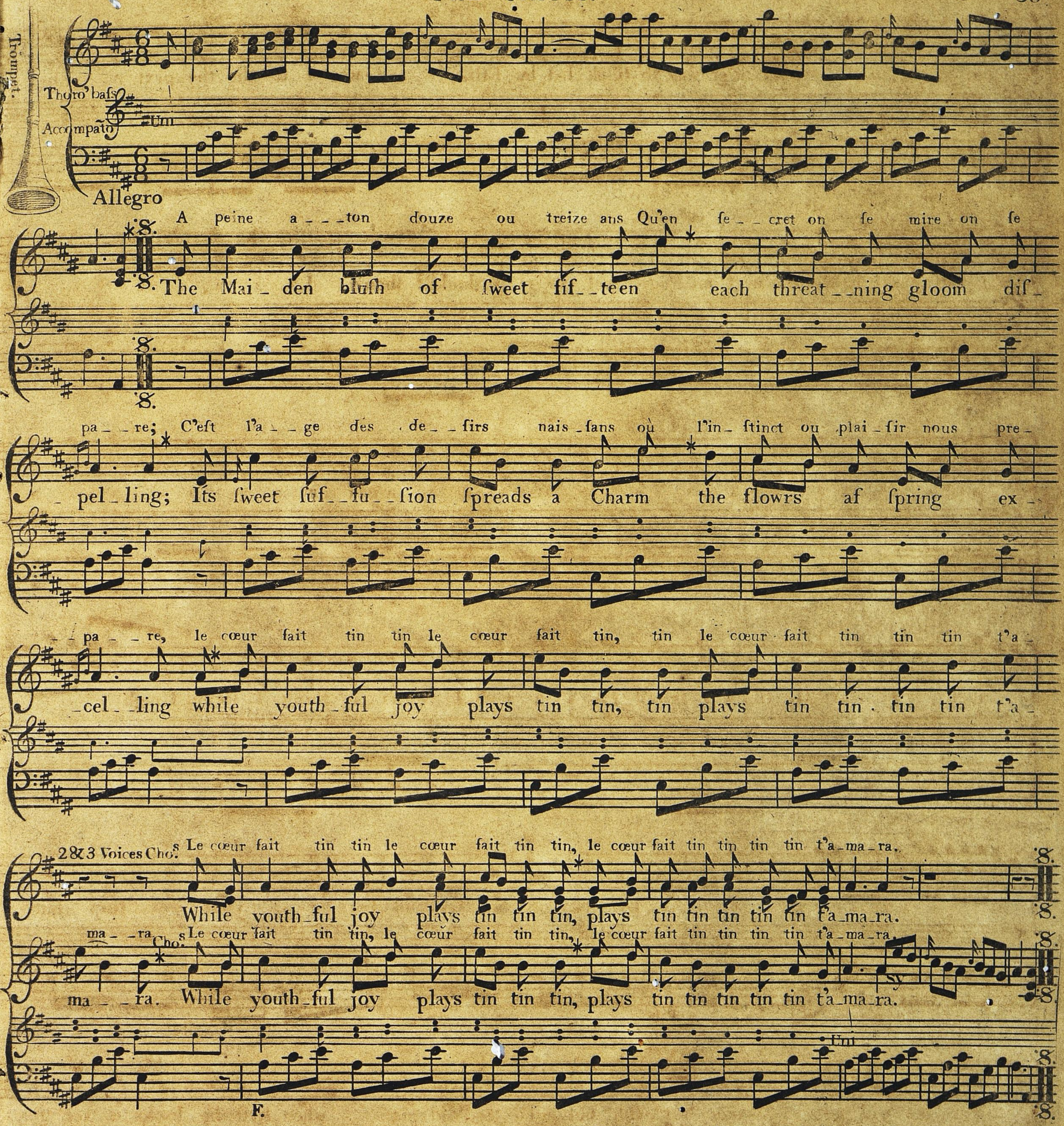
The QUAKER.

Sung by } Cantata da } Mr. Bannister.




when the gay voice of glad_nefs is heard from each bow'r and thou longft in thy heart to make
one Thofe joys that are harm_lefs what mor_tal can blame 'tis my ma_xim that youth fhou'd by
free and to prove that my words and my deeds are the fame to prove that my words and my
deeds are the fame be_leive thou fhalt pre_fent_ly fee.
Dal Segno
Compofed by
Compofta da
Chas. Dibdin.
Sung by
Cantata da
Mr. Vernon.
Litle Lubin
Accompato
Thoro' bafs
And.te
With re_fpect Sir to you be it fpo_ken fo well do I
like your ad_vice fo well do I like your ad_vice. He fhall have it, he fhall have it, and
by the fame to_ken and by the fame to_ken I don't much in_tend to be nice.
There's fome_thing fo
All.o


co_mi_cal in it, I ne'er was ſo ti_ck_led by half, and was I to die the next mi nute
and was I to die the next mi_nute I ve_ri_ly think I ſhou'd La a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
augh I ve_ri_ly think I ſhou'd La a a augh I ve_ri_ly think I ſhou'd Laugh
Uni
Fine.
Af_fairs hap_pen bet_ter and bet_ter your wor_ſhip but
Fine. And^te
mind the old put your wor_ſhip but mind the old put when firſt he looks o_ver the
Uni
let_ter when firſt he looks o_ver the let_ter I ſay what a fi_gure he'll cut. Dal Segno S.

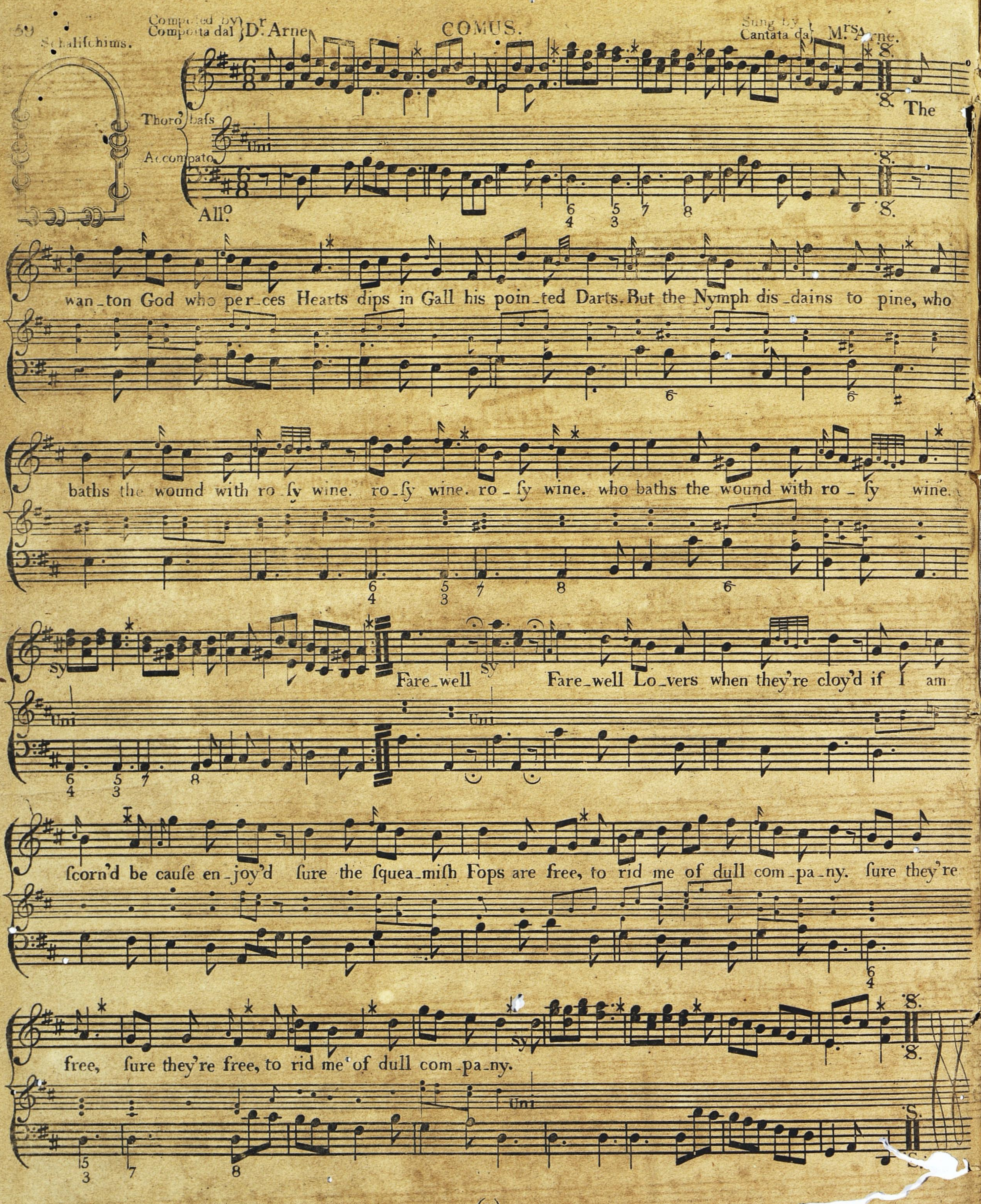


(2)
Maman crût me désennuyer
Avec un vieux maitre de Guitarre:
Je refusois d'etudier
Ses lecons en Bèmol en Bequarre
Qui faisoient tin tin &c.

(3)
Il avoit un jeune écolier
Qui joüoit aussi de la Guitarre:
Il logeoit dans notre escalier
Et par la Cloison qui nous separe
J'entendois tin tin &c.

(2)
Mamma with anxious Cares opprest,
Her Music recommending:
While I a softer Wish conceive,
All other cares suspending,
While my flutt'ring heart goes tin tin &c.

(3)
But Strephon lovely young and gay
The sweet Confusion guesses:
A mutual fire a new delight,
Each raptur'd thought confesses,
While youthful joy plays tin tin &c.



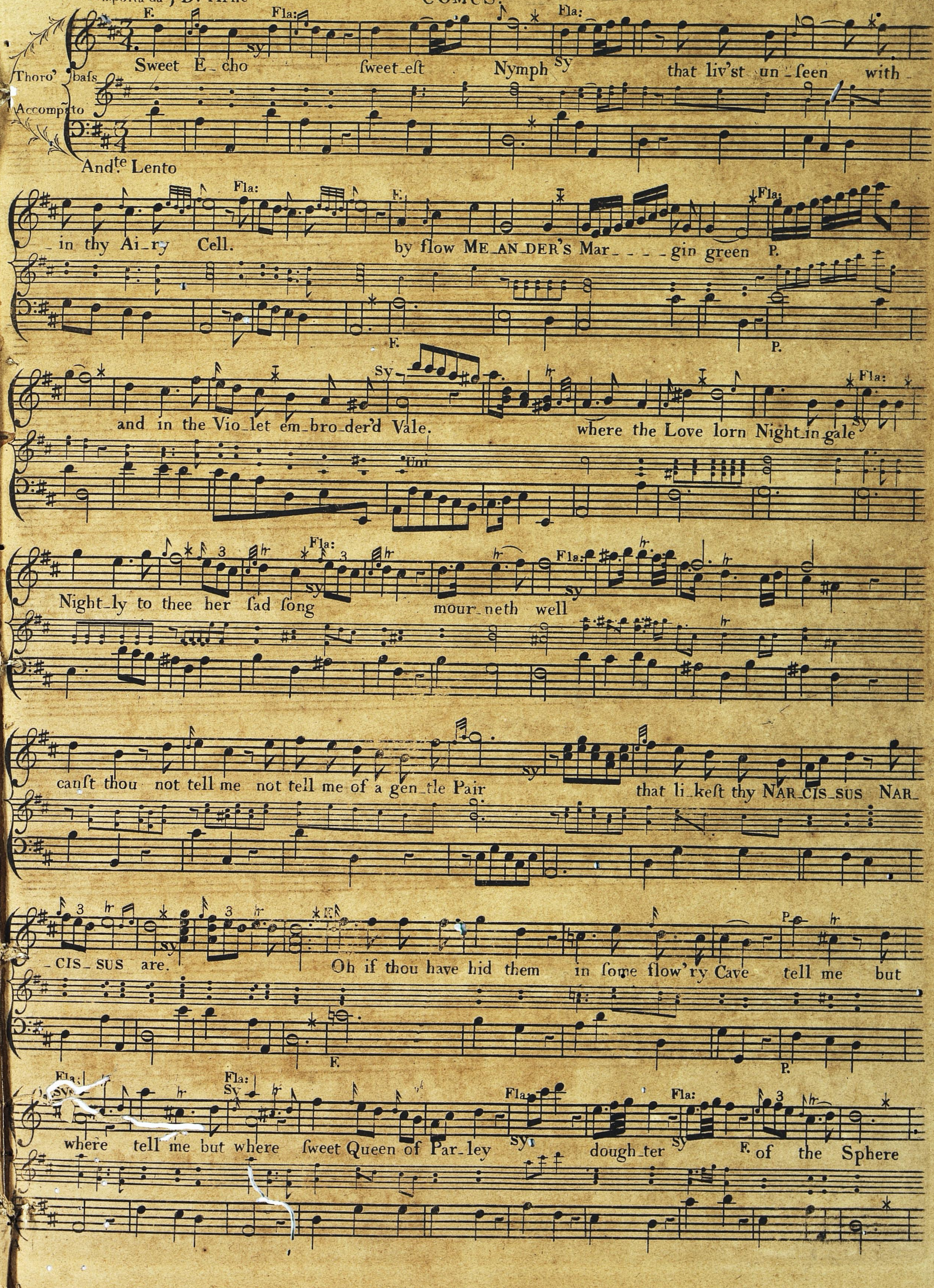
(2)

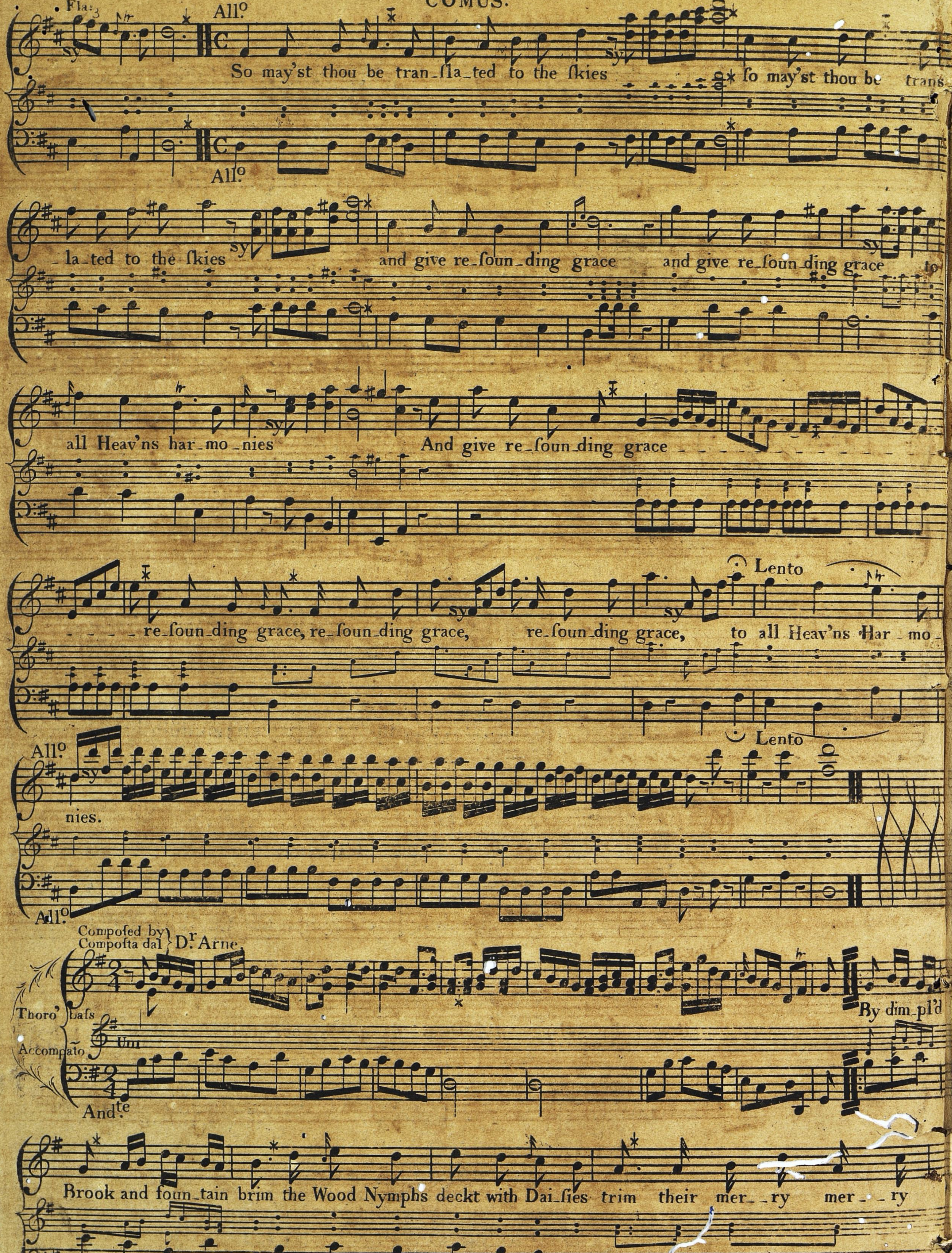
They have their charms while mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my Eaſe,
Jealous Fears me ne'er moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt. Break &c.

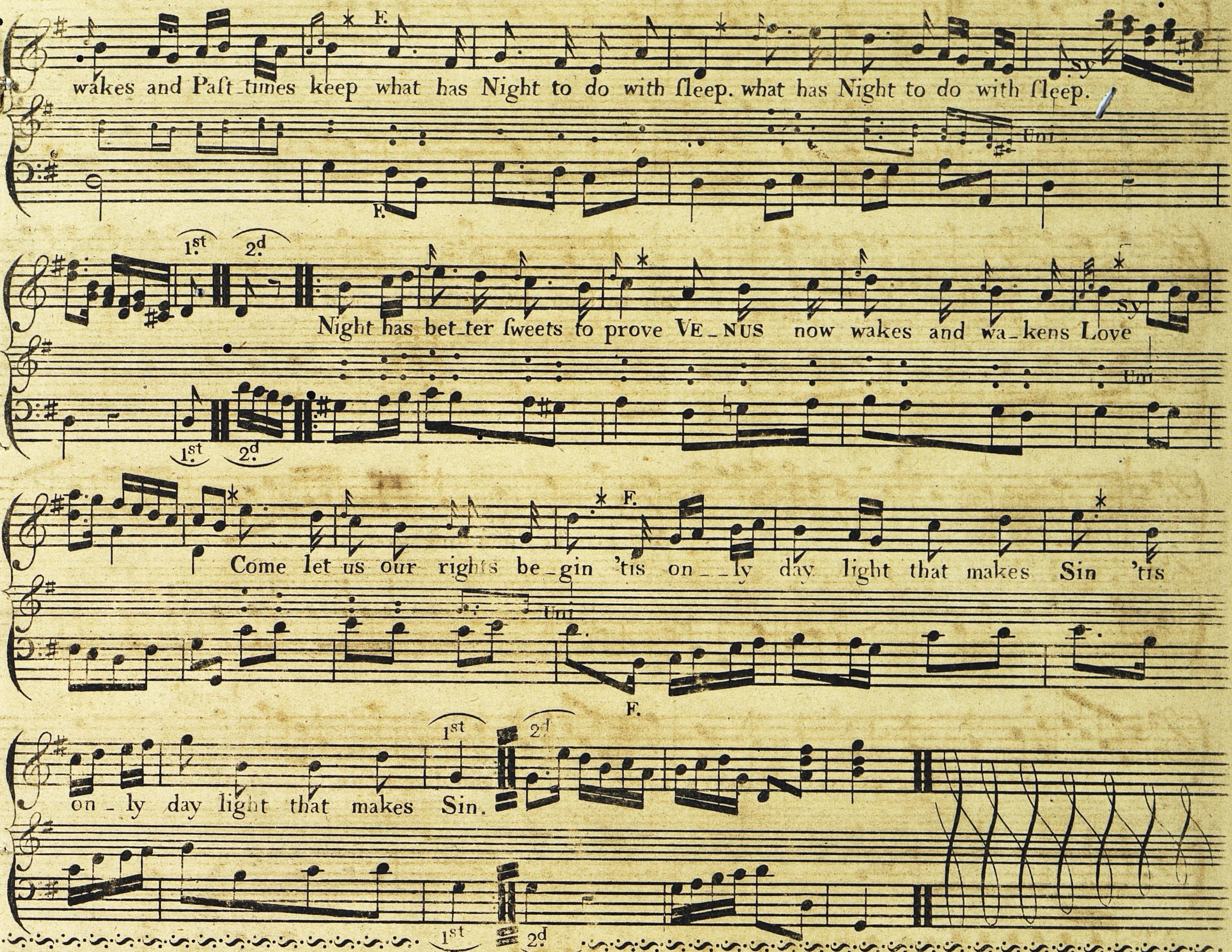
Why, why, why, ſhould they e'er give me Pain,
Who to give me Joy diſdain,
All I aſk of mortal man
Is but to love me while he can. while &c.

Composed by / Composita da } Dr. Arne

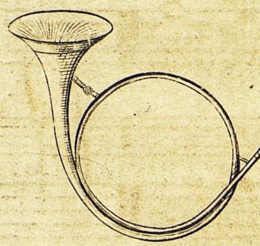
COMUS

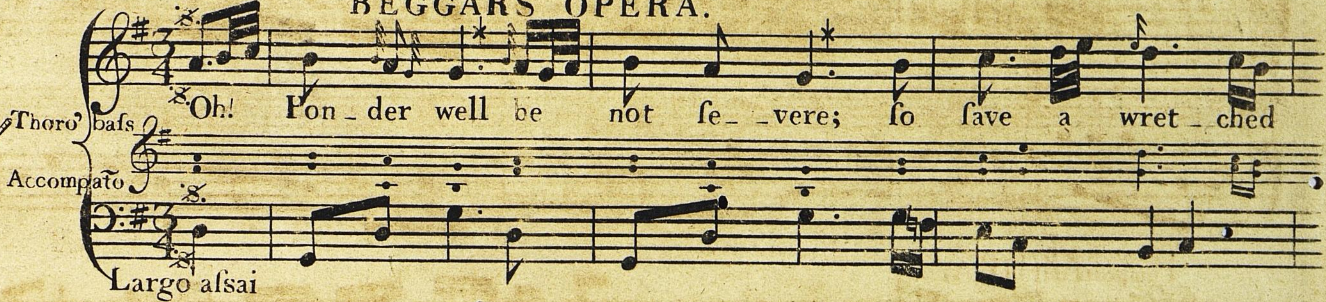


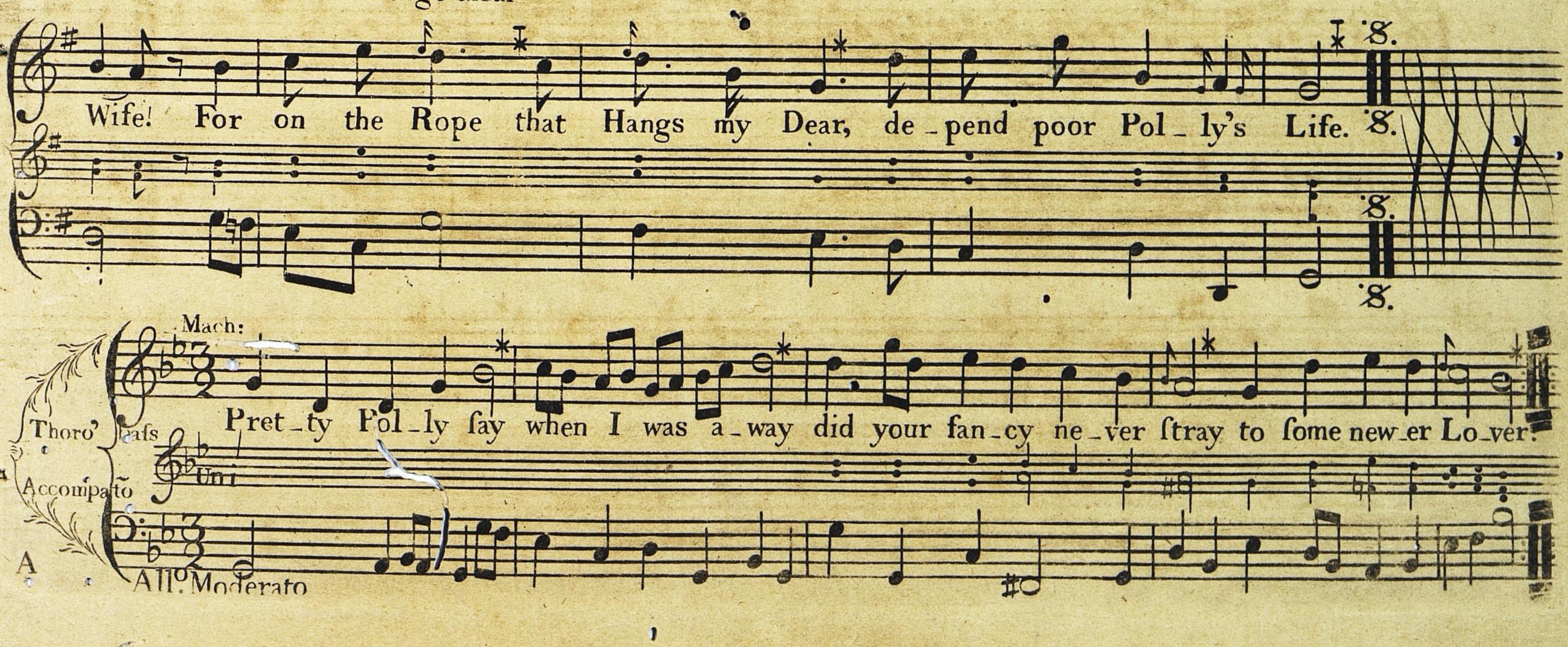

Fla:
All.o
So may'st thou be tran_flated to the fkies fo may'st thou be trans
_la_ted to the fkies and give re_foun_ding grace and give re_foun ding grace to
all Heav'ns har_mo_nies And give re_foun_ding grace
re_foun_ding grace, re_foun_ding grace, re_foun_ding grace, to all Heav'ns Har_mo
Lento
All.o
nies.
Lento
All.o
Compofed by
Compofta dal Dr. Arne
Thoro' bafs
Accompato
Unis
And.te
By dim_pl'd
Brook and foun_tain brim the Wood Nymphs deckt with Dai_fies trim their mer_ry mer_ry

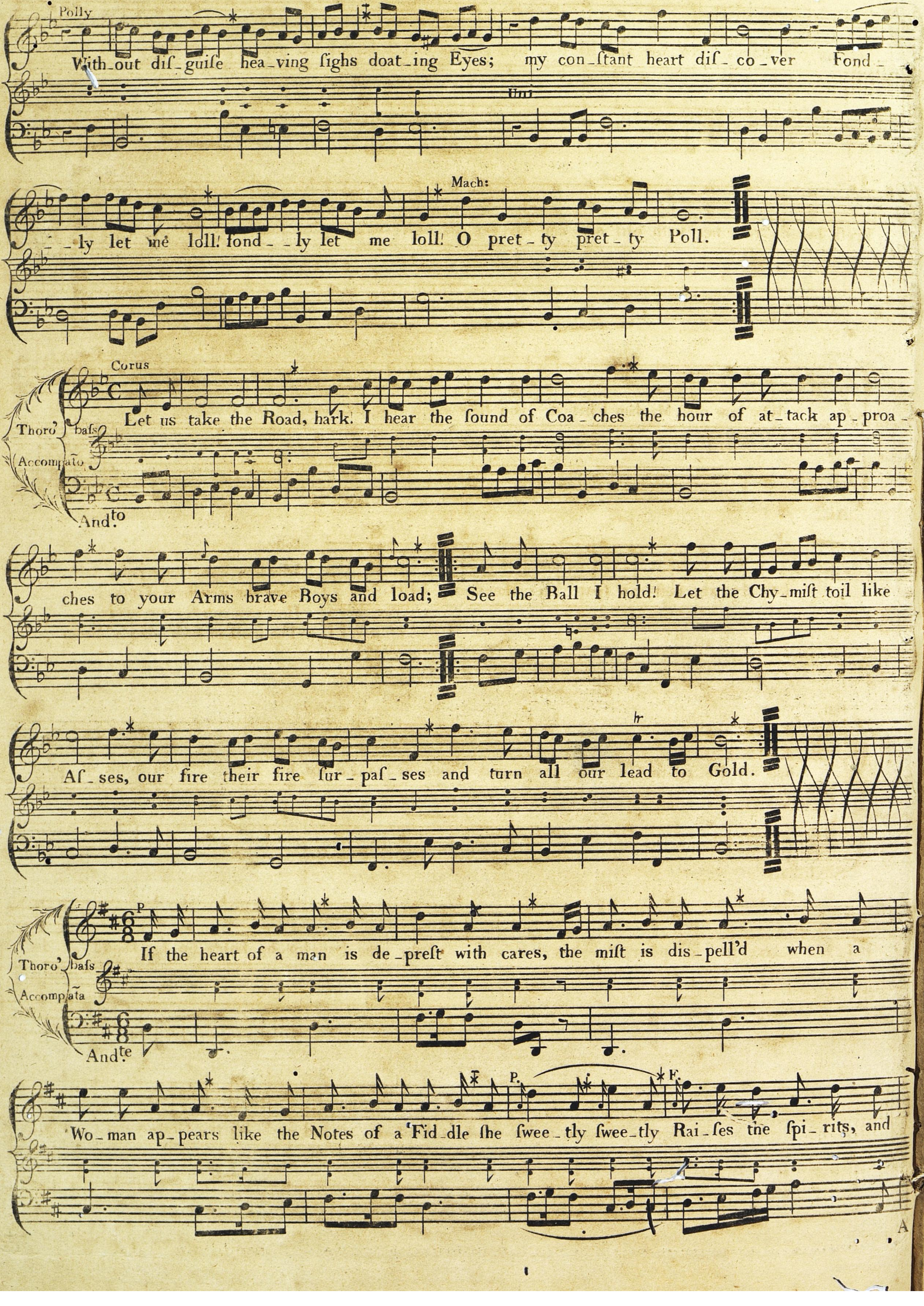


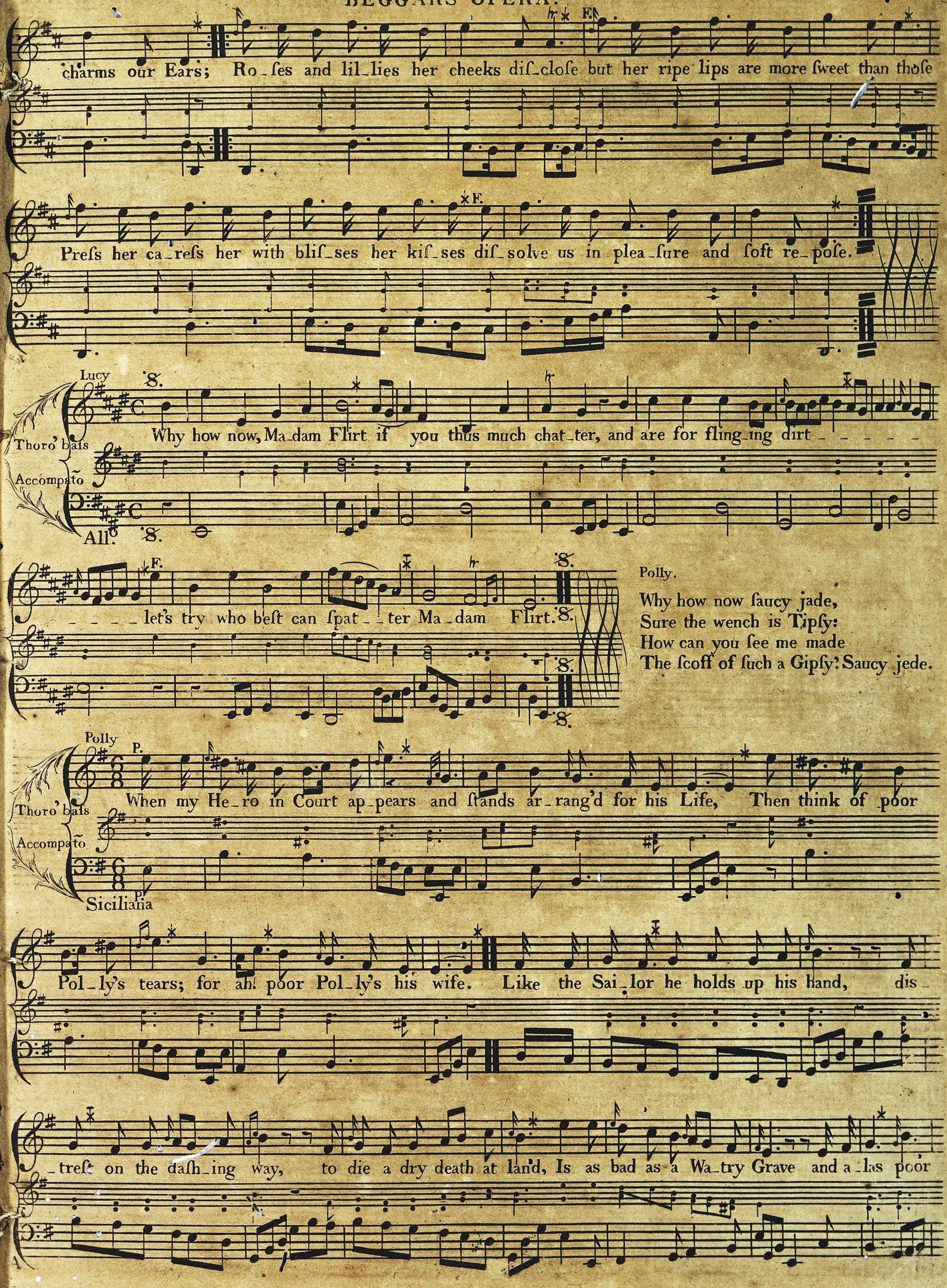
BEGGARS OPERA.

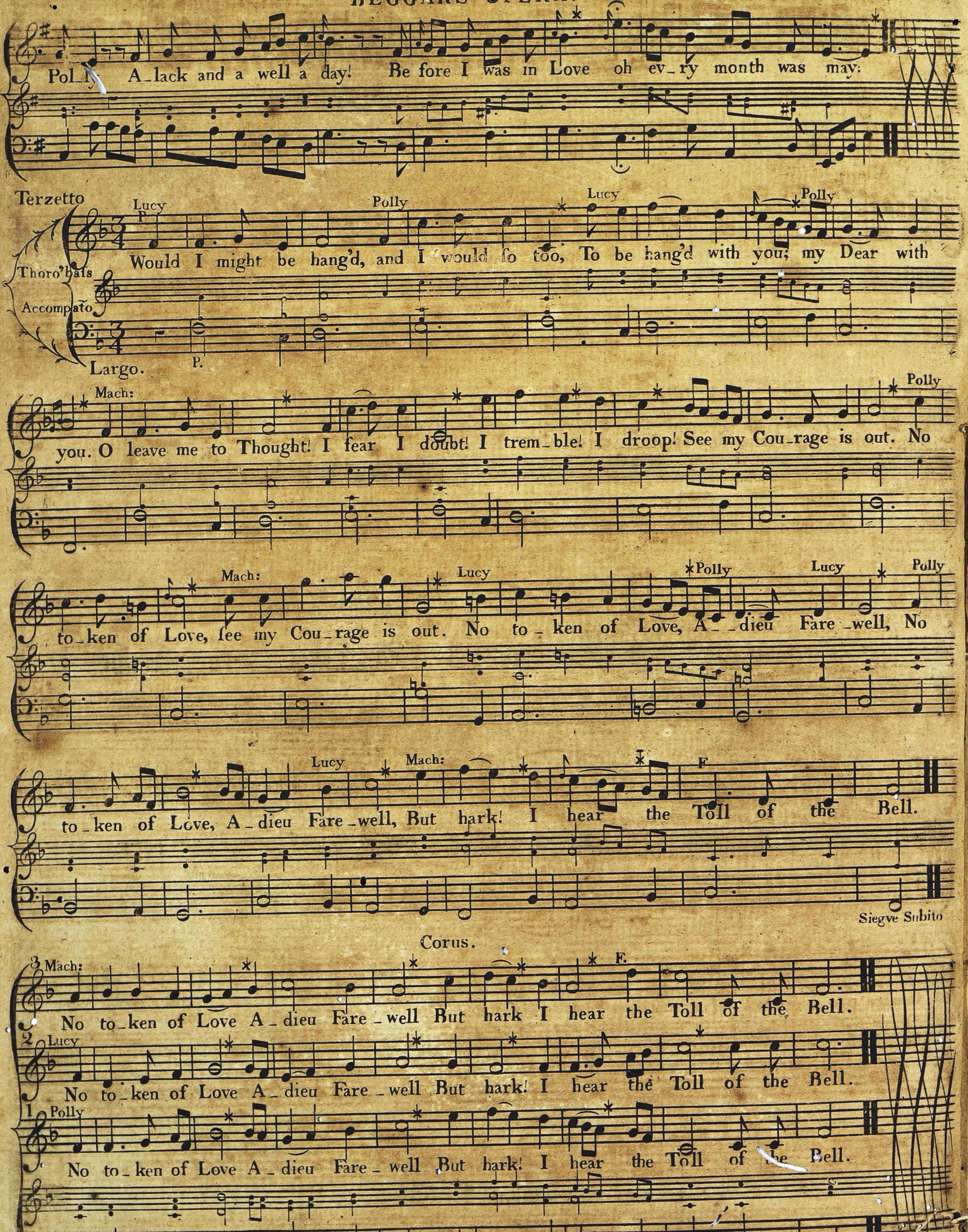

A Frech Horn.



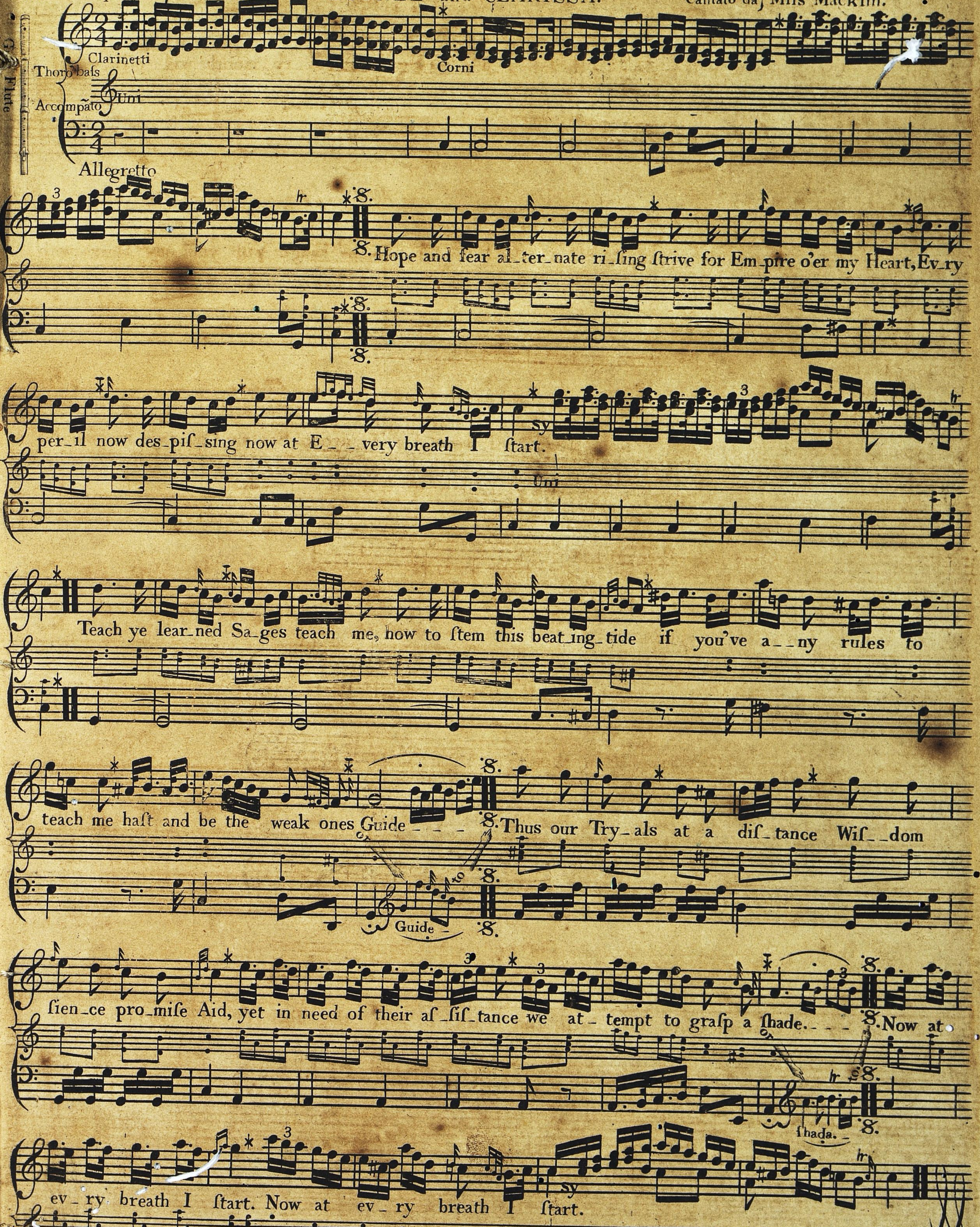



Polly
With_out dis_guise hea_ving sighs doat_ing Eyes; my con_stant heart dis_co_ver Fond_
_ly let me loll! fond_ly let me loll! O pret_ty pret_ty Poll.
Mach:
Uni
Corus
Let us take the Road, hark! I hear the sound of Coa_ches the hour of at_tack ap_proa_
ches to your Arms brave Boys and load; See the Ball I hold! Let the Chy_mist toil like
As_ses, our fire their fire sur_pas_ses and turn all our lead to Gold.
Thoro' bass
Accompato
Andto
If the heart of a man is de_prest with cares, the mist is dis_pell'd when a
Wo_man ap_pears like the Notes of a Fid_dle she swee_tly swee_tly Rai_ses the spi_rits, and
Thoro' bass
Accompata
Andte
A


charms our Ears; Ro_ses and lil_lies her cheeks dis_close but her ripe lips are more sweet than those
Press her ca_ress her with blis_ses her kis_ses dis_solve us in plea_sure and soft re_pose.
Lucy
Thoro' bass
Accompato
All°.
Why how now, Ma_dam Flirt if you thus much chat_ter, and are for fling_ing dirt - - - - -
- - - - let's try who best can spat_ter Ma_dam Flirt.
Polly.
Why how now saucy jade,
Sure the wench is Tipsy:
How can you see me made
The scoff of such a Gipsy? Saucy jade.
Polly
Thoro' bass
Accompato
Siciliana
When my He_ro in Court ap_pears and stands ar_rang'd for his Life, Then think of poor
Pol_ly's tears; for ah! poor Pol_ly's his wife. Like the Sai_lor he holds up his hand, dis_
_tress on the dash_ing way, to die a dry death at land, Is as bad as a Wa_try Grave and a_las poor


Polly
Alack and a well a day! Before I was in Love oh ev_ry month was may.
Terzetto
Lucy
Polly
Would I might be hang'd, and I would so too, To be hang'd with you; my Dear with
Thoro'bass
Accompa^to
Largo.
Mach:
you. O leave me to Thought! I fear I doubt! I tremble! I droop! See my Courage is out. No
to_ken of Love, see my Cou_rage is out. No to_ken of Love, A_dieu Fare_well, No
to_ken of Love, A_dieu Fare_well, But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
Siegve Subito
Corus.
3 Mach:
No to_ken of Love A_dieu Fare_well But hark I hear the Toll of the Bell.
2 Lucy
No to_ken of Love A_dieu Fare_well But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
1 Polly
No to_ken of Love A_dieu Fare_well But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

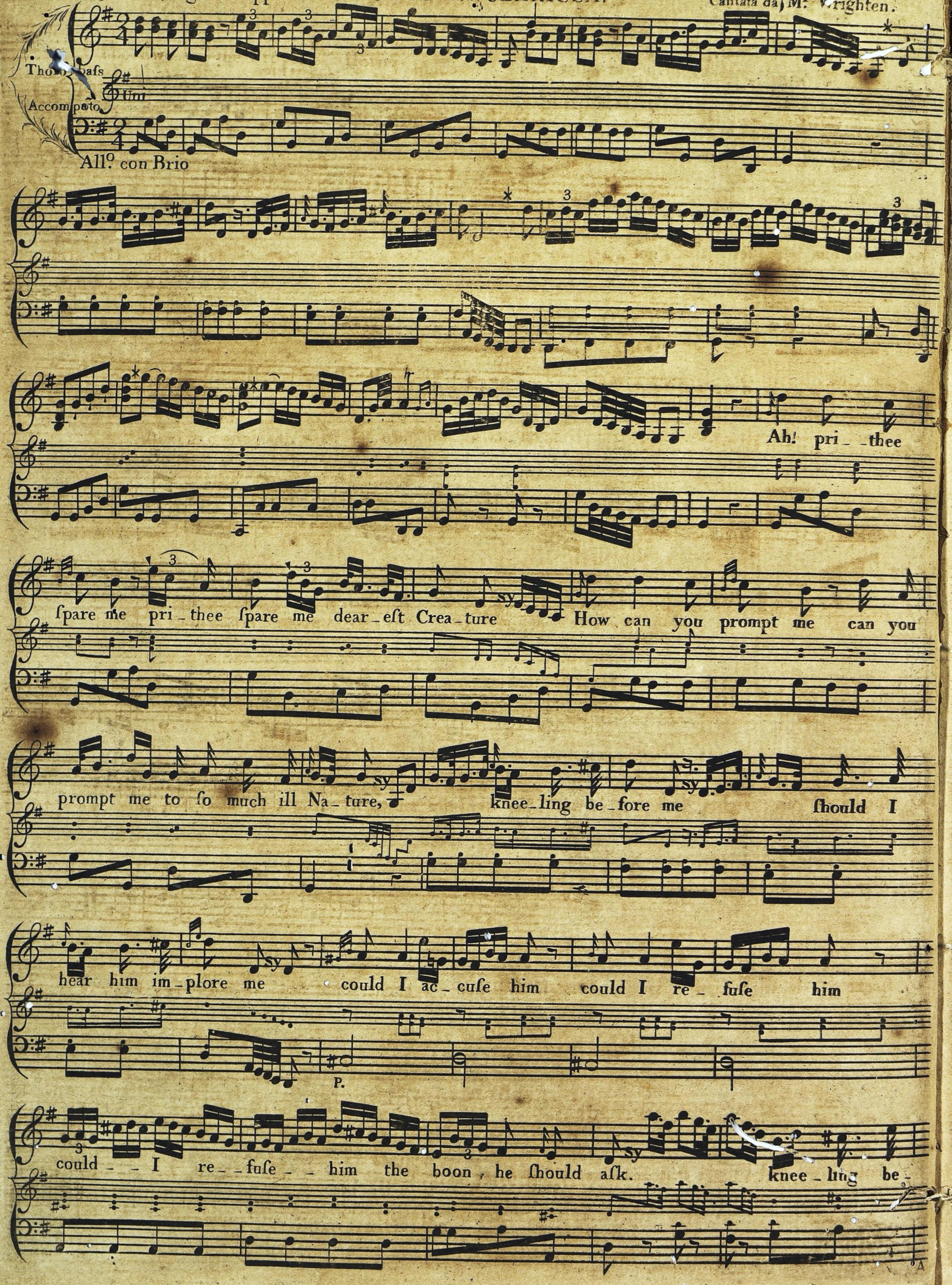
Rondo Composed by / Composto da } C. Dibdin. LIONEL and CLARISSA. Sung by / Cantato da } Miss Macklin.

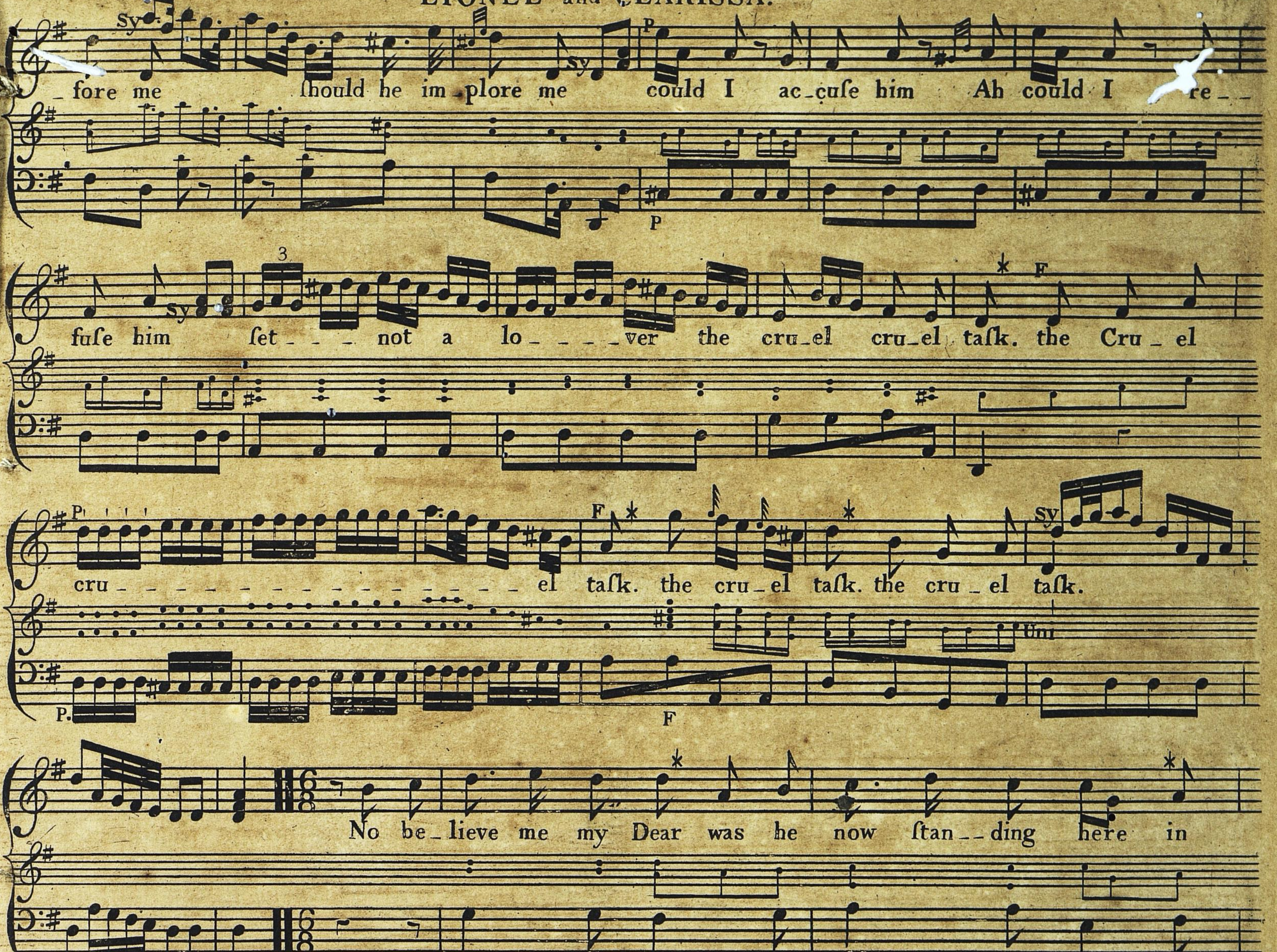


Composed by / Composta dal Sigr Galluppi.

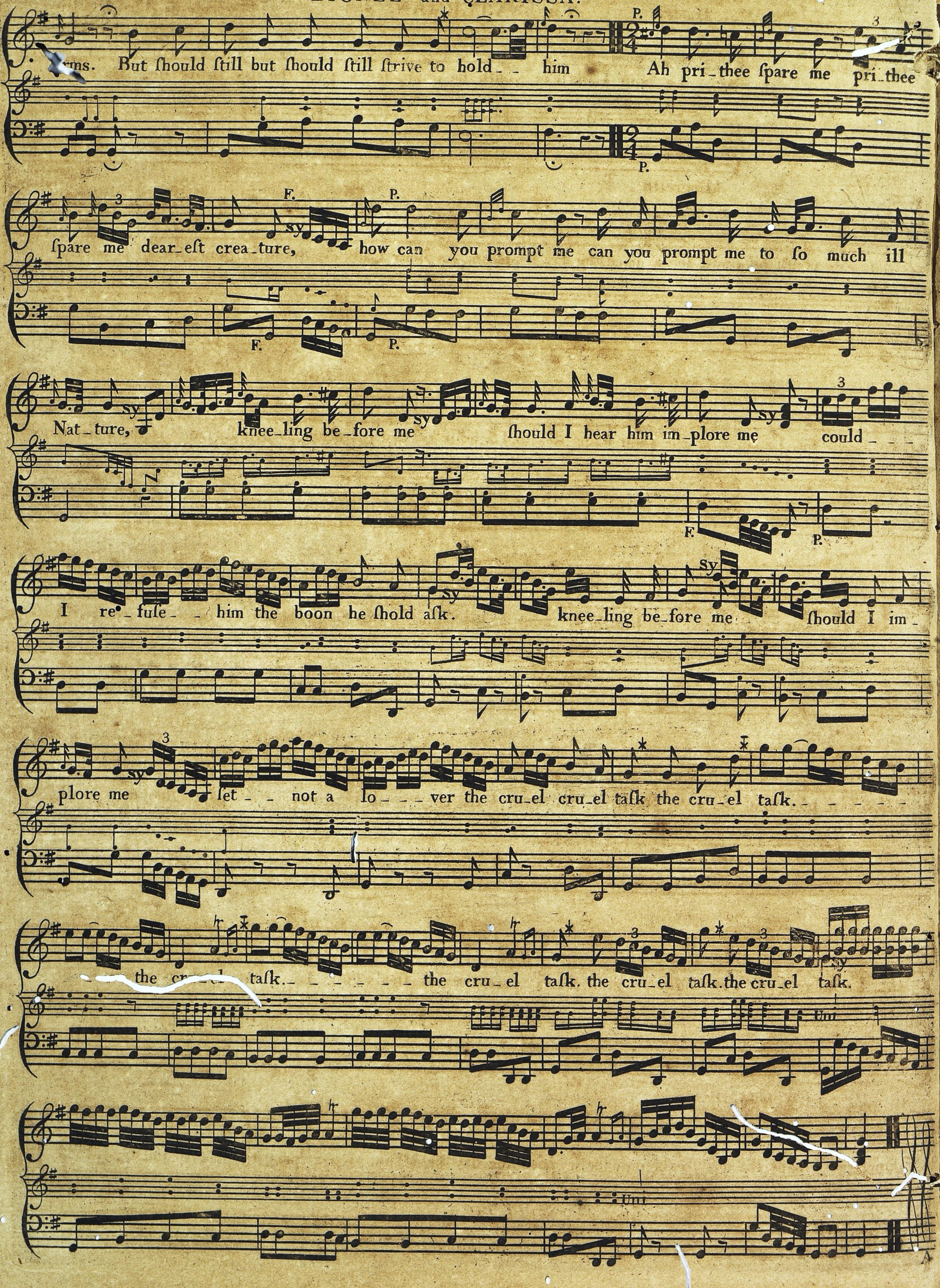
LIONEL and CLARISSA.

Sung by / Cantata da Mr Wrighten.




_fore me ſhould he im_plore me could I ac_cuſe him Ah could I re__
fuſe him ſet_ _ _ not a lo_ _ _ _ver the cru_el cru_el taſk. the Cru_el
cru_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ el taſk. the cru_el taſk. the cru_el taſk.
No be_lieve me my Dear was he now ſtan_ _ding here in
ſpight of my frights and a_larms, No be_lieve me my Dear was he now ſtan_ding here in
ſpight of my fright and a_larms, I might rate him I might ſcold him I might rate him I might
ſcold him But ſhould ſtill but ſhould ſtill ſtrive to hold_ _ him and ſink at laſt in_to his

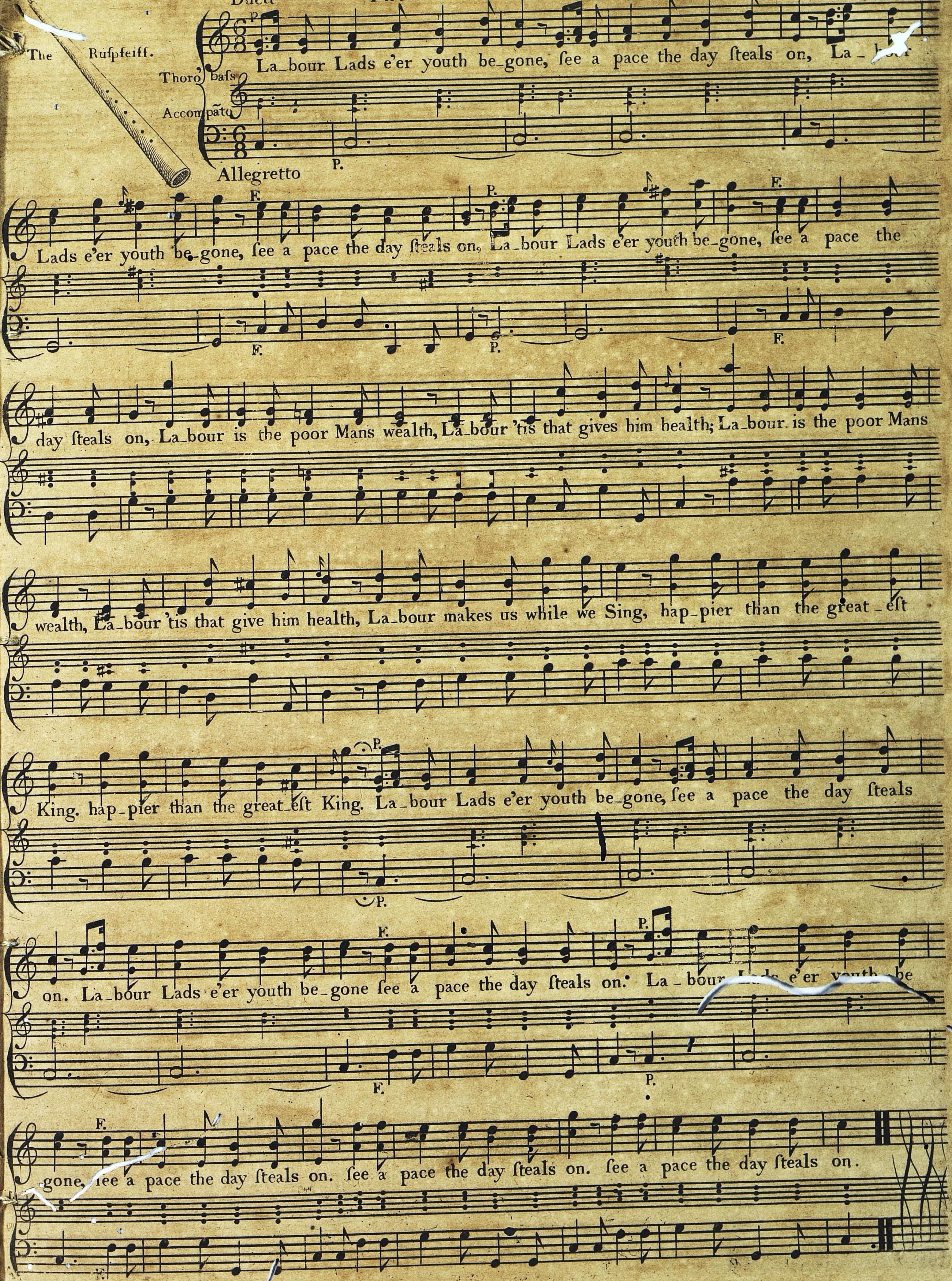
A



rms. But ſhould ſtill but ſhould ſtill ſtrive to hold - - him Ah pri_thee ſpare me pri_thee
ſpare me dear_eſt crea_ture, how can you prompt me can you prompt me to ſo much ill
Nat_ture, kneel_ing be_fore me ſhould I hear him im_plore me could
I re_fuſe - him the boon he ſhold aſk. kneel_ing be_fore me ſhould I im_
plore me let - not a lo - - ver the cru_el cru_el taſk the cru_el taſk.
the cru_el taſk. the cru_el taſk. the cru_el taſk. the cru_el taſk.

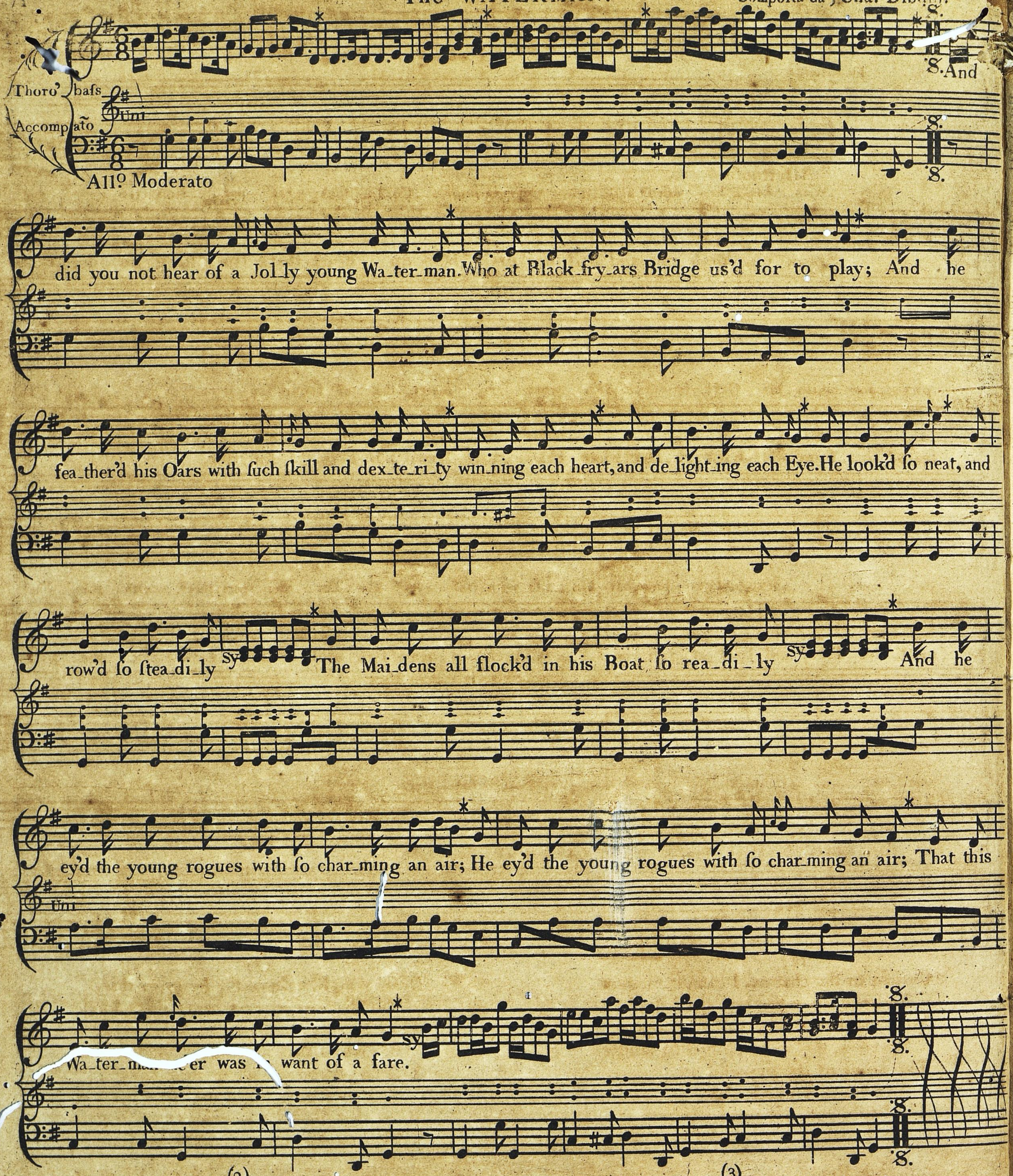
Duett **The WATERMAN.**

Composed by / Compofo da } Chas. Dibdin.



The WATERMAN.

Composed by
Composta da } Chas. Dibdin.



(2)

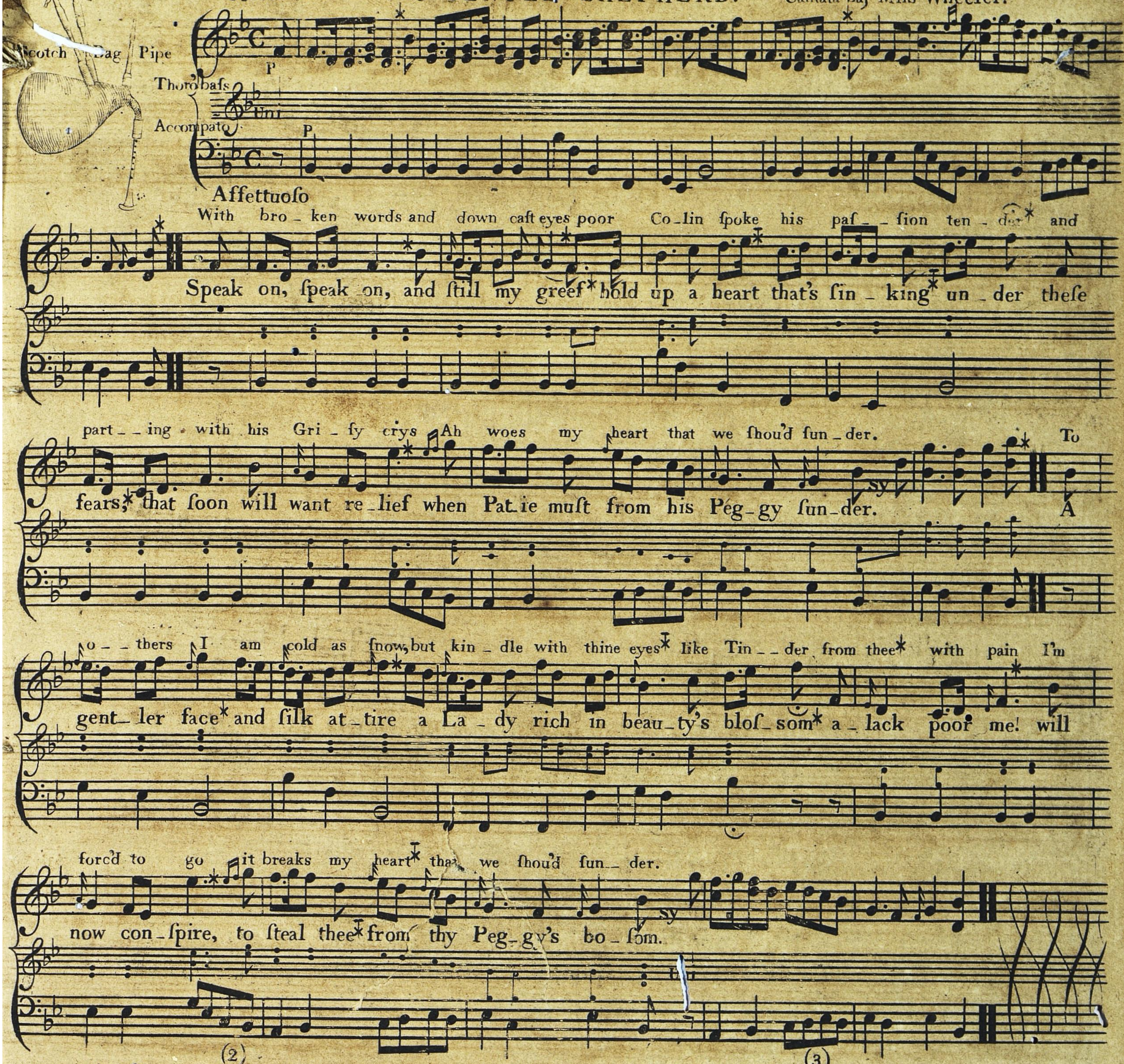
What sights of fine Folks he oft row'd in his Wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted with all;
He was always first Oars when the fine City Ladies,
In a Party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care.
For this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

(3)

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a Damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd and so straitway in love he did fall;
And wou'd this young Damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to morrow:
And how should this Waterman ever know care,
When he's Married and never in want of a fare.

A

Scotch Air. **The GENTLE SHEPHERD.** Sung by Cantata ba} Miſs Wheeler.



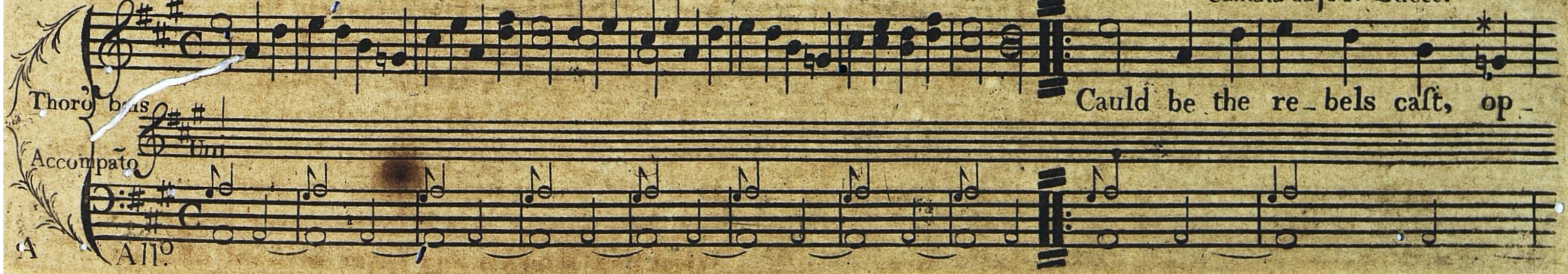
(2)

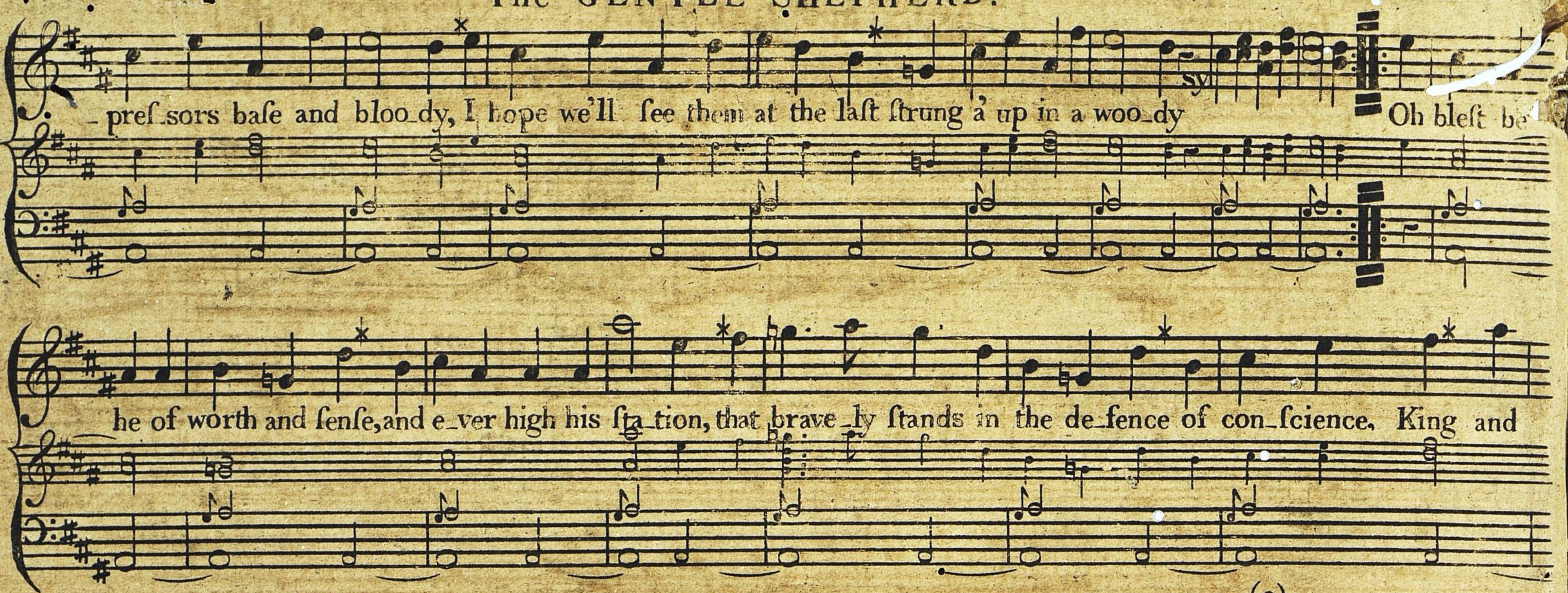
Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.
The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

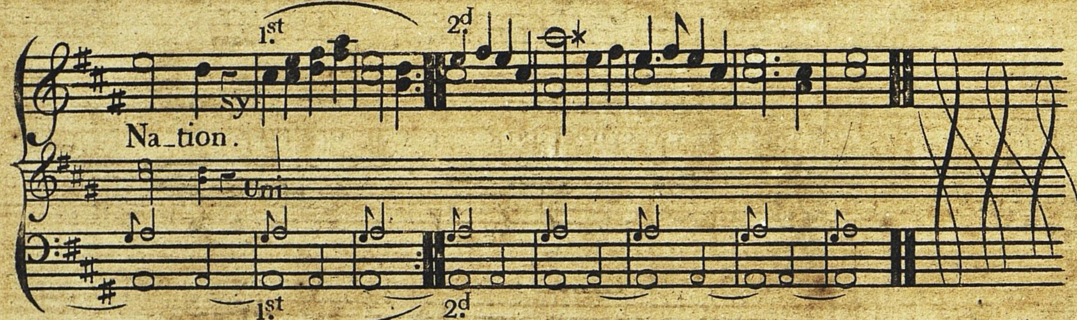
(3)

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love m[illegible] ſunde[illegible]
Ye gods, take car[illegible] of my dear laſs,
That as I leav[illegible] her I may find her:
When that bleſs[illegible]d time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

Scotch Reel. Sung by Cantata da} Mr. Suett.





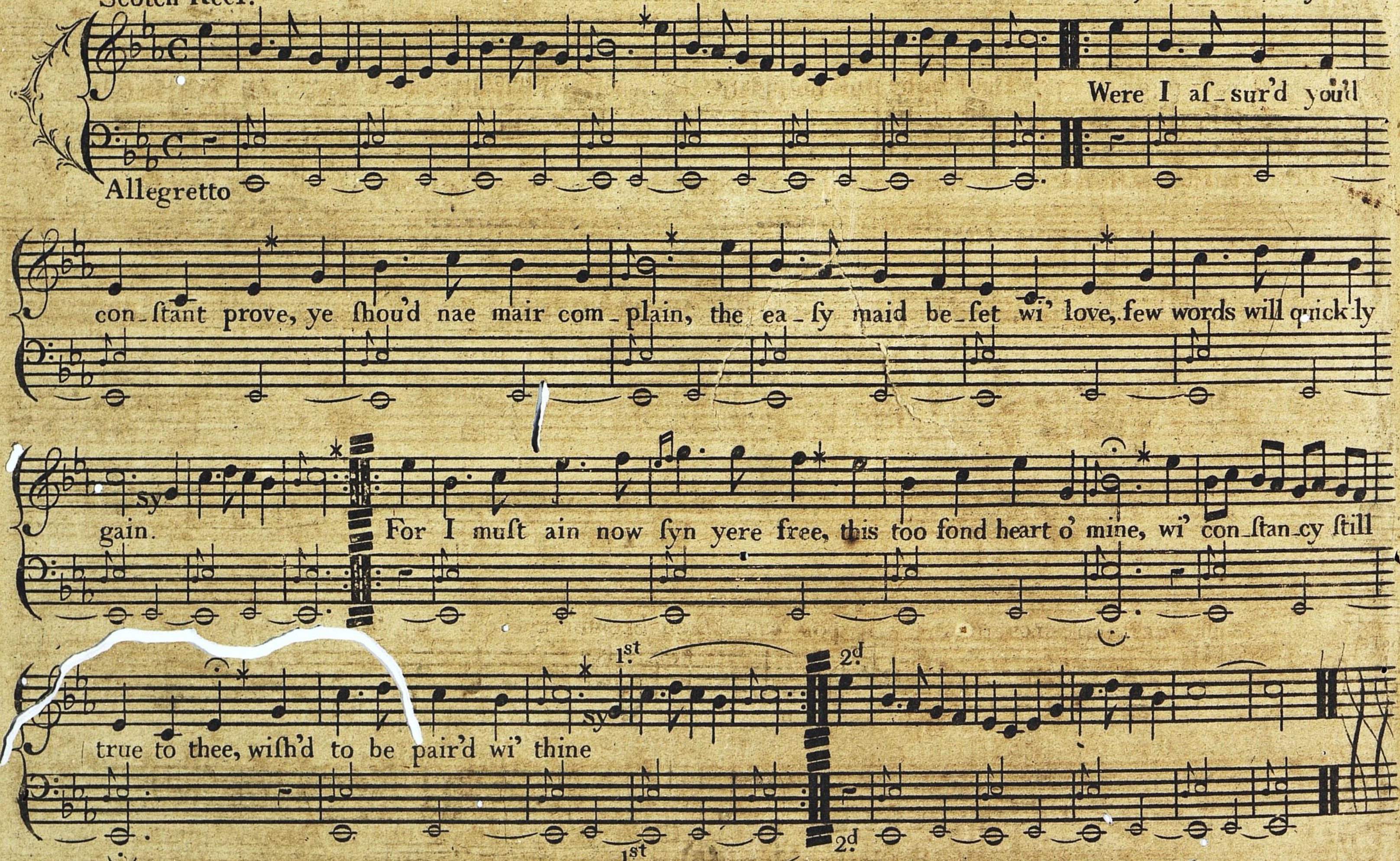


(2)

High shall he stand in fame
Wha's faithfu' to his duty,
Thro' a' the Land we'll spread his name
And crown his night wi' Beauty.
Oh! blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, King, and Nation.

Sung by Cantata da } Mr. Du Bellamy.

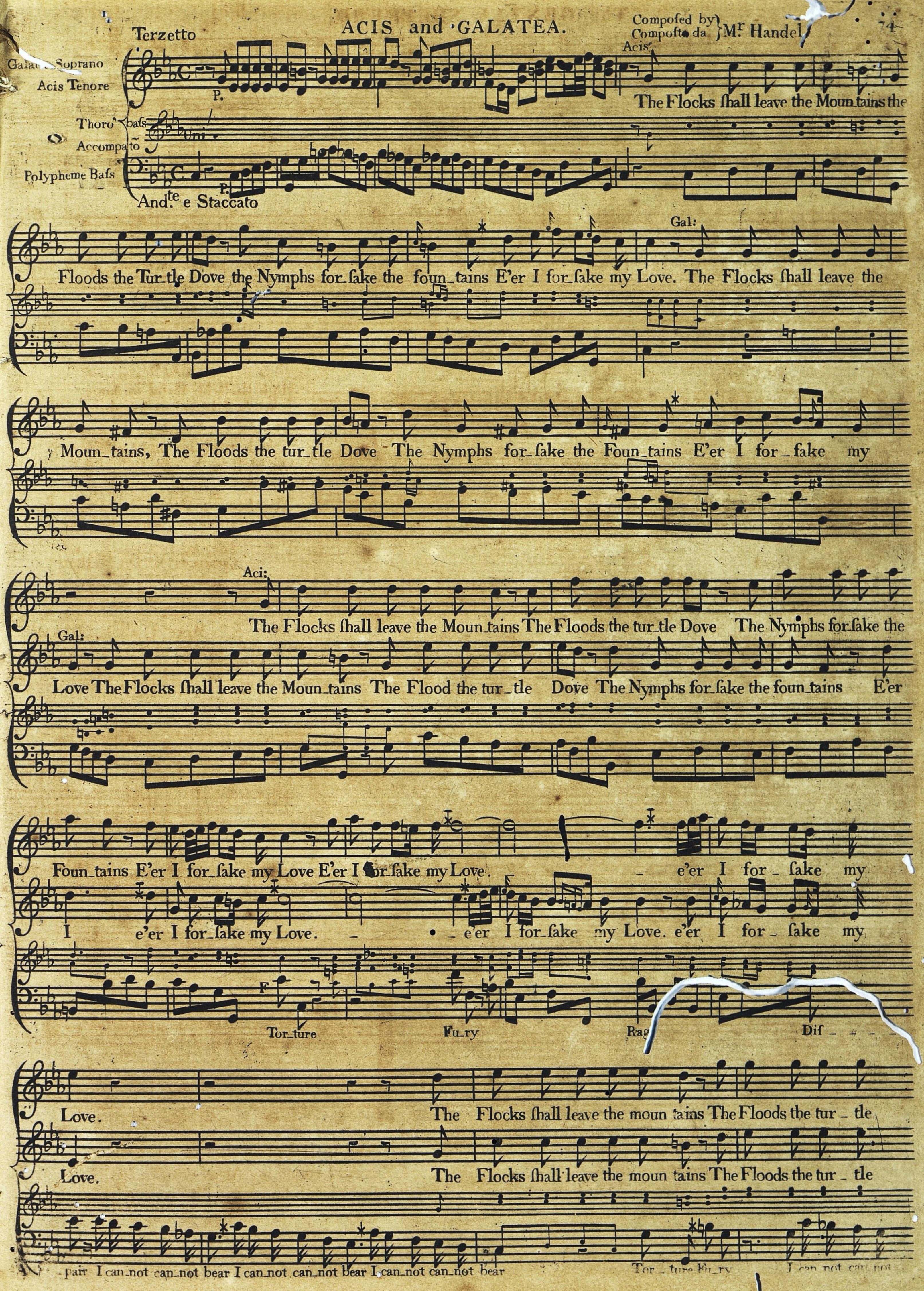
Scotch Reel.

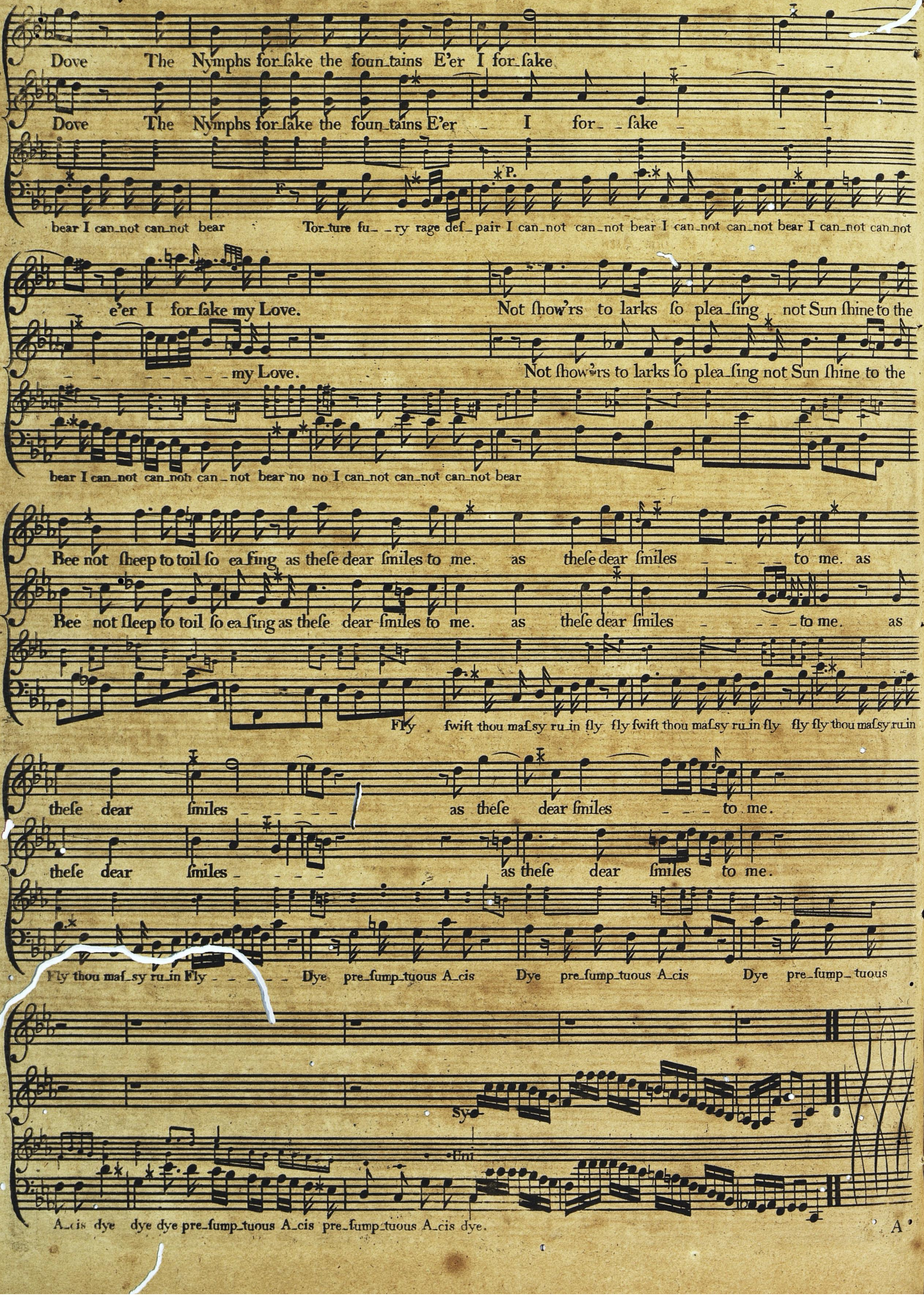


(2)

I'am happy now, wi' pleasure blest,
Since Jenny's ain'd her mind,
Now ilka fear is hush'd to rest,
To hear yere words sae kind.

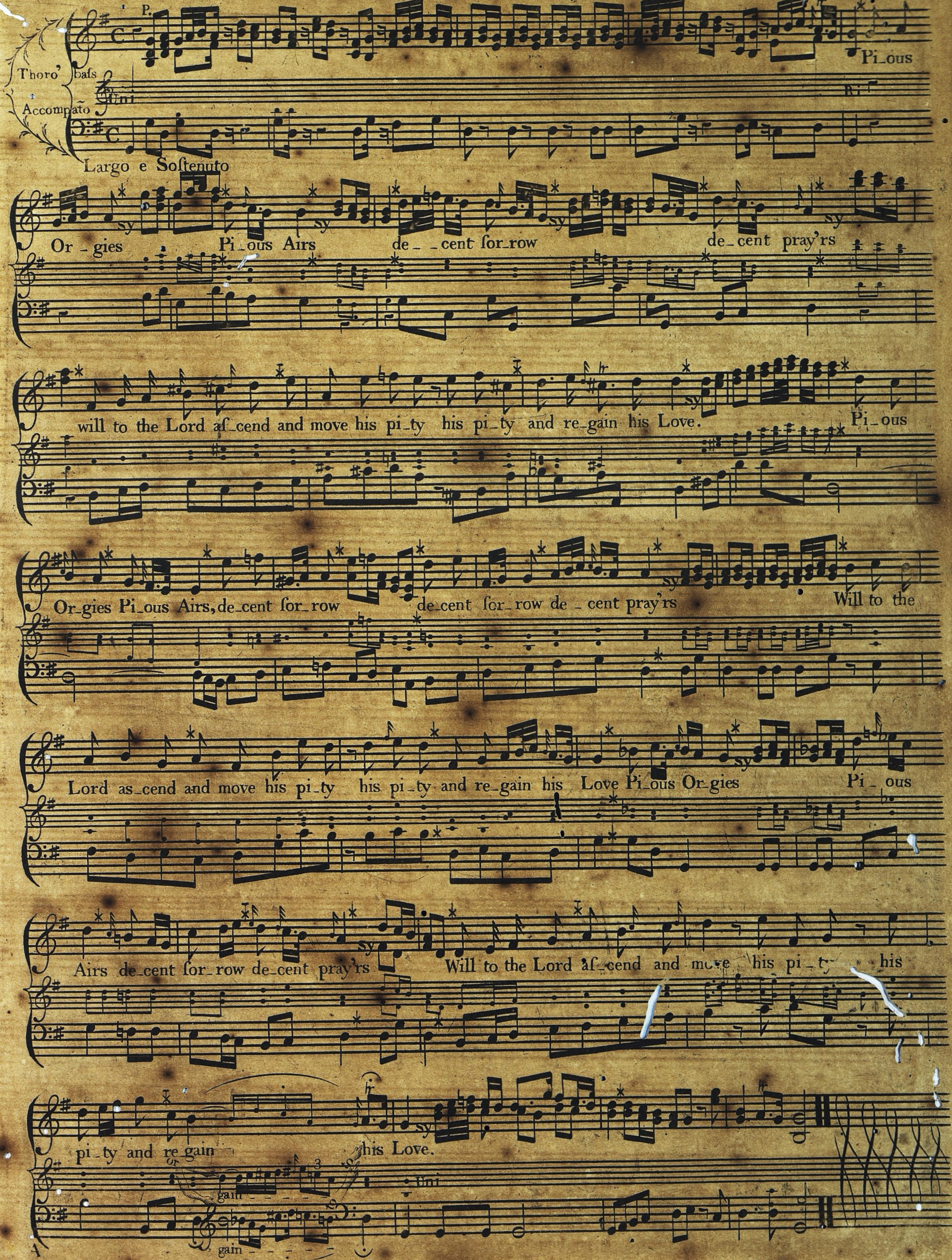
And shall I press thee to my heart,
And round my Arms entwine;
Delightful thought! we'll never part,
Come press thy lips to mine.


Terzetto
ACIS and GALATEA.
Compofed by / Compofto da } Mr. Handel
74
Galatea Soprano
Acis Tenore
Thoro' bafs
Accompato
Polypheme Bafs
P.
Andte e Staccato
Acis
The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains the
Floods the Turtle Dove the Nymphs forſake the fountains E'er I forſake my Love. The Flocks ſhall leave the
Gal:
Mountains, The Floods the turtle Dove The Nymphs forſake the Fountains E'er I forſake my
Aci:
The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains The Floods the turtle Dove The Nymphs forſake the
Gal:
Love The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains The Flood the turtle Dove The Nymphs forſake the fountains E'er
Fountains E'er I forſake my Love E'er I forſake my Love. e'er I forſake my
I e'er I forſake my Love. e'er I forſake my Love. e'er I forſake my
Torture Fury Rag Dif
Love. The Flocks ſhall leave the mountains The Floods the turtle
Love. The Flocks ſhall leave the mountains The Floods the turtle
pair I can not can not bear I can not can not bear I can not can not bear
Torture Fury I can not can not

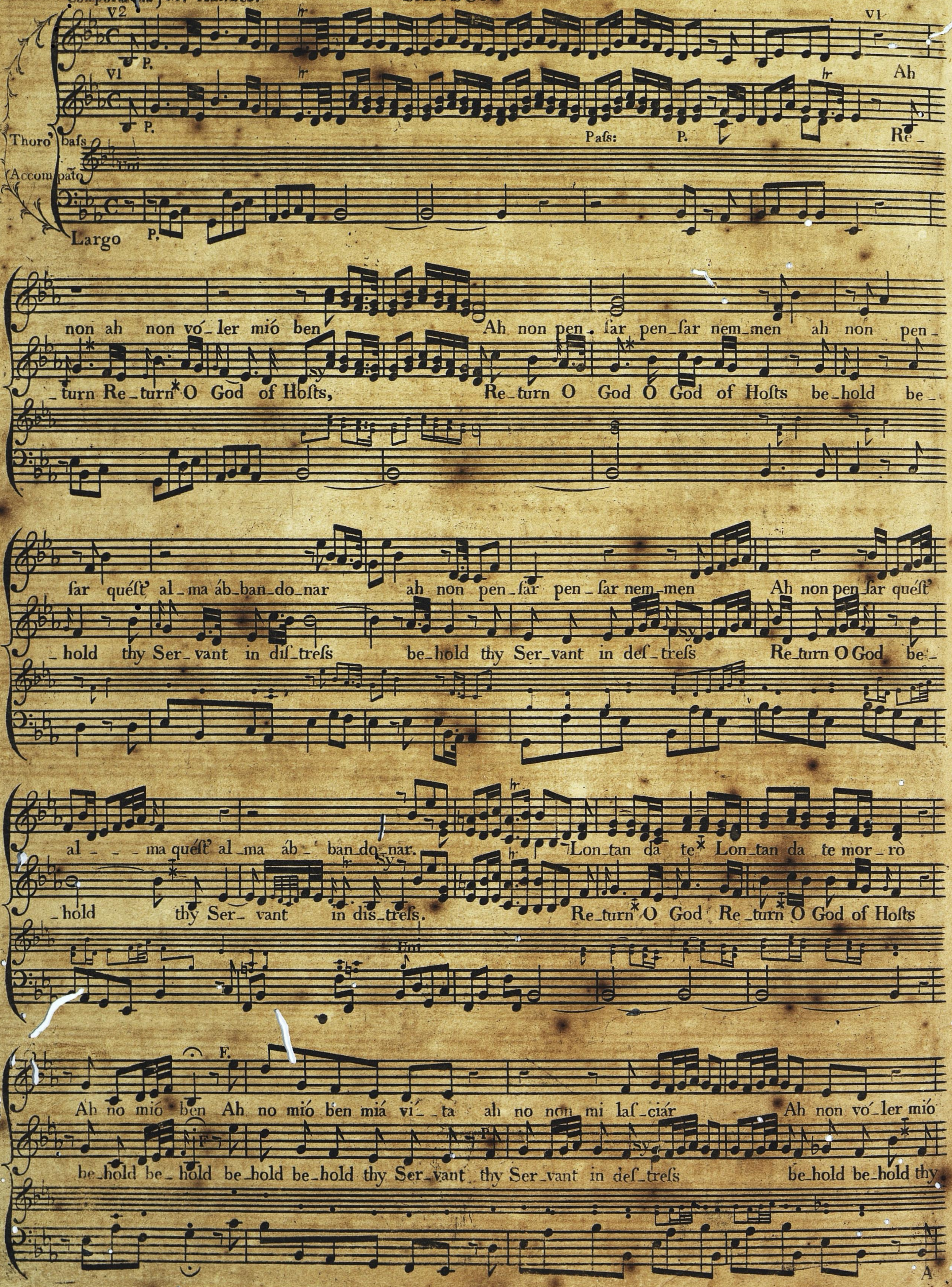

Dove The Nymphs forſake the fountains E'er I forſake
Dove The Nymphs forſake the fountains E'er I for ſake
bear I cannot cannot bear Torture fury rage deſpair I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot
e'er I forſake my Love. Not ſhow'rs to larks ſo pleaſing not Sun ſhine to the
my Love. Not ſhow'rs to larks ſo pleaſing not Sun ſhine to the
bear I cannot cannot cannot bear no no I cannot cannot cannot bear
Bee not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing as theſe dear ſmiles to me. as theſe dear ſmiles to me. as
Bee not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing as theſe dear ſmiles to me. as theſe dear ſmiles to me. as
Fly ſwift thou maſſy ruin fly fly ſwift thou maſſy ruin fly fly fly thou maſſy ruin
theſe dear ſmiles as theſe dear ſmiles to me.
theſe dear ſmiles as theſe dear ſmiles to me.
Fly thou maſſy ruin Fly Dye preſumptuous Acis Dye preſumptuous Acis Dye preſumptuous
Sy
Uni
Acis dye dye dye preſumptuous Acis preſumptuous Acis dye.

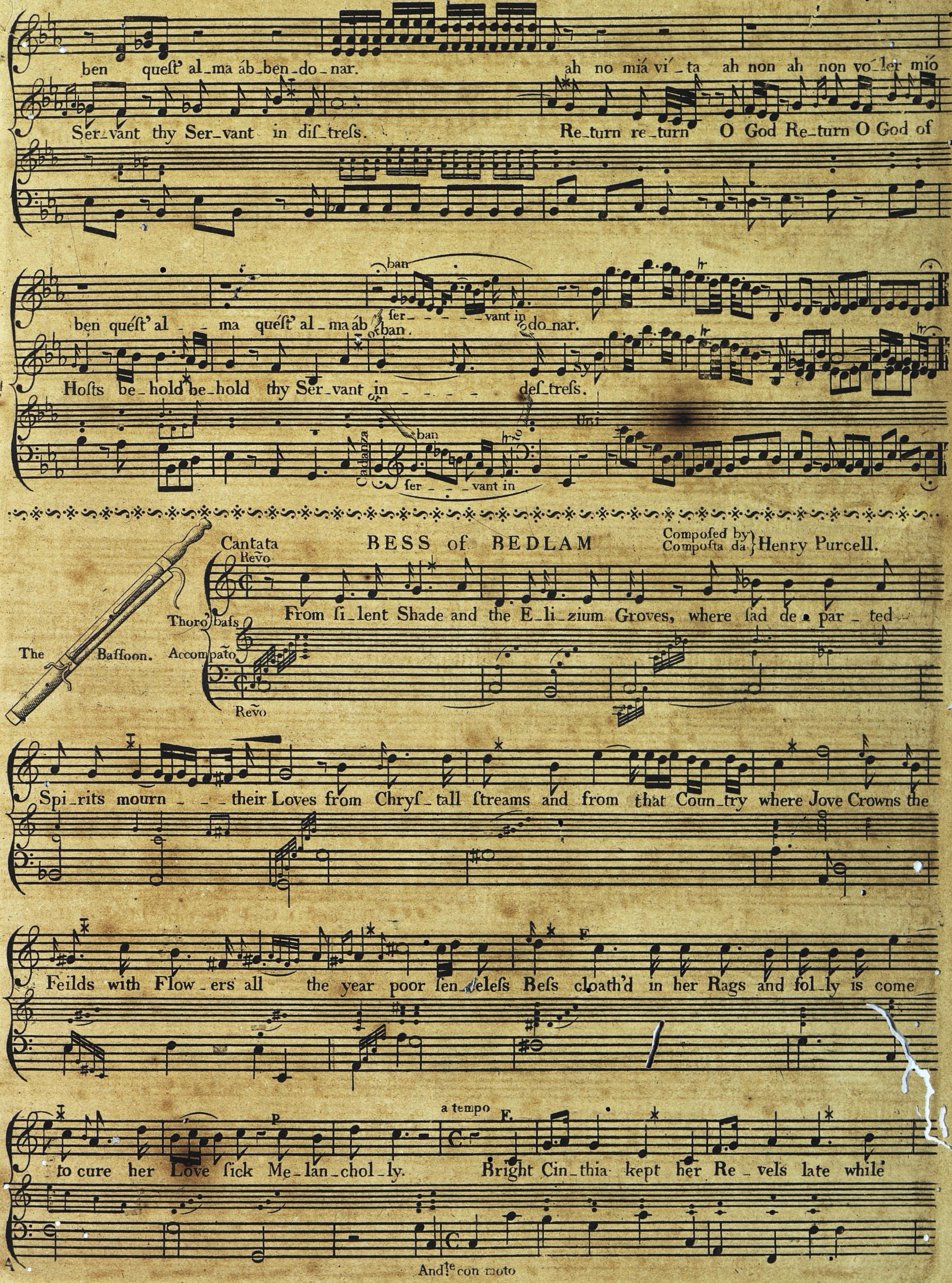
JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

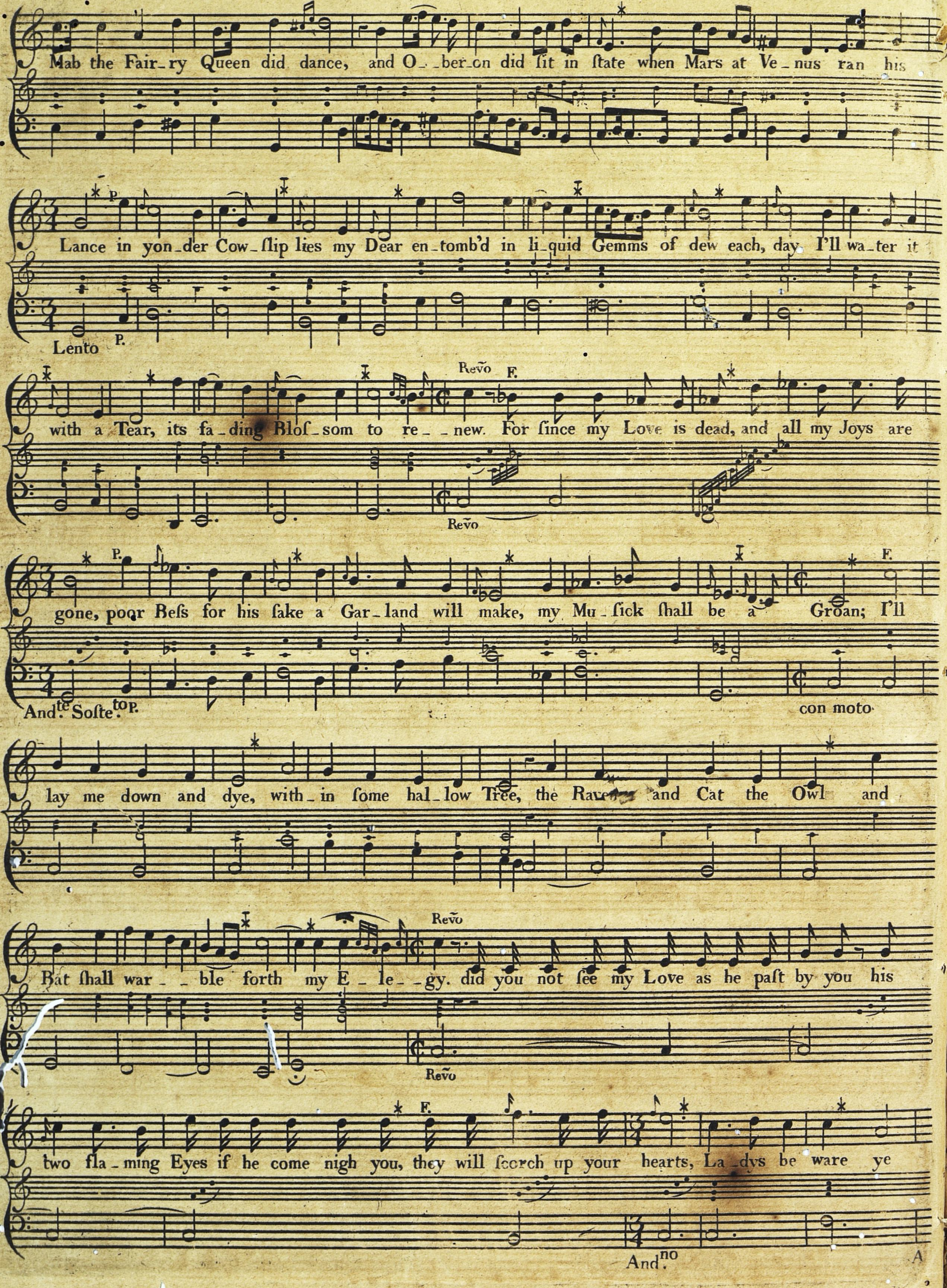
Compoſed by / Compoſta da Mr Handel

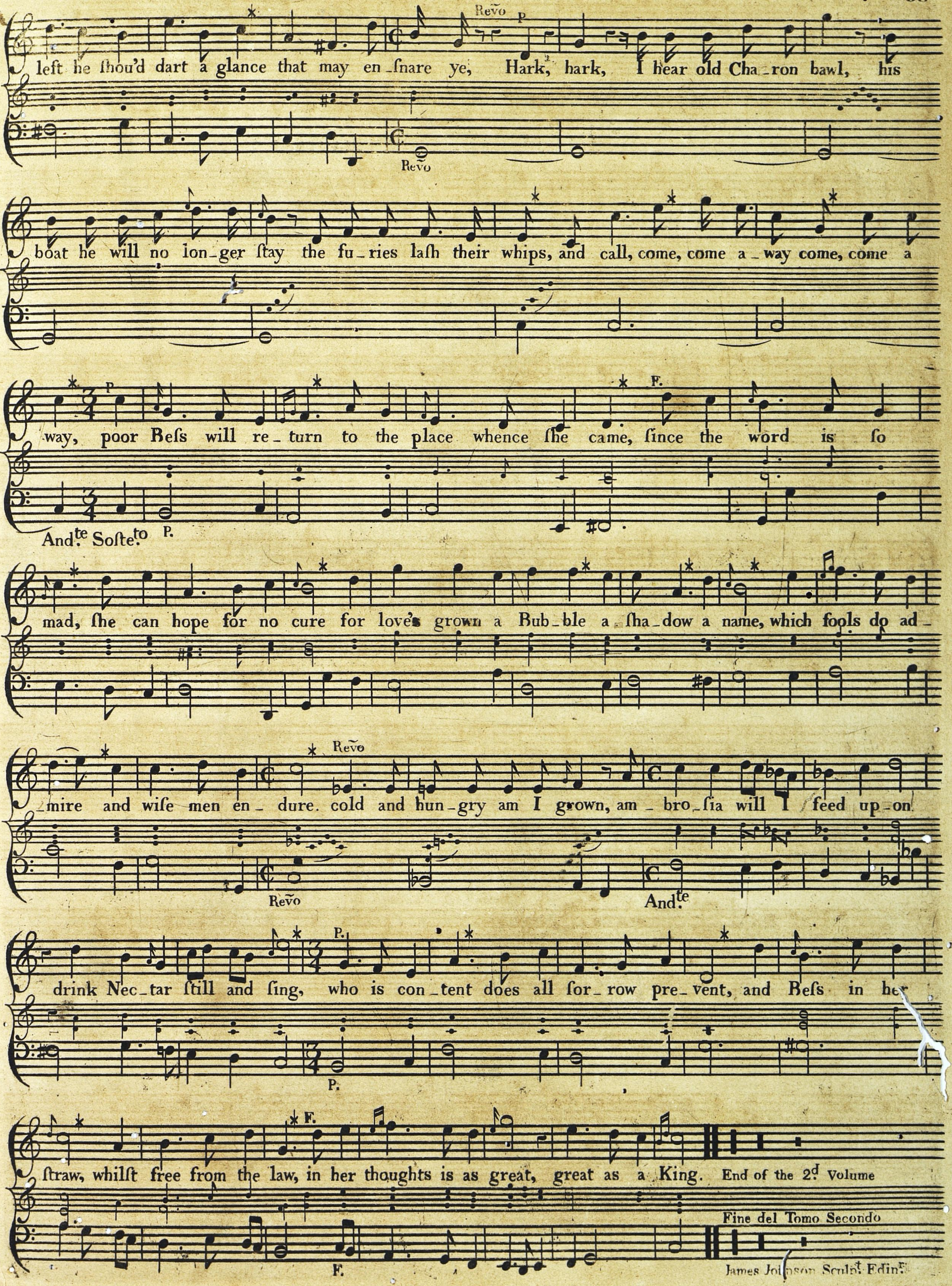


Composed by / Composta da } Mr Handel. SAMSON.




ben quest' al_ma ab_ben_do_nar. ah no mia vi_ta ah non ah non vo_ler mio
Ser_vant thy Ser_vant in dis_tress. Re_turn re_turn O God Re_turn O God of
ben quest' al_ma quest' al_ma ab ban fer_vant in do_nar.
Hosts be_hold be_hold thy Servant in des_tress.
Cadenza
Cantata BESS of BEDLAM Composed by Composta da Henry Purcell.
The Bassoon. Thoro bass Accompato
From si_lent Shade and the E_li_zium Groves, where sad de_par_ted
Spi_rits mourn their Loves from Chrys_tall streams and from that Coun_try where Jove Crowns the
Feilds with Flow_ers all the year poor sen_seless Bess cloath'd in her Rags and fol_ly is come
to cure her Love sick Me_lan_chol_ly. Bright Cin_thia kept her Re_vels late while
a tempo
Andte con moto


Mab the Fair_ry Queen did dance, and O_ber_on did sit in state when Mars at Ve_nus ran his
P
Lance in yon_der Cow_slip lies my Dear en_tomb'd in li_quid Gemms of dew each, day I'll wa_ter it
Lento P.
Revo F.
with a Tear, its fa_ding Blos_som to re_new. For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are
Revo
P. F.
gone, poor Bess for his sake a Gar_land will make, my Mu_sick shall be a Groan; I'll
Andte. Sostetop. P.
con moto
lay me down and dye, with_in some hal_low Tree, the Raven and Cat the Owl and
Revo
Bat shall war_ble forth my E_le_gy. did you not see my Love as he past by you his
Revo
F.
two fla_ming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your hearts, La_dys be ware ye
Andno
A


Revo P
left he shou'd dart a glance that may en_snare ye, Hark, hark, I hear old Cha_ron bawl, his
Revo
boat he will no lon_ger stay the fu_ries lash their whips, and call, come, come a_way come, come a
P F.
way, poor Bess will re_turn to the place whence she came, since the word is so
Andte Softeto P.
mad, she can hope for no cure for love's grown a Bub_ble a_shadow a name, which fools do ad_
Revo
_mire and wise men en_dure. cold and hun_gry am I grown, am_bro_sia will I feed up_on
Revo
Andte
P.
drink Nec_tar still and sing, who is con_tent does all sor_row pre_vent, and Bess in her
P.
F.
straw, whilst free from the law, in her thoughts is as great, great as a King. End of the 2d Volume
Fine del Tomo Secondo
F.
James Johnson Sculpt. Edinr.

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